

HARVEST BELL



Life to you, leaves and look on the fields for
they are white already to harvest. JOHN 4:35

NOS.

1, 2, 3

W. E. PENN, Owner of Copyright.

Price, 60 Cents.

Eva Shafer.

HARVEST BELLS

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Combined

IS FILLED WITH NEW AND

BEAUTIFUL SONGS

—SUITABLE FOR—

Churches, Sunday = Schools, Revivals

AND ALL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Composed and Selected by

W. E. PENN,

Aided in No. 3 by PROF H. N. LINCOLN.

I will prosecute any one to the full extent of the law who may use
any of my Copyright Songs, either words or music,
without my permission.

PUBLISHED BY

W. E. PENN,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

PREFACE.

"I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.

"Sing unto Him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise."

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being."

"Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice TOGETHER shall they sing: FOR THEY SHALL SEE EYE TO EYE, WHEN THE LORD SHALL BRING AGAIN ZION."

"I will sing with the SPIRIT, and I will sing with the UNDERSTANDING; also."

If we do not sing with the spirit and with the understanding, our singing is merely mechanical, consequently HEARTLESS, and of no value to singers or to hearers.

Every song should be read carefully before singing it, and special attention should be given to pronouncing each word distinctly, so that the words may be heard by all the congregation.

As a rule, church choirs are an abomination in the sight of the Lord. They are only efficient in the worship of God when they are used as leaders of the congregation.

If those, and those only, are saved, who sing in church choirs FOR THE GLORY OF GOD ALONE, the Lord will not have to build many additional mansions. They generally whisper, write notes, turn over the leaves in the song book, and play the fool generally. No extra charge for this discovery, or for making it known.

When a church gets so low down that it has to get the Devil to do its singing, a funeral sermon and a short burial service would be in order.

I say nothing in praise of HARVEST BELLS, because I hear so much of it from others who could not have any sinister or selfish motives. The very large sales and increasing demand are sufficient proofs of its popularity.

Some songs sound the best at first, but I rejoice in the fact that these songs improve on acquaintance and are full of gospel truths.

May God's richest blessings rest upon the churches and Sabbath schools where these songs are used

W. E. PENN.

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RUDIMENTS.

SUGGESTIONS TOUCHING THE LESSONS IN THIS WORK.

TO THE TEACHER.

The greatest trouble teachers have to contend with in their work and efforts to advance the interests of vocal music i.e. Church and Sunday School music has been, and still is, that we have very few books that are practical, that is, books intended for class use only are not useful or practical for other purposes, as they contain nothing for use in our Churches and Sunday Schools: and thus the pupil is left at the close of a short term to go to other books and try to learn songs before he has had that practice in singing which prepares him to sing the Church and Sunday School songs, hence he is often very much discouraged right at the beginning of his study of vocal music.

It is to meet this objection and supply this long felt want, that the following lessons in the elements of music are put in this book.

It is generally admitted that **HARVEST BELLS** has no superior as an "ALL - PURPOSE BOOK," in Church, Sunday School and REVIVAL work, and now it is to make it **PRACTICAL** as a **CLASS BOOK** for teachers and pupils that our efforts are specially directed.

No writer can suit all teachers in giving directions for the instruction of their pupils in their different fields of labor, and so we must content ourselves with an honest effort to give a general outline in the way of suggestions as to what should be introduced at certain periods of instruction.

You will find it a good plan to require your pupils to study these **LESSONS** so that they may be able to recite them separately at the teacher's call, and that should be frequently.

You will find songs in the different parts of the book by the Numbers given for drill and practice to bring out certain points, and to rivet upon the minds of your pupils what special part of the theory you are emphasizing, and if followed, you will find the drills progressive and the pupils progressing.

To this end, let all who undertake to teach vocal music do their best to have all their pupils sing **CORRECTLY** and well all the beautiful songs in this book, and all other good songs, and success will crown your efforts as a teacher, and in the end God will be glorified.

Lesson I.

What is a Sound?

Anything that can be heard.

What is a Musical Sound called?

A Tone.

What properties has each Tone?

Each Tone is high or low, long or short, loud or soft.

What are these Properties called?

Pitch, Length, and Power.

What is Pitch called?

Melodics.

What is Length called?

Dynamics.

What is Power?

Rhythmics.

What is Music?

A succession or combination of harmonious sounds.

What are we now beginning to study?

Vocal music.

How many letters has the musical Alphabet?

Seven.

What are they called?

C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

Where are they located?

On a character called a Staff.

Of what is the Staff composed?

Of five Lines and four Spaces.

What is each Line and Space called?

A Degree.

How many Degrees has the Staff?

Nine.

How are they counted?

From the lowest upward.

Staff.

Added lines above —

5th.	4th.
4th.	3d.
3d.	2d.
2d.	1st.
1st.	

Added lines below —

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RUDIMENTS.

When more Degrees are needed than the Staff contains, how are they represented?

By short lines above or below called Added Lines.

Lesson II.

What characters are used to locate the letters on the Staff?

Characters called Clefs.

How many Clefs are there used?

Three; G Clef, F Clef, and C Clef.

What does the G Clef locate?

The letter G on the second line, and

middle C on the added line below.

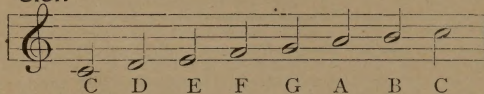
What does the C Clef locate?

Middle C in the third space.

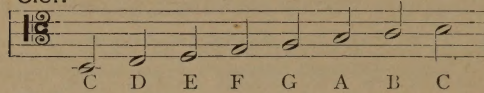
What does the F Clef locate?

The letter F on the fourth line and lower C in the second space.

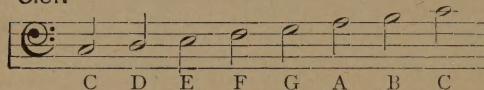
Clef.



Clef.



Clef.



Lesson III.

What are Notes?

Signs of Musical Sounds.

How many notes are there in use?

Six.

What are they called?

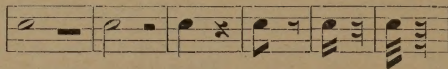
Whole note, Half note, Quarter note, Eighth note, Sixteenth note and Thirty-second note.

How are Notes known?

By their faces.

What is the face of the Whole Note?

White; Half, white with stem; Quarter, black with stem; Eighth, black with stem and dash; Sixteenth, black with stem and two dashes; Thirty-second, black with stem and three dashes.



What are Rests?

Marks of silence.

How many Rests are there?

Six.

What are they called?

They are named for the notes, and correspond in duration.

Describe the Whole Rest?

An oblong below the line.

The Half Rest?

An oblong above the line.

The Quarter Rest?

A stem with a dash to the right.

The Eighth Rest?

A stem with a dash to the left.

The Sixteenth Rest?

A stem with two dashes to the left.

The Thirty-second Rest?

A stem with three dashes.

A Dot following a Note, adds what to its value?

It adds one-half of its value.

A dotted Whole Note is equal to how many Halves?

Three halves and so on.

Lesson IV.

How many names have Tones?

Three.

What are they?

Permanent names, numeral names, and syllable names.

What are the Permanent Names?

C, D, E, F, G, A, and B.

What are the Syllable Names?

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, and Ti.

What are the Numeral Names?

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.

What is Sol-fa-ing, or Sol-mi-za-tion?

The application of these syllables to certain tones.

Which of these governs the others, and fixes

their places upon the staff?

The syllable Do.

How is the place of Do known?

By the Signature or Key.

What is meant by the Signature or Key?

The sharps or flats at the beginning of the staff.

When there are neither sharps nor flats at the beginning, what is the signature?

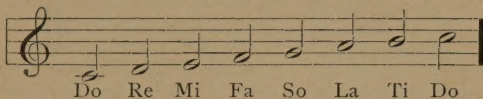
It is said to be Natural.

When it is Natural, what is the Scale?

When the Signature is Natural, the Scale is C.

Where is Do found?

On the first letter of the scale.



What name is given to the above?

The Scale.

What Scale is it?

The Diatonic Scale.

Practice Nos. 1 and 2.

Lesson V.

What are Bars?

Lines drawn across the staff.

What is their use?

To divide the staff into measures.

What is a Measure?

Two or more beats.

How is a Measure represented?

By the space between two bars.

Why divide the Staff into Measures?

So as to mark or count the Time.

How do you mark the Time?

By a motion of the hand.

What is Time in music?

Duration of Tones.

How many kinds of Time are there?

Three; Double, Triple, and Quadruple.

Double Time has how many Beats?

Two; down and up.

Which is the accented beat?

The first beat is the accented beat.

How many beats has triple measure?

Three; down, left, and up.

Which is the accented beat?

The down beat is the accented beat.

How many beats has quadruple measure?

Quadruple measure has four beats; down, left, right, and up.

Which is the accented beat?

The first and the third beats are accented.

What is the sign for Double Time?

The sign for double time is a 2.

What is the sign for Triple Time?

The sign for triple time is a 3.

What is the sign for Quadruple Time?

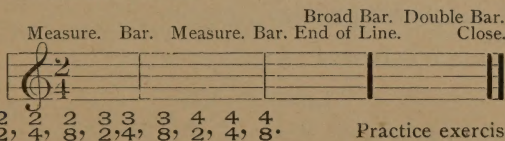
The figure 4.

How does every measure begin?

Every measure begins with the down beat.

How does every measure end?

Every measure ends with an up beat.



Where are Broad Bars used?

At the end of a line or a musical phrase.

What does a Double Bar denote?

The end of a composition.

Practice exercises 1 and 2.

RUDIMENTS.

What does the lower figure at the beginning denote?

The kind of a note that is the beat-note.

What does Beat-note mean?

The note that is to be sung or played to one beat.

What kind of a note may be taken as the beat-note?

Any note but the whole note may be taken as the beat-note.

When the figure is 2 what is the beat-note?
A half-note.

When it is 4 what is the beat-note?

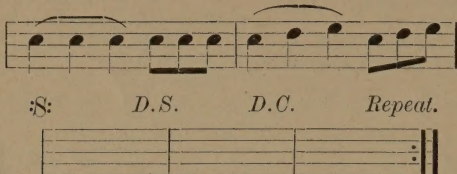
A quarter note is the beat-note.

When the figure is 8 what is the beat-note?

An eighth note is the beat-note.

Practice exercises 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Lesson VI.



What is a Tie?

A curved line connecting two or more notes on the same degree.

What is a Slur?

A curved line connecting two or more notes on different degrees.

What is the rule for applying words to notes that are slurred?

Apply one syllable to as many notes as are slurred.

What is the rule for applying words to notes that are Tied?

Apply one syllable to as many notes as are tied.

What is the rule for applying words to music?

Apply one syllable to each note.

What is a Hold or Pause?

A character that shows the tone is to be continued longer than the time indicated by the note.

What is a Repeat Mark?

A dotted line across the staff.

When placed at the right of a broad bar what does it indicate?

That the following passage is to be repeated.

When placed at the left of a broad bar what does it indicate?

It shows that the preceding passage is to be repeated.

When the first strain is to be repeated how

is it represented?

By the letters *D.C.*

What does D.S. mean?

D.S. means to return to the sign and end at *FINE* or *END*.

What does 1st and 2d time mean?

It means to sing 1st time to the *D.C.*, *D.S.* or dotted line, and in the repeat to omit the 1st and sing the 2d.

What is a Brace?

A character used to connect two or more staves.

When staves are thus connected what are they called?

A Score.

How many parts in ordinary music?

Four; Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

Which is the highest part?

Soprano; and should be sung by high female voices.

Which the next highest part?

Alto; and should be sung by low female voices.

Which is the next highest part?

Tenor; and should be sung by high male voices.

Which is the lowest part?

Bass; and should be sung by low male voices.

Practice Nos. 174, 277, 289.

Lesson VII.

When two tones have the same pitch what is it called?

A Unison.

The difference between two tones is called what?

An Interval.

What kinds of Intervals are there?

Large and Small.

What are they called?

Steps and Half Steps.

There are how many steps in the Diatonic scale?

Five steps and two half steps.

Between what letters do the half steps occur?

E and F, B and C.

Between what syllables do the half steps occur?

Ti and Do, Mi and Fa.

Between what numerals do the half steps occur?

3 and 4, 7 and 8.

Between what tones may there be intermediate tones?

Between all the tones that form an interval of a step.

What are the intermediate tones called?

Chromatic tones.

What is a Chromatic scale?

A scale composed of the Diatonic and the Chromatic tones.

What syllables are applied to the chromatic tones ascending?

Di, Ri, Fi, Si, Li.

What are they called descending?

Tā, Lā, Sā, Mā, Rā.

When a chromatic tone is introduced in a composition, how is it represented?

By a sharp (♯), Flat (♭), Natural (♮), Double Sharp (×), or Double Flat (♭♭).

What does the sharp indicate?

It calls for a tone a half step higher than the note before which it is written.

How does a flat affect a tone?

A flat calls for a tone a half step lower than the note before which it is placed.

What is the use of the natural?

It is used to cancel the effect of a sharp or flat.

What are the chromatic tones called?

Accidentals.

What is the rule for the continuance of Accidentals?

They continue their effect throughout the measure in which they occur unless canceled by an accidental.

Practice Nos. 289 and 73.

Lesson VIII.

What is Transposition?

Changing the scale from one degree to another.

How many transpositions may there be?

There may be twelve transpositions.

Why are scales transposed?

To keep the music within the compass of the voice, and to keep the notes on the staff.

What signs are used to show that a scale has been transposed?

Sharps and Flats.

What name is given to them when used as a sign of transposition?

Signature or Key.

What is the first tone of a scale called?

Key-tone.

What syllable is applied to the key-tone in the Diatonic scale?

Do is applied to the key-tone.

What does one sharp indicate?

One sharp shows that the scale is G.

What do two sharps show?

It shows the key-tone is D.

When three sharps are used what is the key?

Three sharps show the key of A.

Four sharps show what?

Four sharps the key of E.

Five sharps show what?

Five sharps show the key of B.

Six sharps show what scale?

Scale of F♯.

Lesson IX.

What does one Flat indicate?

One flat shows the scale is F.

What do two flats indicate?

Two flats show the scale is B♭.

What do three flats indicate?

Three flats show that the scale is E♭.

What do four flats indicate?

Four flats show that the scale is A♭.

What do five flats indicate?

Five flats show the scale is D♭.

What do six flats indicate?

Six flats show the scale is G♭.

Table of Keys in Sharps, with their Key-notes.

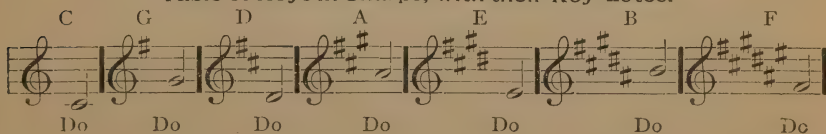
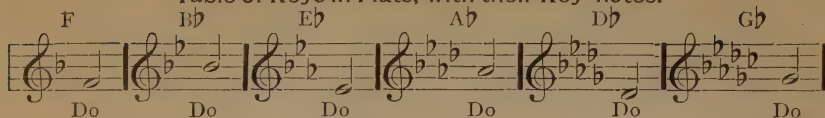


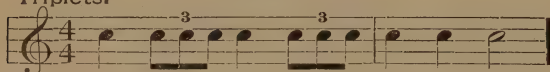
Table of Keys in Flats, with their Key-notes.



Practice Numbers 38, 80, 224, 22, 158, 168.

Lesson X.

Triplets.



What are Triplets?

Three notes to be sung or played in the time of two of the same name.

How are Triplets represented?

By a figure 3 placed over or under them.

When is the figure 3 omitted?

The 3 is omitted in Compound measures.

What is a Compound measure?

Measures to which Triplets are sung.

What is Compound Double measure?

A measure having two beats to which Triplets are sung.

What is Compound Triple measure?

A measure having three beats to which Triplets are sung or played.

What is a Compound Quadruple measure?

A measure having four beats to which Triplets are sung or played.

What is the sign for Compound Double time?

The figure 6.

What is the sign for Compound Triple time?

The figure 9.

What is the sign for Compound Quadruple time?

The figure 12.

12.

What does the lower figure indicate?

The kind of notes of which the Triplets are composed.

How do we beat the time in the Compound measures?

The same as in the simple measures.

What parts are accented?

The first note in each Triplet is accented.

What is the first rule in accent?

The first note in each measure should be accented.

What other rule is there in accent?

When there are more than one note to a beat, the first should be accented.

How are the Compound measures marked?

The same as in Simple measures.

Practice Numbers 229, 266, 278, 90.

What is Syncopation?

Syncopation is a note beginning on an unaccented part of the measure and continuing through an accented part of the measure, thereby changing the usual accent.

Practice Numbers 7, 100, 110, 215.

Lesson XI.

What does Tempo mean?

Movement or Time.

When the beats of a measure are performed quick, what is it called?

A quick Movement.

When slow, what is it called?

A slow Movement.

What then is Movement in music?

Rate of speed at which a piece is sung or played.

What does Andante mean?

A slow Movement.

What does Moderato mean?

A Movement that is neither fast nor slow.

What does Allegro mean?

Allegro means fast.

What is meant by Presto?

Very fast. Quick.

What is the meaning of Adagio.

Adagio means very slow.

What is the meaning of Rit?

Rit means gradually slower.

What does Accelerando mean?

Gradually faster.

What does Rallentando mean?

Gradually slower and softer.

Practice Numbers 88, 180.

Lesson XII.

What does Power in music mean?

It means loudness or softness of a tone.

How many Powers are there?

There are five Powers.

*What does *p* mean?*

A small letter *p* means Soft Power.

*What does *f* mean?*

A small *f* means Loud Power.

What does Pianissimo mean?

A very Soft Power. *pp*.

What is the meaning of Fortissimo?

Very Loud Power. *ff*.

What is the meaning of Diminuendo?

Gradually softer. *Dim.*

What is meant by Cres?

Gradually louder.

What is a Swell?

A union of *cres.* and *dim.*

*What does *>* mean?*

A suddenly diminishing power.

What is meant by Legato?

Very close and connected.

What does Staccato mean? ! ! !

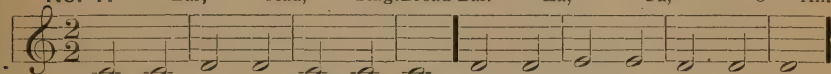
Very short and distinct.

What is the meaning of Semi-Staccato?

Less short and distinct.

Practice.

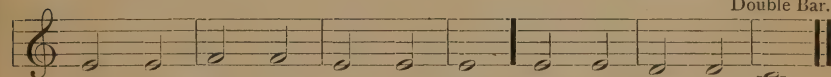
No. 1. Bar, read, Sing. Broad Bar. La, Ta, O Ah.



Come and let us learn to sing, Sing - ing will great pleas-ure bring;

Practice No. 303.

Double Bar.



And will help us praise our King; Come, then, help us sing.

No. 2. Explain Accent, Beats. Quarter note as a beat-note.



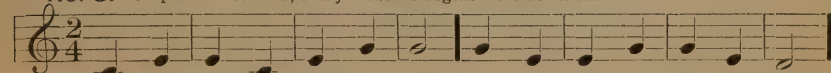
Do, re, mi, mi, mi, re, do. Down, up, one, two, three, just so.

Practice No. 256.



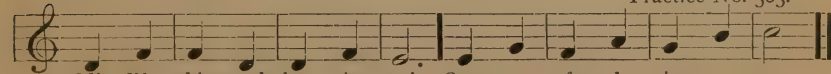
Let us beat and sing just so, Sing un - til we come to Do.

No. 3. Skips. Strict time, every measure begins with down beat.



Down, up, down, up in strict time; Watch the beat-note, two to Re.

Practice No. 303.



Mi, We skip and then sing mi, Quar-ter, fa, la, sing a - way.

No. 4. Quarter rests. Accent. Beat the time.



Come, let's sing do, Sing and rest; Up
Hold. Count time. Practice No. 140. Hold.



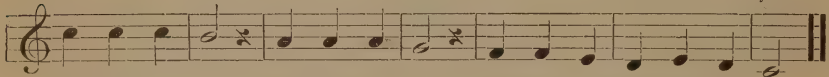
we go. Thus we sing and sing just so.

No. 5. Triple measure. Accent first.



Down, left, up, mi; One, two, three, sol; First note is ac-cent-ed, re;

Practice No. 171.



Come sing the ti, and sing the sol, Now all to-gether we go.

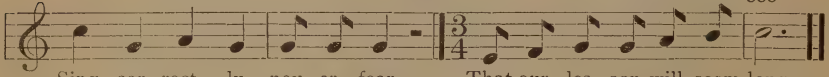
No. 6. Eighth notes. Two notes to the beat.



Mu-sic's sweet to ev-'ry ear; As we sing our lit-tle song,

Rest.

Practice No. 333.



Sing cor-rect-ly, nev-er fear That our les-son will seem long.

No. 7. Compound Double. Two beats.



Chil-dren, let us sweet-ly sing Prais-es to our King;

Practice No. 317.



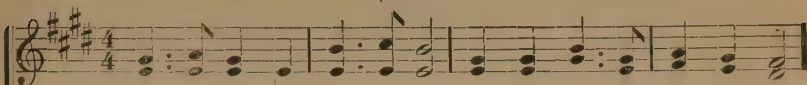
Let us sing in youth-ful days, Come and sing to Him all our hap-py lays.

HARVEST BELLS. No. 1.

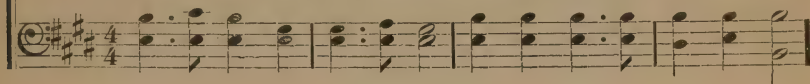
EBEN E. REXFORD.

No 1

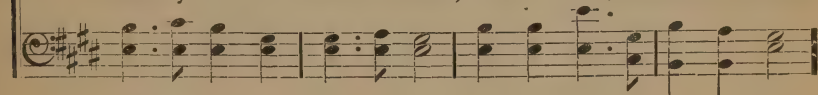
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Christian reap-ers, lift your eyes, See the fields al - read - y white
2. Souls are wait - ing—seek and find, Bring them to the Lord and say :
3. Think as i - dly here we stand, Should the Lord of har - vest come
4. Has - ten ere the Lord has come, When He calls, may we be found



For the har - vest of the skies, 'Tis a grand and glo - rious sight.
Lo ! my Mas - ter, thus we bind Heav'nly sheaves for Thee to - day.
Find - ing us with emp - ty hand, Would we not for shame be dumb ?
Read - y for His har - vest home ; Work all done, and sheaves all bound.

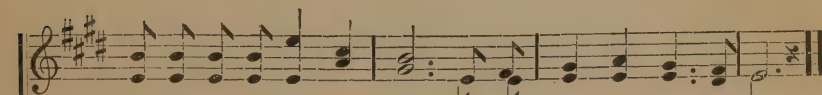
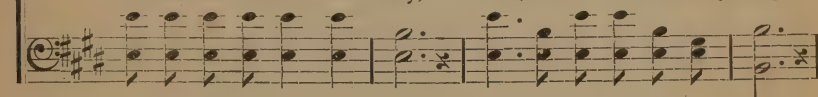


CHORUS.

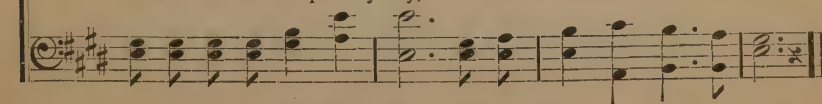
Vigorous.



List - en to the bells to - day, Hear, O hear them how they ring :



“Come, O come and reap “they say,” In the har - vest of the King.”

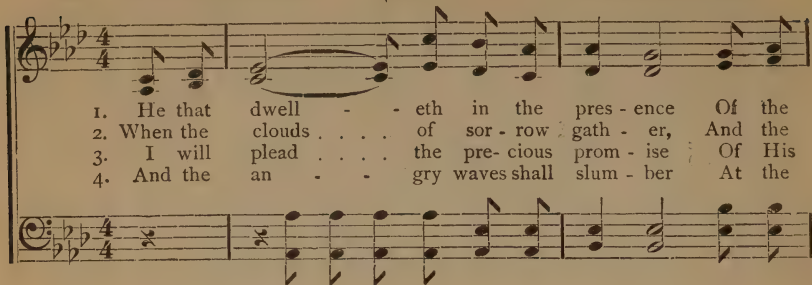


IN THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

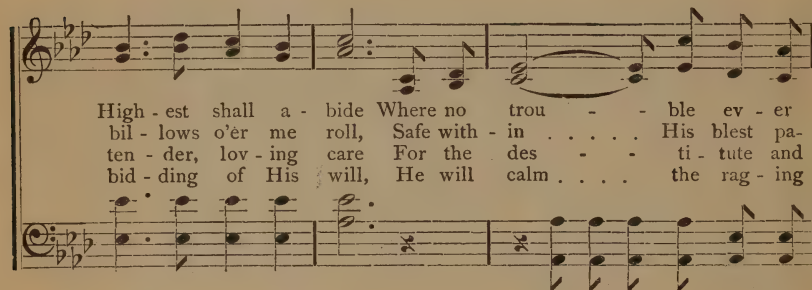
AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

No 2

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

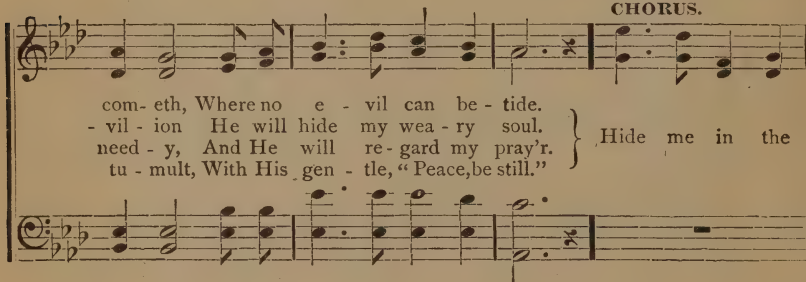


1. He that dwell - - eth in the pres - ence Of the
 2. When the clouds of sor - row gath - er, And the
 3. I will plead the pre - cious prom - ise Of His
 4. And the an - - gry waves shall slum - ber At the

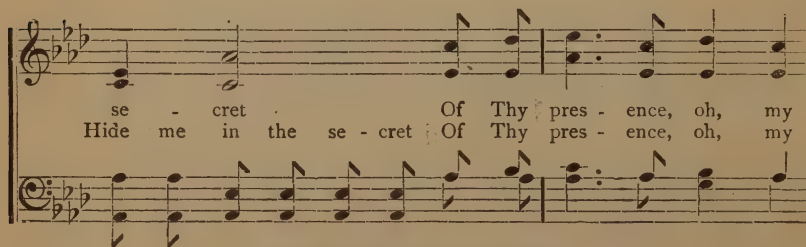


High - est shall a - bid e Where no trou - - ble ev - er
 bil - lows o'er me roll, Safe with - in His blest pa -
 ten - der, lov - ing care For the des - - ti - tute and
 bid - ding of His will, He will calm the rag - ing

CHORUS.



com - eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide.
 - vil - ion He will hide my wea - ry soul.
 need - y, And He will re - gard my pray'r. } Hide me in the
 tu - mult, With His gen - tle, "Peace, be still."



se - cret Of Thy pres - ence, oh, my
 Hide me in the se - cret Of Thy pres - ence, oh, my

In the Shadow of Thy Wing.—Concluded.

King, Where no storms may ev - er
 King, oh, my King, Where no storms may ev - er gath - er, where no

gath - er, In the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 storms may ev - er gath - er,

No 3

ASSURANCE.

This is the last song I heard my Mother sing.—W. E. P.

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
 2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
 3. O would - He more of heav'n be - stow, And let the ves - sels break,

"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n:
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day:
 And let our ran - som'd spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

A coun - try far from mor - tal sight; Yet O, by faith I see
 We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - ceal'd,
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;

The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n pre - pared for me."
 And with His glo - rious pres - ence here Our earth - en ves - sels fill'd.
 And shout and won - der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!

* The small grace notes get no time value.

No 4

THE SONG FOR ME.

Anon.

W. E. PENN.

Sung by the Officers and Teachers only.

1. The pearl that worldlings cov - et, Is not the pearl for me; Its
 2. The crown that decks the mon - arch Is not the crown for me; It
 3. The road that ma - ny trav - el Is not the road for me; It
 4. The hope that sin - ners cher - ish Is not the hope for me; Most

beau - ty fades as quick - ly As sunshine on the sea. But there's a pearl sought
 daz - zles but a mo - ment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown pre -
 leads to death and sor - row, In it I would not be. But there's a path that
 sure - ly will they per - ish, Un - less from sin made free. But there's a hope which

by the wise; 'Tis call'd the pearl of great - est price, Tho' few its val - ue see;
 - par'd a - bove For all who walk in hum - ble love; For - ev - er bright 'twill be;
 leads to God, 'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood, The way for all is free,
 rests in God, And leads the soul to trust His word, And sin - ful pleasures flee;

CHORUS. Sung by all the School lively.

Oh, that's the pearl for me, Oh, that's the pearl for me,
 Oh, that's the crown for me, Oh, that's the crown for me,
 Oh, that's the path for me, Oh, that's the path for me,
 Oh, that's the hope for me, Oh, that's the hope for me,

THE SONG FOR ME. Concluded.

The pearl that is of great - est price, Oh, that's the pearl for me.
 The crown that is pre-par'd a- bove, Oh, that's the crown for me.
 The path that's mark'd by Je - sus' blood, Oh, that's the path for me.
 The hope that gives me rest in God, Oh, that's the hope for me.

NEARING HOME.

H. N. LINCOLN.

No 5

Miss ALICE LINCOLN.

1. { Toil - ing on-ward thro' a des - ert drear - y, On the parch-ing
 Al - most faint - ing with the march so wea - ry, But each day we're

1 2 REFRAIN.
 sands we roam; } One day near - er, one day
 near - ing (Omit.....) home. } One day near - er,

1 2
 near - er, One day near - er home;..... | home.
 one day near - er, One day near - er

2 Plodding upward over rugged mountains,
 Far away from heaven's dome;
 Drinking oft from Marah's bitter fountains,
 But each day we're nearing home.

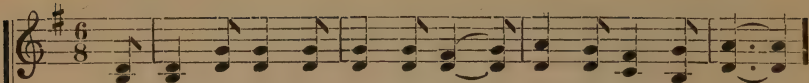
3 Sailing homeward on a stormy ocean,
 While the raging billows foam;
 Lashing, surging, in their wild commotion,
 But each day we're nearing home.

GO FORWARD.

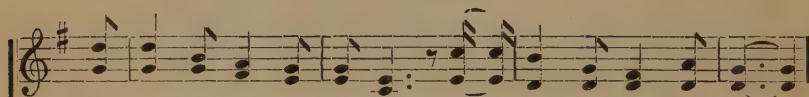
W. E. PENN.

No 6

W. E. PENN.



1. "Go for-ward" said the Cap-tain Of the Is - rael-ites of old,
2. Though Sa-tan's might-y ar-mies Should stand on ev-'ry side,
3. We know that we must con-quer If on - ly we o - bey
4. And now let us "go for-ward," Nor tar - ry in the plain,



"Go for-ward" to the sea-brink, Fear-ing nei - ther heat or cold,
 We know our Cap-tain-Gen-'ral Can the deep - est sea di - vide.
 The or - der of our Cap-tain, "Go watch, and fight and pray."
 With Je - sus for our Cap-tain, The last foe shall be slain.



CHORUS.



Go for-ward, go for-ward is the or - der of to - day;



Go for-ward, go for-ward this or - der we'll o - bey.

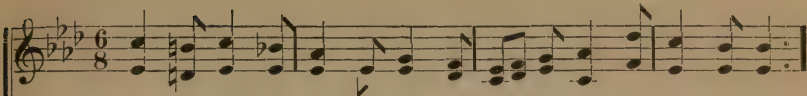


GATHERING ONE BY ONE.

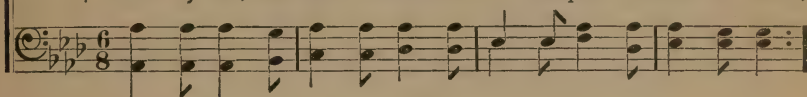
T. C. O'K.

No 7

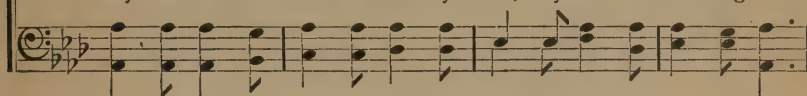
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



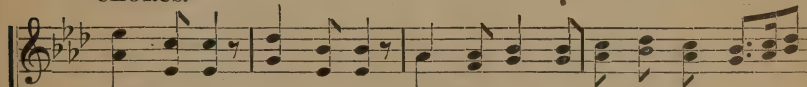
1. "One by one," the bonds are sev - ered Bind - ing hearts to - geth - er here;
2. "One by one," we cease our toil - ing For the Mas - ter here be - low;
3. "One by one," we're gath'ring yon - der, Out of ev - 'ry clime and land,
4. "One by one," the Sav - iour calls us In His per - fect bliss to share;



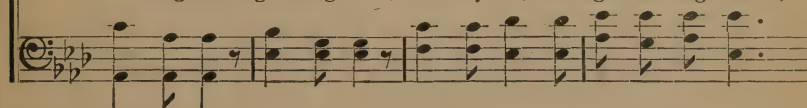
"One by one," new ties are add - ed To the land that knows no tear.
 By the an - gel bands at - tend - ed, To our end - less rest we go.
 "One by one," we're cross - ing o - ver, To the dis - tant heav'nly strand.
 May we for the call be read - y— Oh, may none be miss - ing there!



CHORUS.



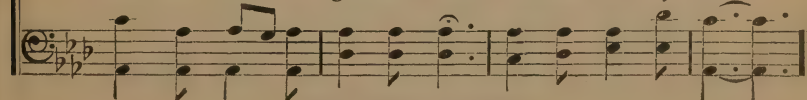
Gath'r-ing home, gath'ring home, "One by one," we're gath - er - ing home;



Repeat Chorus *pp.*



Soon we'll all be gathered home, Gathered "one by one."



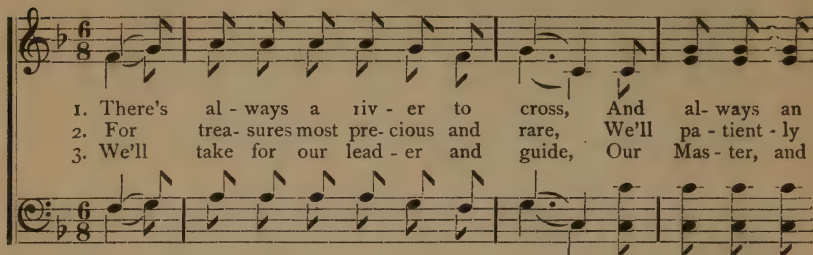
From "Songs for Worship."

THERE'S A RIVER TO CROSS.

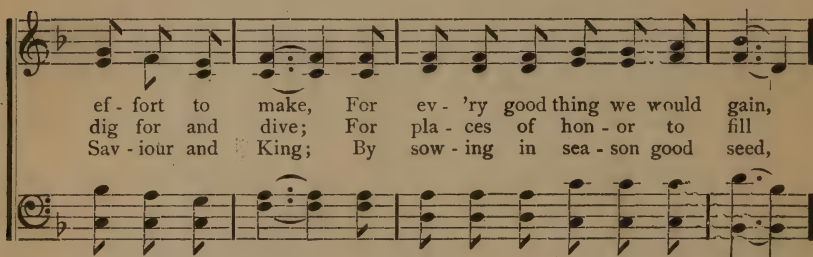
H. S. PERKINS.

No 8

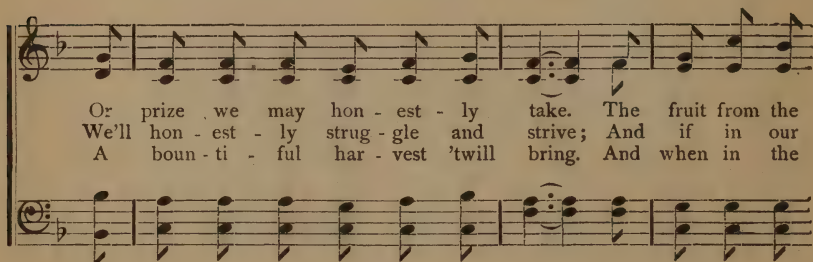
H. S. PERKINS, by per.



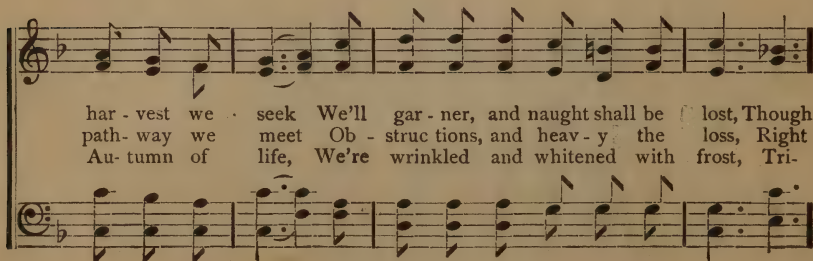
1. There's al - ways a riv - er to cross, And al - ways an
 2. For trea - sures most pre - cious and rare, We'll pa - tient - ly
 3. We'll take for our lead - er and guide, Our Mas - ter, and



ef - fort to make, For ev - 'ry good thing we would gain,
 dig for and dive; For pla - ces of hon - or to fill
 Sav - iour and King; By sow - ing in sea - son good seed,



Or prize we may hon - est - ly take. The fruit from the
 We'll hon - est - ly strug - gle and strive; And if in our
 A boun - ti - ful har - vest 'twill bring. And when in the

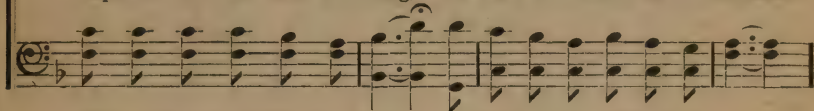


har - vest we seek We'll gar - ner, and naught shall be lost, Though
 path - way we meet Ob - struc - tions, and heav - y the loss, Right
 Au - tumn of life, We're wrinkled and whitened with frost, Tri -

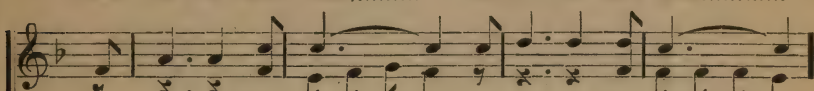
There's a River to Cross. Concluded.



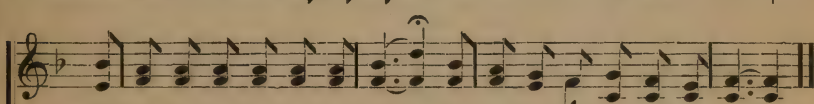
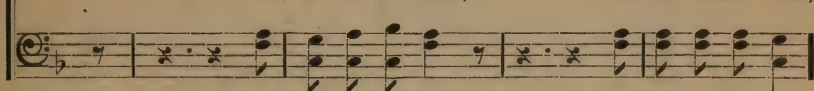
tem - pests and storms cross our path, And broad is the riv - er we cross.
on - ward our course we'll pur - sue, Although there's a riv - er to cross,
- umph - ant ho - san - nas we'll sing, Be - cause the broad riv - er we've crossed.



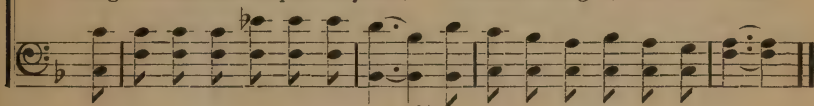
The riv - er we'll cross,..... the riv - er we'll cross,.....



The riv - er we'll cross, the riv - er we'll cross,



Though bil - lows and tempests may toss, The broad, rolling riv - er we'll cross.



No 9 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gath'nings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?

||: In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, as He skill
To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,

||: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.

||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" :||

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.

||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

"Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" :||

No 10 FOR ME UNDERTAKE.

W. E. PENN.

O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.—Isa. 38: 14.

J. M. HUNT.

Cres.

1. O Lord, I am burdened, my soul is oppressed, My sins are so man-y, I
 2. Oh, help me to come and fall down at Thy feet; Unburden my soul, make con-
 3. Give courage and strength that my light may so shine, My works may lead others their
 4. Then oh, blessed Saviour, how sweet it will be, To know, in the darkness, I'm

am sore distressed. I wan-der in dark-ness, my sins are so great,
 fes-sion complete, And, then, give me strength all my sins to re-sign,
 sins to re-sign; Watch o'er me, pro-tect me, and guide me each day,
 gui-ded by Thee; To know I can not make a fa-tal mis-take,

Lord Je-sus, have mer-cy, for me un-der-take. For me un-der-take,
 Then let me, my Sav-iour, for-ev-er be Thine. For-ev-er be Thine,
 No more let me wan-der, no more go a-stray; No more go a-stray,
 Be-cause Thou art ev-er my great Ad-vo-cate. My great Ad-vo-cate,

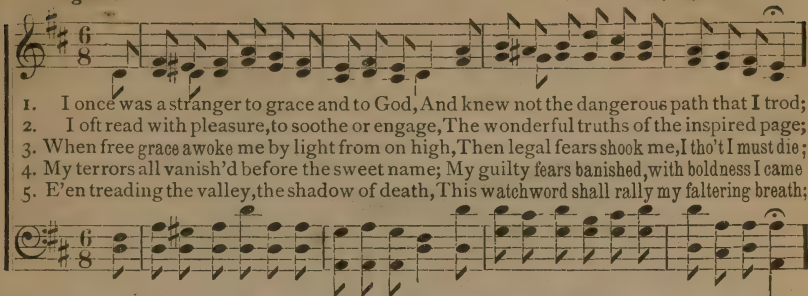
for me un-der-take; Lord Je-sus, have mer-cy, for me un-der-take.
 for-ev-er be Thine; Then let me, my Saviour, for-ev-er be Thine.
 no more go astray; No more let me wander, no more go a-stray.
 my great Ad-vo-cate; Be-cause Thou art ev-er my great Ad-vo-cate.

No 11 JESUS OF NAZARETH.

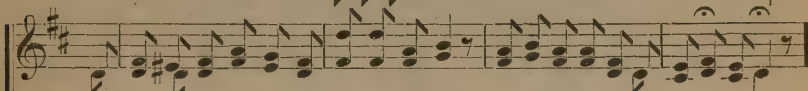
Supposed to have been written about 200 years ago, but never published.

English.

W. E. PENN.



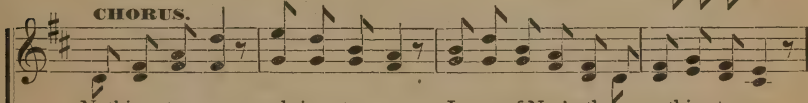
1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God, And knew not the dangerous path that I trod;
2. I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage, The wonderful truths of the inspired page;
3. When free grace awoke me by light from on high, Then legal fears shook me, I tho't I must die;
4. My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name; My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came;
5. E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death, This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;




Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Jesus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
But e'en when was pictured the blood on the tree, Jesus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
No refuge, no safety on earth could I see, Jesus of Naz'reth my Saviour must be.
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free; Jesus of Naz'reth is all things to me.
For while from life's burdens my God sets me free, Jesus of Naz'reth my death song shall be.



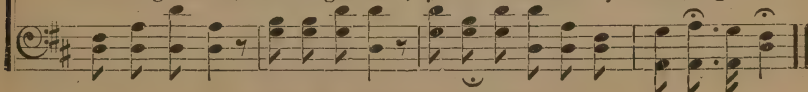
CHORUS.

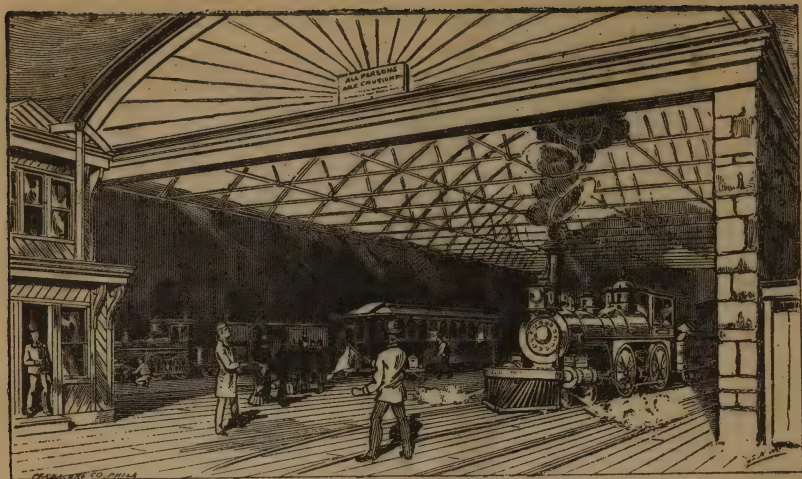


Nothing to me, nothing to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me;
Nothing to me, nothing to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me;
Saviour must be, Saviour must be, Je-sus of Naz'reth my Saviour must be;
All things to me, all things to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth is all things to me;
Death song shall be, death song shall be, Je-sus of Naz'reth my death song shall be;

Nothing to me, nothing to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
Nothing to me, nothing to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me.
Saviour must be, Saviour must be, Je-sus of Naz'reth my Saviour must be.
All things to me, all things to me, Je-sus of Naz'reth is all things to me.
Death song shall be, death song shall be, Je-sus of Naz'reth my death song shall be.





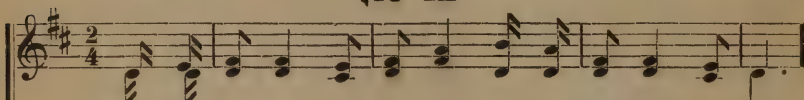
“ARE THE SIGNALS ALL RIGHT?”

“The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.”—MATT. 25: 4.

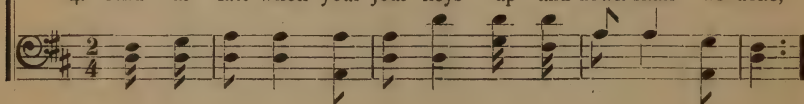
SAMUEL PEACH.

No 12

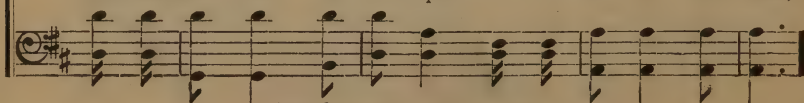
W. E. PENN.



1. Wel - come, band of true toil - ers, who by thou - sands are found
2. By the red lights of dan - ger have you left the down line?
3. With a love for Christ's serv - ice, and your soul well sup - plied,
4. And at last when your jour - neys up and down shall be done,

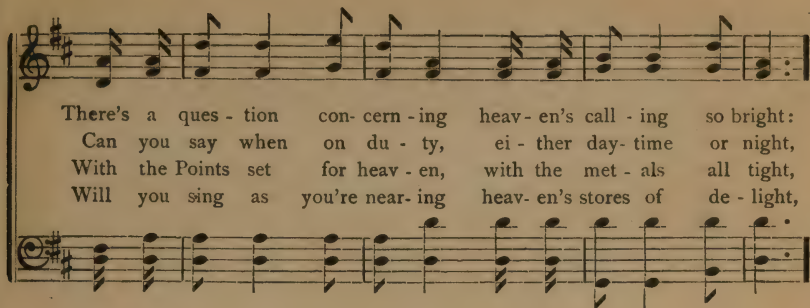


On the hun - dreds of rail - ways and the sta - tions a - round;
 By the green lights of cau - tion have you knowledge di - vine?
 With in - spir - ed di - rec - tions full - y test - ed and tried;
 And life's train shall in tri - umph to the ter - mi - nus come;

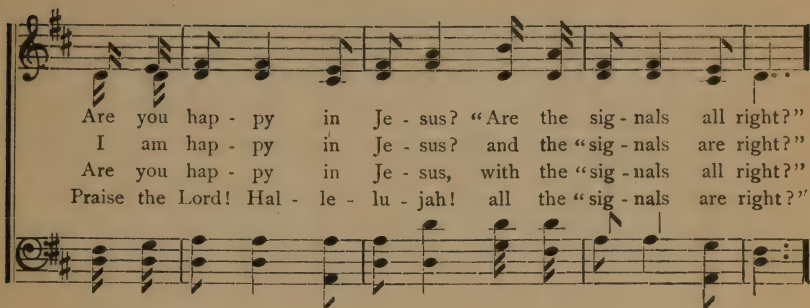


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“Are the Signals all Right?”—Concluded.

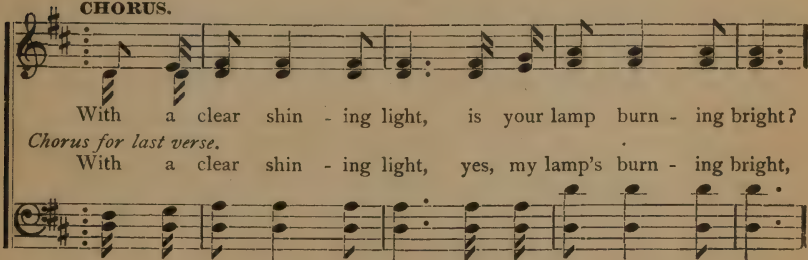


There's a ques - tion con - cern - ing heav - en's call - ing so bright:
 Can you say when on du - ty, ei - ther day - time or night,
 With the Points set for heav - en, with the met - als all tight,
 Will you sing as you're near - ing heav - en's stores of de - light,

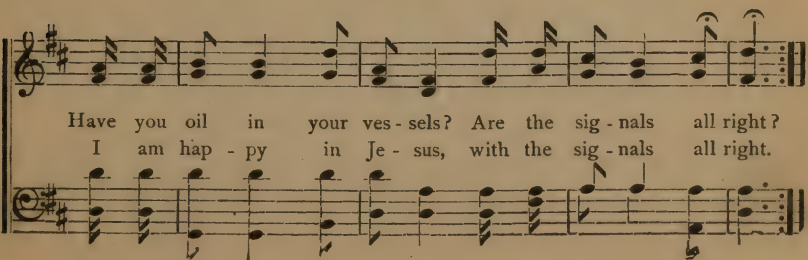


Are you hap - py in Je - sus? “Are the sig - nals all right?”
 I am hap - py in Je - sus? and the “sig - nals are right?”
 Are you hap - py in Je - sus, with the “sig - nals all right?”
 Praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! all the “sig - nals are right?”

CHORUS.



With a clear shin - ing light, is your lamp burn - ing bright?
Chorus for last verse.
 With a clear shin - ing light, yes, my lamp's burn - ing bright,



Have you oil in your ves - sels? Are the sig - nals all right?
 I am hap - py in Je - sus, with the sig - nals all right.

"GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME."

"When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—Acts 24: 25.

K. SHAW.

No 13

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; The con- ven- ient time may come
 2. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; 'Tis the noon of joy - ous life
 3. Go thy way, for this time, go thy way; For the world has thrown its shackles

by and by, (by and by); But I'll not heed the call of Christ to - day,
 now to me (now to me); Let me not be hin- der- ed now, I pray,
 o - ver me, (o - ver me); But when death comes knocking at my heart,

Nor list- en to His ten - der cry. Go thy way, go thy way; The con -
 When read- y I will call for thee. Go thy way, go thy way; The con -
 I'll list- en, I will call for thee. Go thy way, go thy way; The con -

- ven - ient time is fu - ture yet with me; When the morn- ing hours of
 - ven - ient time is fu - ture yet with me; When the noon - day of my
 - ven - ient time is fu - ture yet with me; When the eve - ning of my

Go thy Way for this Time. Concluded.

life have pass'd a - way, And the noon-day comes, I'll call for thee.
 life has pass'd a - way, In the eve-ning time I'll call for thee.
 life has pass'd a - way, In the night of death I'll call for thee.

No 14 WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

"O Lord, revive Thy word."—Heb. 3: 2.

English.

English.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each

Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - ter'd our night.
 borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - ry stain.
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

{ Hal - le - lu jah! Thine the glory, Hal le - lu - jah! A - men. }
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, (Omit.) Re - vive us a - gain. }

PEACE, BE STILL.

Respectfully dedicated to Major W. E. PENN, by H. N. L.

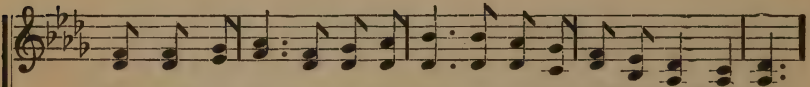
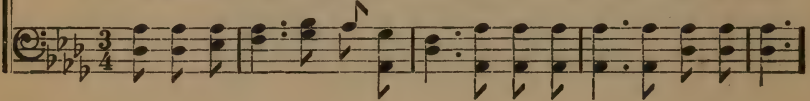
E. E. REXFORD.

No 15

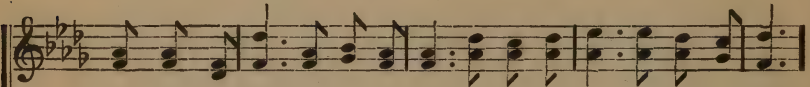
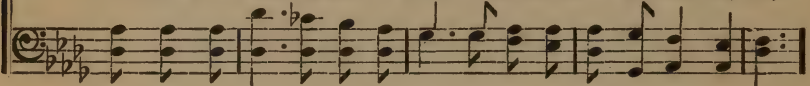
H. N. LINCOLN.



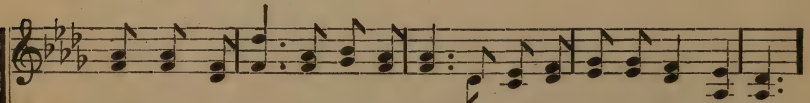
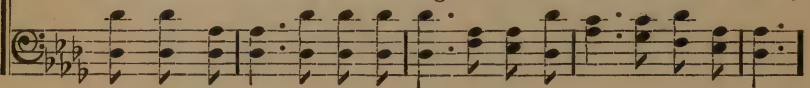
1. When tempests rise a- bout thy way, And fill thy heart with anxious care,
2. "Be not a- afraid," thy Saviour's hand Is at the ves-sel's helm to- day,
3. Dear Saviour, I would trust Thee more; Drive out these human fears, I pray,



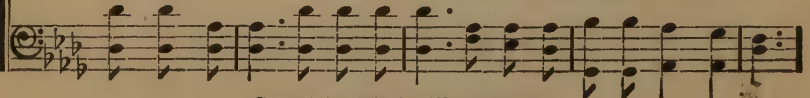
Then trust- ful - ly look up and say, "I know the Lord is somewhere near."
He'll steer it safe - ly to the land, So cast thy doubts and fears a - way.
I know thou'lt take me safe to shore Bestorms and tri- als what they may.



"Be not a-fraid," tho' dark the sky, Trust wholly in thy Saviour's will,
He walks up - on the troubled wave, He comes with comfort un- to thee;
When skies are dark and waves are high I shall not call in vain on Thee;

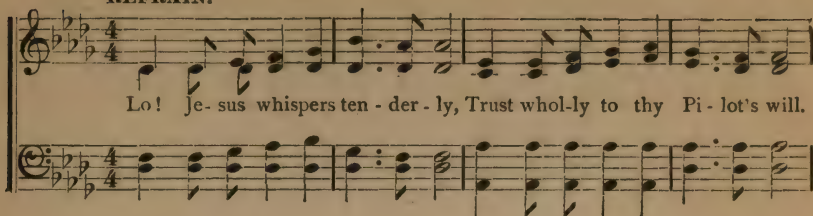


He hears thee, He is al-ways nigh, And whispers to thee, "Peace, be still."
Trust Him and He His own will save As long a - go on Gal - i - lee.
O speak to me, and say "'Tis I," And calm the tempest-troubled sea.



PEACE, BE STILL. Concluded.

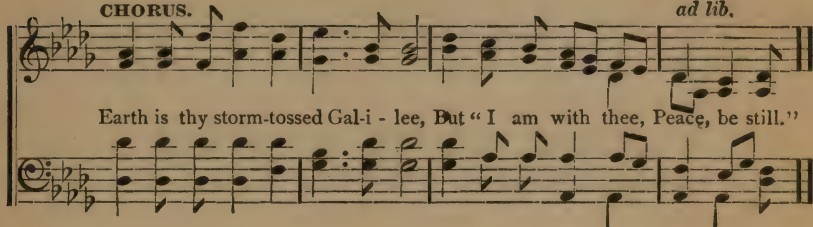
REFRAIN.



Lo! Je - sus whispers ten - der - ly, Trust whol - ly to thy Pi - lot's will.

CHORUS.

ad lib.



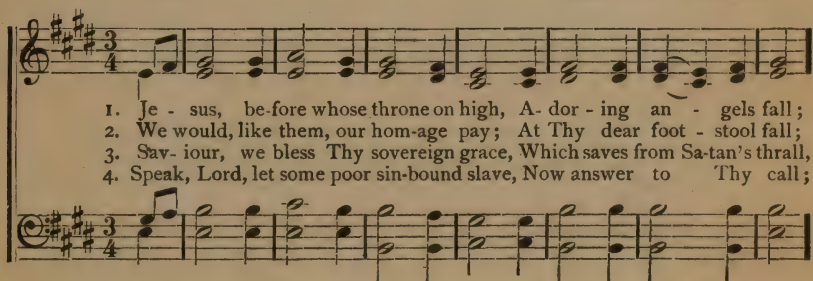
Earth is thy storm-tossed Gal-i - lee, But "I am with thee, Peace, be still."

No 16

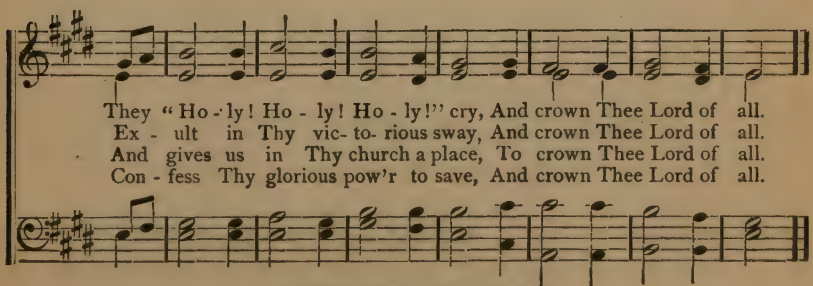
LORD OF ALL.

SAMUAL PEACH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - sus, be - fore whose throne on high, A - dor - ing an - gels fall;
2. We would, like them, our hom-age pay; At Thy dear foot - stool fall;
3. Sav - iour, we bless Thy sovereign grace, Which saves from Sa - tan's thrall,
4. Speak, Lord, let some poor sin-bound slave, Now answer to Thy call;



They "Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!" cry, And crown Thee Lord of all.
 Ex - ult in Thy vic - to - rious sway, And crown Thee Lord of all.
 And gives us in Thy church a place, To crown Thee Lord of all.
 Con - fess Thy glorious pow'r to save, And crown Thee Lord of all.

COME UNTO ME.

Therefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.—Heb. 7 : 25.

W. E. PENN.

No 17

J. M. HUNT.

1. I'm wea - ry, heav - y la - den, My bur - den is so great;
2. I hear the voice of Je - sus Say - ing, "I died for thee;"
3. Thy heart of sin needs cleansing, Thy bur - den I will take;
4. Is there yet room, dear Saviour, For one so vile as me?

Where shall I go? what shall I do? This load my heart will break.
Oh, come and make my paths your choice, From sin and sorrow flee.
I'll set thee free, for - ev - er free, And nev - er thee for - sake.
Wilt Thou, O Sav - iour, hear my cry, If now I come to Thee?

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, I'll set thee free, And give thee rest, sweet rest;

Come un - to me, I'll set thee free, And give thee rest, sweet rest.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

W. S. MARTIN.

No 18

Dr. FRANCIS A. EVANS.



1. What will you do with Je - sus, God's well - be - lov - ed Son?
2. What will you do with Je - sus? He's knock-ing at your heart;
3. What will you do with Je - sus, Who with your soul now pleads?



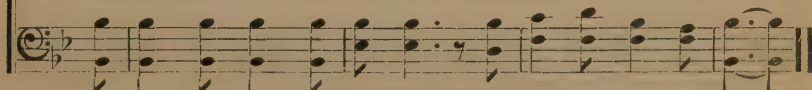
See what the pre - cious Sav - iour, To save your soul, has done:
O will you let Him en - ter, Or bid Him to de - part?
Be - fore the throne in heav - en He ev - er in - ter - cedes;



He gave Him - self a ran - som, He died to make you free,
He's wait - ing, long has wait - ed; O turn with - out de - lay,
He of - fers you a man - sion, A home for - ev - er more;



He spilt His pre - cious life - blood For you on Cal - va - ry.
And He, thro' lov - ing-kind - ness, Will wash your sins a - way.
But soon may cease this plead - ing, Then clos'd will be the door.



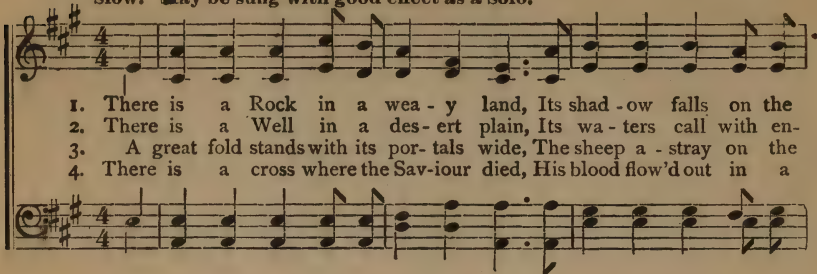
No 19 THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P.

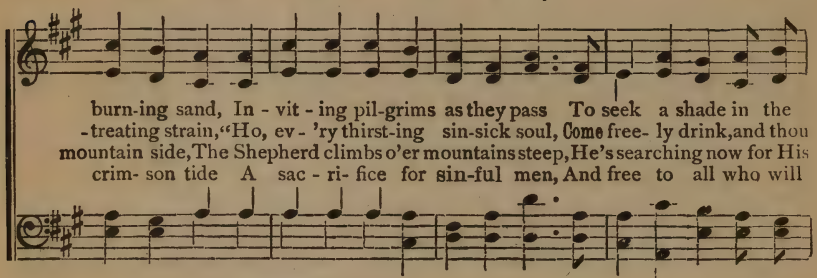
Isaiah 32: 2. 12: 3. 65: 10. Col. 1: 20.

W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

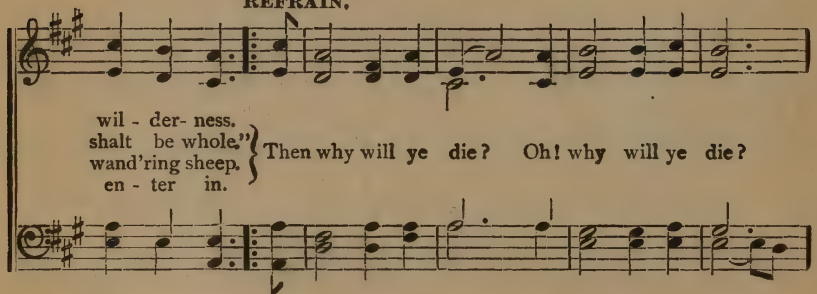


1. There is a Rock in a wea - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
 2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
 3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
 4. There is a cross where the Sav - iour died, His blood flow'd out in a

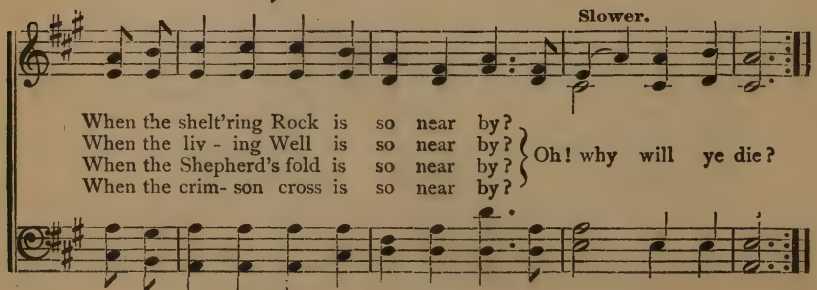


burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass To seek a shade in the
 - treating strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing sin - sick soul, Come free - ly drink, and thou
 mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
 crim - son tide A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.



wil - der - ness.
 shalt be whole." } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
 wand'ring sheep.
 en - ter in.



Slower.

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?
 When the liv - ing Well is so near by?
 When the Shepherd's fold is so near by?
 When the crim - son cross is so near by? } Oh! why will ye die?

NO 20 "MY AIN COUNTRIE."

Mrs. MARY LEE DEMAREST.

Harmonized by T. C. O'K, by per.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles,
I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un- - til my een do see

D.C.—But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,

For the lang'd-for hame-bring-ing, an' my Fa-ther's welcome smiles,
The gow-den gates of heaven an' my (Omit)

When I hear the an-gels singing in my (Omit)

2 Fine. D.C.

ain countrie. { The earth is fleck'd with flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh and gay; }
The bird-ies war-ble blithely, for my Father made them sae; }

ain countrie.

- 2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre, we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair:
His bluid hath made me white, an' His hand shall dry my een,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
- 3 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

W. E. PENN.

W. E. PENN.

1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die—To die as if by stealth;
3. But on that fore-head God hath set In - del - ib - ly a mark,
4. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may men go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?

That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.
It does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or pale the glow of health.
Un - seen by man, for man as yet Is blind, and in the dark.
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed, but damned.
Where does hope end, and where be - gin The con - fines of de - spair?

There is a line, by us un-seen, That cross-es ev-'ry path,
The conscience may be still at ease, The spir-its light and gay,
And still the doomed man's path be-low May bloom as E-den bloomed;
Oh! where is that mys-te-rious bourne, By which our path is crossed,
An an-swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de-part,

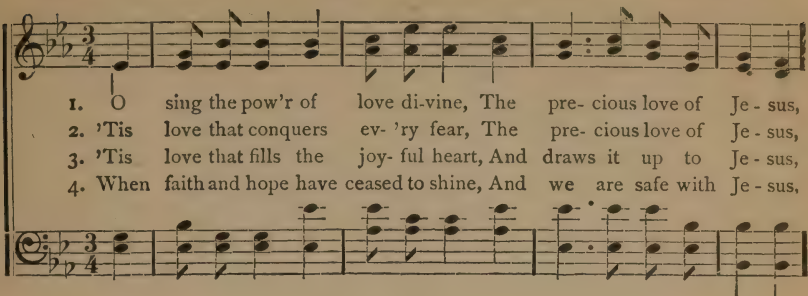
The hid - den boun-da - ry between God's pa - tience and His wrath.
That which is pleas-ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doomed.
Be - yond which, God Himself hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?
While it is called to - day, re - pent, And hard - en not your heart."

THE PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS.

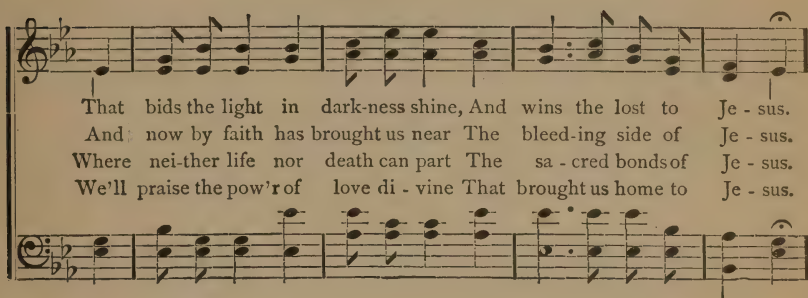
FANNY J. CROSBY.

No 22

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

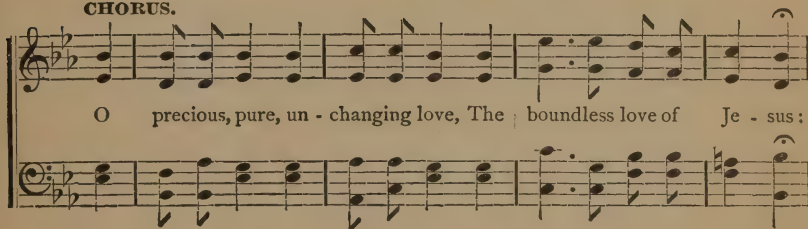


1. O sing the pow'r of love di-vine, The pre-cious love of Je-sus,
2. 'Tis love that conquers ev-'ry fear, The pre-cious love of Je-sus,
3. 'Tis love that fills the joy-ful heart, And draws it up to Je-sus,
4. When faith and hope have ceased to shine, And we are safe with Je-sus,

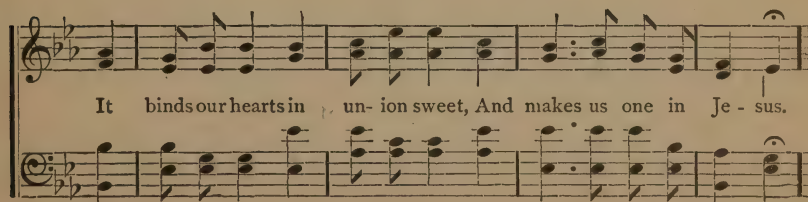


That bids the light in dark-ness shine, And wins the lost to Je-sus.
And now by faith has brought us near The bleed-ing side of Je-sus.
Where nei-ther life nor death can part The sa-cred bonds of Je-sus.
We'll praise the pow'r of love di-vine That brought us home to Je-sus.

CHORUS.



O precious, pure, un-changing love, The boundless love of Je-sus:



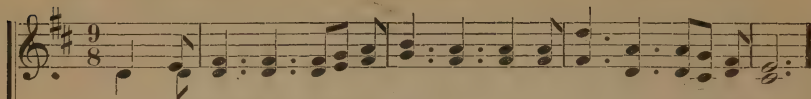
It binds our hearts in un-ion sweet, And makes us one in Je-sus.

Leave Thy Burdens With the Saviour.

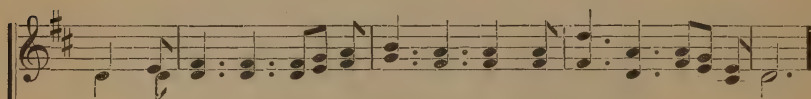
Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

No 23

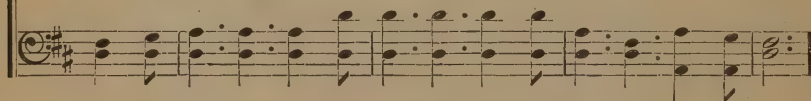
Rev. W. E. PENN.



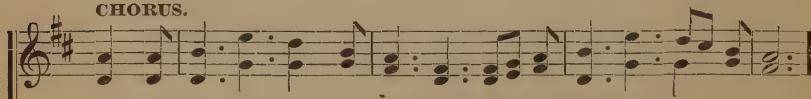
1. Is thy path-way dark and storm-y? Do thy tri - als press thee sore?
2. Are thy la - bors long and fruit-less? And thy days of peace too rare?
3. Pain and an-guish may en-chain thee, Doubts envail thee like a shroud,
4. Rays of glad-ness which shall light-en Up the path-way to the goal,



He will drive a - way the shad - ows, He will bridge the wa - ters o'er.
 There's a wealth of rest and com - fort Found by all in faith - ful pray'r.
 Still but trust Him He will send thee Riffs of bright-ness thro' the cloud.
 'Till thy spir - it find en - rapt - ure, "Balm in Gil - ead for the soul."



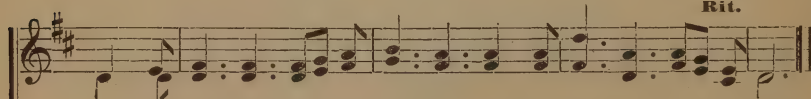
CHORUS.



Take thy troub - les to the Sav - iour, Take them there in earn - est pray'r,



Rit.



Of thy bur - dens He'll re - lieve thee If thou'lt on - ly *leave them there.*

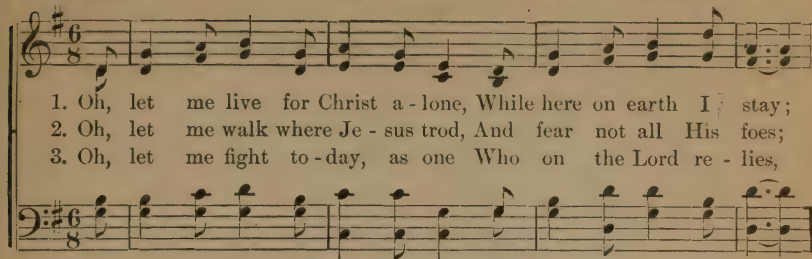


LIVE FOR CHRIST TO-DAY.

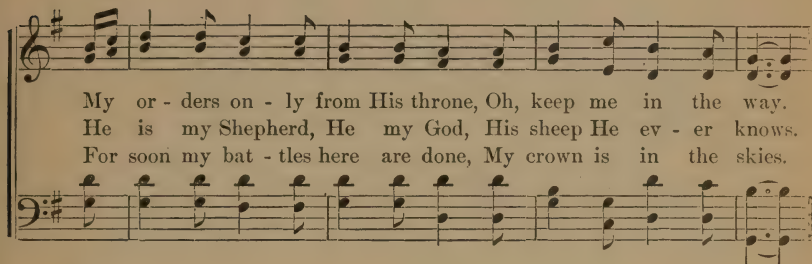
A. S. BUNTING.

No 24

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

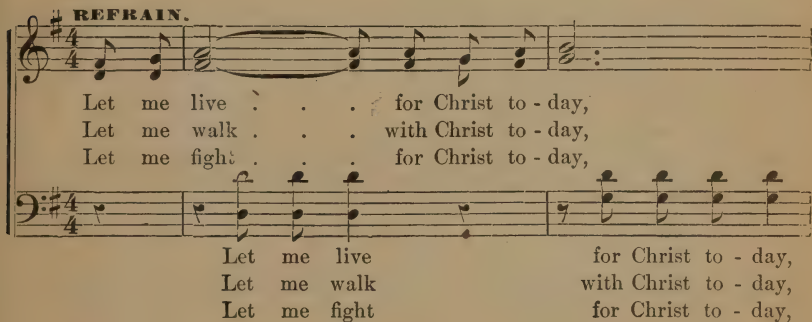


1. Oh, let me live for Christ a-lone, While here on earth I stay;
 2. Oh, let me walk where Je-sus trod, And fear not all His foes;
 3. Oh, let me fight to-day, as one Who on the Lord re-lies,



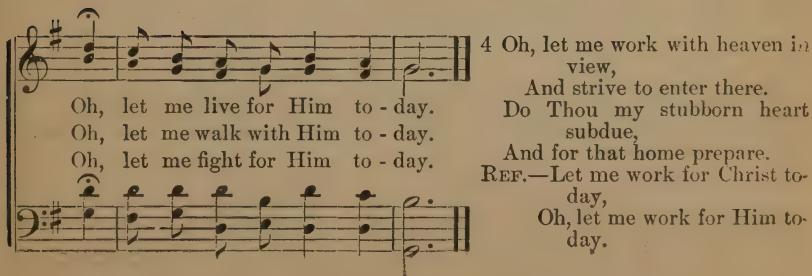
My or-ders on-ly from His throne, Oh, keep me in the way.
 He is my Shepherd, He my God, His sheep He ev-er knows.
 For soon my bat-tles here are done, My crown is in the skies.

REFRAIN.



Let me live . . . for Christ to-day,
 Let me walk . . . with Christ to-day,
 Let me fight . . . for Christ to-day,

Let me live for Christ to-day,
 Let me walk with Christ to-day,
 Let me fight for Christ to-day,



Oh, let me live for Him to-day.
 Oh, let me walk with Him to-day.
 Oh, let me fight for Him to-day.

4 Oh, let me work with heaven in view,
 And strive to enter there.
 Do Thou my stubborn heart subdue,
 And for that home prepare.
 REF.—Let me work for Christ to-day,
 Oh, let me work for Him to-day.

CROWNS OF GLORY.

Ye shall receive a crown of glory.—1 Peter 5: 4.

KELLY.

No 25

GEO. BAKER.

1. Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright Rest up - on the Conqueror's head;
 2. He sub - dued the powers of hell, In the fight He stood a - lone;
 3. His the bat - tle, His the toil, His the hon - ors of the day;
 4. Now pro-claim His deeds a - far, Fill the world with His re-nown;

Crowns of glo - ry are His right—He “who liv-eth and was dead.”
 All His foes be - fore Him fell, By His sin - gle arm o’erthrown.
 His the glo - ry and the spoil, Je - sus bears them all a - way.
 His a - lone the vic-tor’s car, His the ev - er - last-ing crown.

CHORUS.

Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of
 Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry,

glo - - - ry ev - er bright, ev - er bright, Crowns of
 Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright,

CROWNS OF GLORY. Concluded.

glo - - - ry, Crowns of glo - ry Are the blessed Saviour's right.
Crowns of glo - ry,

GLORY TO HIS NAME!

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Ps. 63: 4.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

No 26

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin; Je - sus so sweetly abides within,
3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Humble your soul at the Saviour's feet;

Fine.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied,
Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean, } Glo - ry to His name.
Plunge in to - day, and be made complete,

D. S.—Now to my heart is the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

WE ARE COMING.

F. A. E.

No 27

Dr. FRANCIS A. EVANS.



1. "Come to me," the Fa - ther say - eth, Ye whose hearts are bow'd with grief;
2. "Come to me," the still voice whispers, Come, how - ev - er weak you be;
- * 3. "Come to me," the Sav - iour say - eth, I'll your bur - den bear - er be;



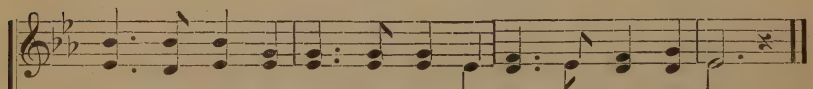
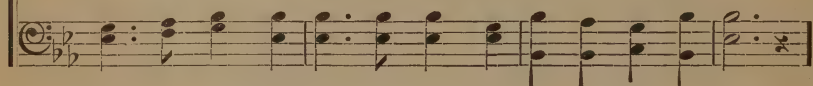
Come and find a love a - bid - ing, Find in me a sweet re - lief.
 Come and find a strength in - creas - ing, Love as boundless and as free.
 Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Of - fer'd free - ly now to Thee.



CHORUS.



We are com - ing, we are com - ing To Thee, bless - ed Lord!



We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Trust - ing in Thy word.

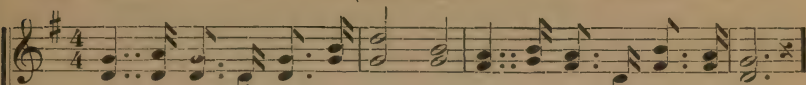


Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him.

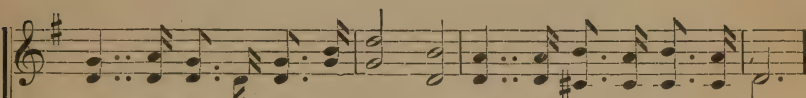
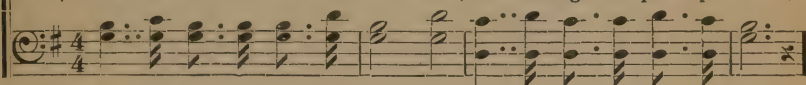
JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

No 28

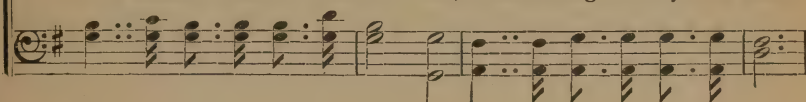
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



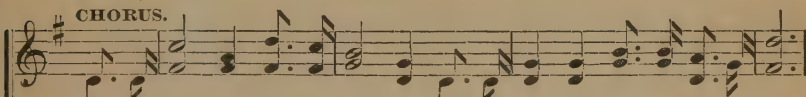
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an-gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His mighty voice o-bey'd;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev- er shall His prom- ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r pro-claim;



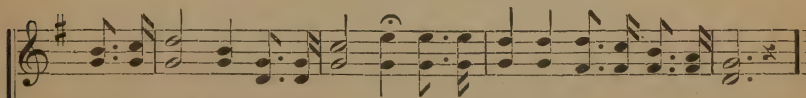
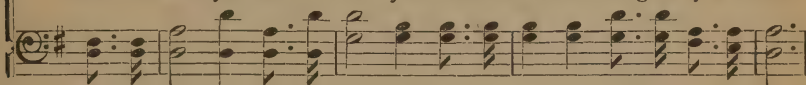
Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which nev-er shall be bro - ken, For their guid-ance He hath made.
God shall make His saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.



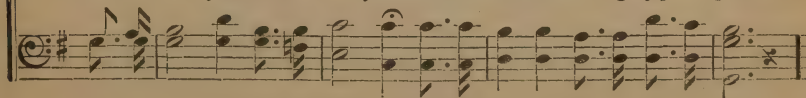
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and mag-ni- fy His name!



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! His mighty pow'r proclaim.



THOUGH HE SLAY ME.

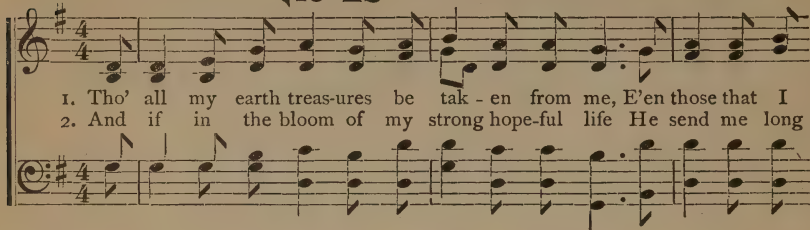
To all the suffering people of God this song is affectionately dedicated.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Job 13: 15.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

No 29

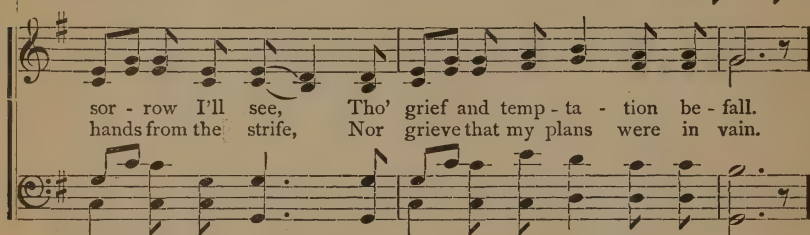
Music and Chorus by Rev. W. E. PENN.



1. Tho' all my earth treas-ures be tak - en from me, E'en those that I
2. And if in the bloom of my strong hope-ful life He send me long

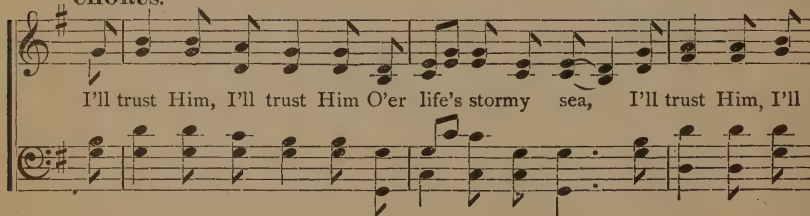


prize most of all, By faith His dear love in my
watch - es of pain, I meek - ly will fold my poor

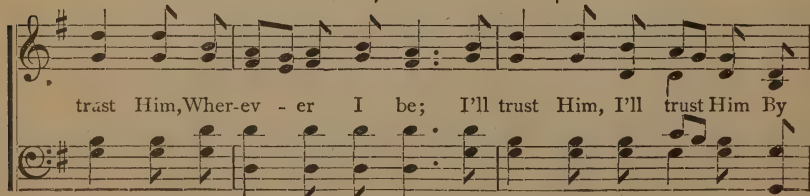


sor - row I'll see, Tho' grief and temp - ta - tion be - fall.
hands from the strife, Nor grieve that my plans were in vain.

CHORUS.



I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him O'er life's stormy sea, I'll trust Him, I'll



trust Him, Wher - ev - er I be; I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him By

THOUGH HE SLAY ME. Concluded.

night and by day, O yes, I will trust Him, Tho' me He should slay.

3 Though friends should forsake me and leave me alone,
And Marah's full cup I should quaff,
Though peace never come and my rest be a stone,
He'll still be my rod and my staff.

4 My rod and my staff, yes, on Him will I lean
When through the deep waters I go,
In Him will I trust, and my soul be serene
Though billows of woe overflow.

PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON.

No 30

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

- cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
- gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name,
bid our con - flict cease Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

LET ME REST.

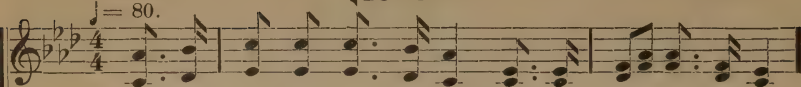
"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Dr. H. BONAR.

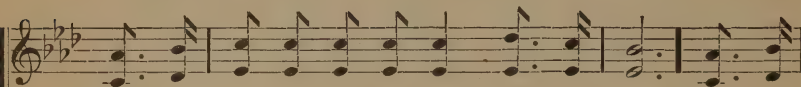
No 31

W. A. OGDEN.

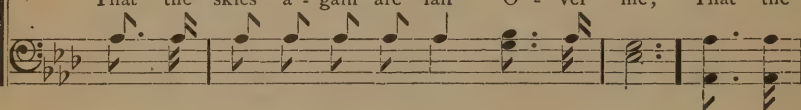
$\text{♩} = 80.$



1. In the shad-ow of the rock Let me rest, let me rest,
2. On the parch'd and des-ert way, Where I tread, where I tread,
3. I in peace will rest me here, Till I see, till I see,



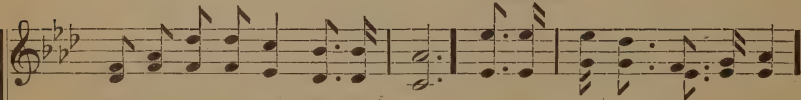
When I feel the tem-pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in
With the scorch-ing noon-tide ray O'er my head, Let me
That the skies a - gain are fair O - ver me; That the



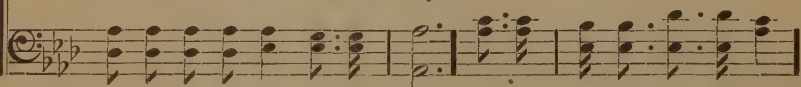
vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, while I hide, And my
find a wel - comeshade, Cool and still, cool and still, And my
burn-ing heats are passed, And the day, and the day, Bids the



CHORUS.



tranquil vig-il keep, By Thy side.
wea-ry steps be stayed By Thy will. } In the shadow of the rock,
trav-el-er at last Go his way.



LET ME REST. Concluded.

I will fear no tem-pest's shock, In the shadow of the

rock let me rest; In the shadow of the rock I will

fear no temp-est's shock, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

No 32 Nothing but Leaves.

1 Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience
slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife
Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered
sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and
weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory
weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

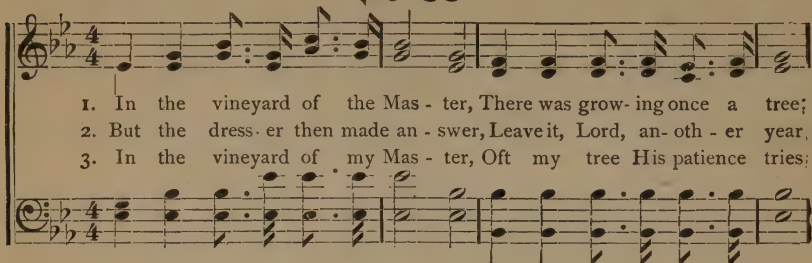
THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

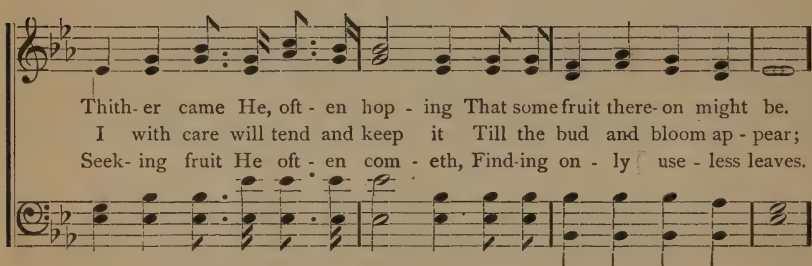
Read Luke 13: 6-9.

No 33

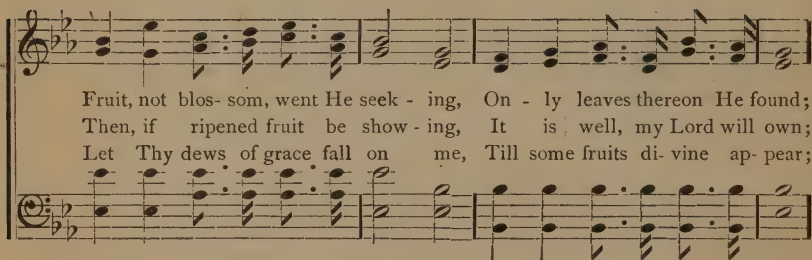
R. M. McINTOSH.



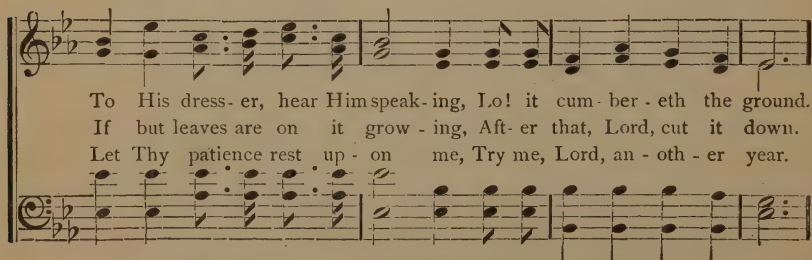
1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter, There was grow - ing once a tree;
2. But the dress - er then made an - swer, Leave it, Lord, an - oth - er year,
3. In the vineyard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree His patience tries;



Thith - er came He, oft - en hop - ing That some fruit there - on might be.
I with care will tend and keep it Till the bud and bloom ap - pear;
Seek - ing fruit He oft - en com - eth, Find - ing on - ly use - less leaves.



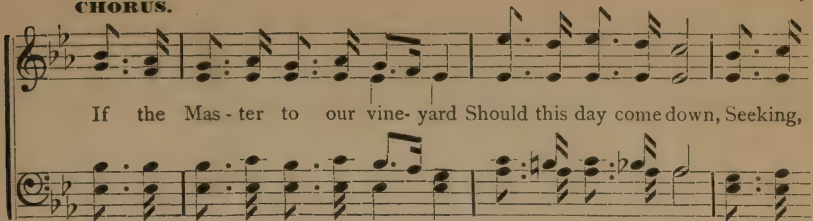
Fruit, not blos - som, went He seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon He found;
Then, if ripened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own;
Let Thy dews of grace fall on me, Till some fruits di - vine ap - pear;



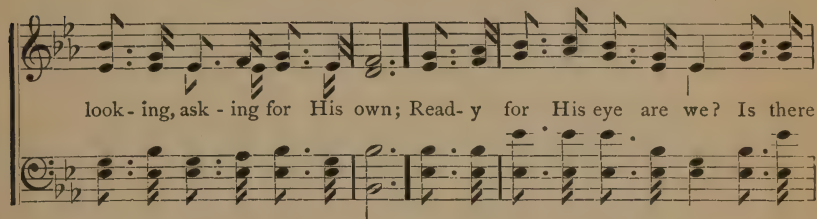
To His dress - er, hear Him speak - ing, Lo! it cum - ber - eth the ground.
If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Aft - er that, Lord, cut it down.
Let Thy patience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, an - oth - er year.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Concluded.

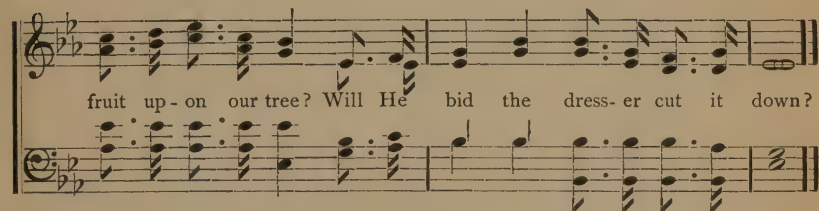
CHORUS.



If the Mas - ter to our vine - yard Should this day come down, Seeking,



look - ing, ask - ing for His own; Read - y for His eye are we? Is there

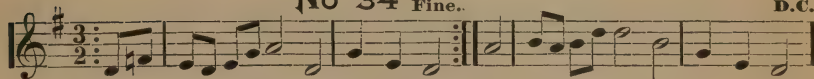


fruit up - on our tree? Will He bid the dress - er cut it down?

THE FROZEN HEART.

No 34 Fine..

D.C.



I. { O, for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn heart a - way, }

D. C.—This heart, this froz-en heart of mine. And thaw, with beams of love di-vine,

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.</p> <p>3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.</p> | <p>4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.</p> <p>5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.</p> |
|---|---|

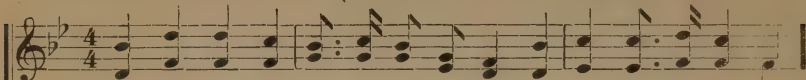
TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14: 12.

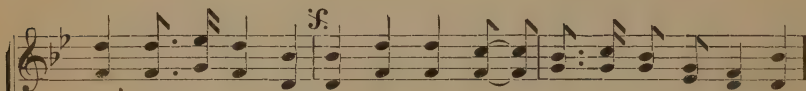
J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

No 35

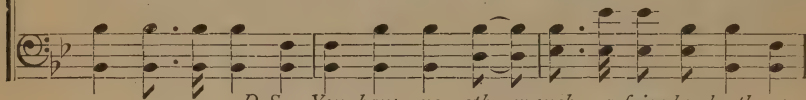
Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



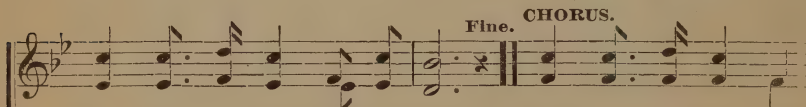
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou - bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,



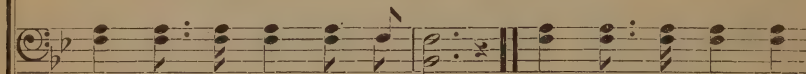
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?



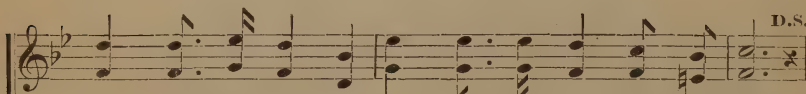
D.S.—You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er;



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus,



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known:

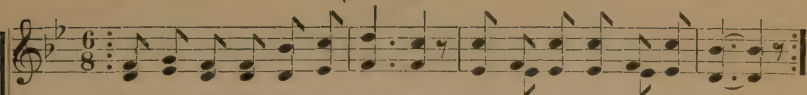


JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

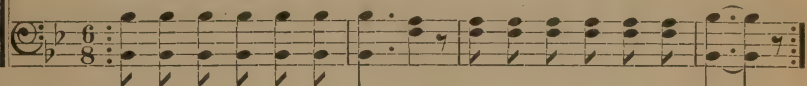
GRACE GLENN.

No 36

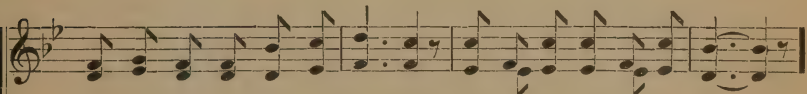
J. H. FILMORE, by per.



1. { When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma-ry sat weeping a-lone, }
 { Soft-ly the voice of her sis-ter Whisper'd, "The Master has come." }
2. { Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust, }
3. { When of the dear-est earth-treasures Dust shall re-turn un-to dust, }
3. { Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Some time thy footsteps shall stray, }
3. { Where waits an an-gel to bear thee O-ver to in-fi-nite day. }



So, in the depths of thy sor-row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,
 Then, tho' the world may in-vite thee, Vain will its of-fer-ing be,
 What then tho' dark be His shad-ow, If when His coming thou see,



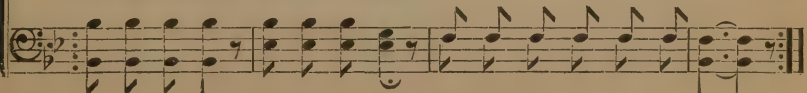
List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.



f CHORUS.



Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee,

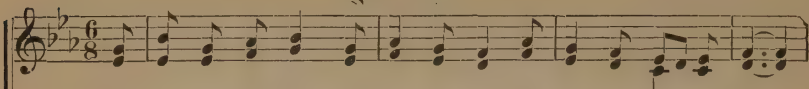


NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE, BE DONE.

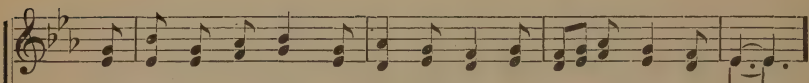
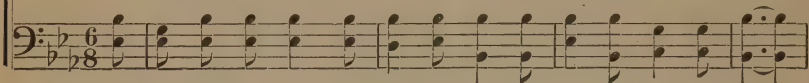
J. M. HUNT.

No 37

J. M. HUNT.



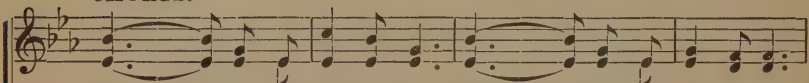
1. Not my will, O Lord! but Thine be done, With me and mine, I pray;
2. I dare not to trust in self, O Lord! For I am weak and blind;
3. Oh! give to me faith, that I may stand Unwav'ring at Thy side;



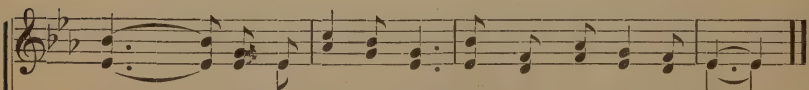
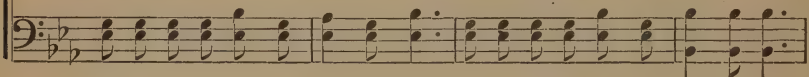
I know if I give my all to Thee, I can not lose the way.
But trusting in Thee, how great my strength! Salvation I shall find.
For 'tis by Thy blood that I am saved, I feel that blood ap-plied.



CHORUS.



Sav - iour, still walk with me, Help . . me to lean on Thee;
Saviour, O Saviour! still walk with me, Help me, yes, help me, to lean on Thee.



"Je - sus," my on - ly plea, Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Jesus, dear Jesus, my on - ly plea,



LAND IMMORTAL.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

No 38

Dr. FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;
2. Though dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate,
* 3. And when they shall be - hold Him, Their bless - ed Lord and King,

Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;
Yet grace comes with the mes - sage, To souls that watch and wait;
They'll tune their harps and voi - ces His glo - rious praise to sing,

He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;
And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen - ger comes down,
And join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, With all the saints a - bove,

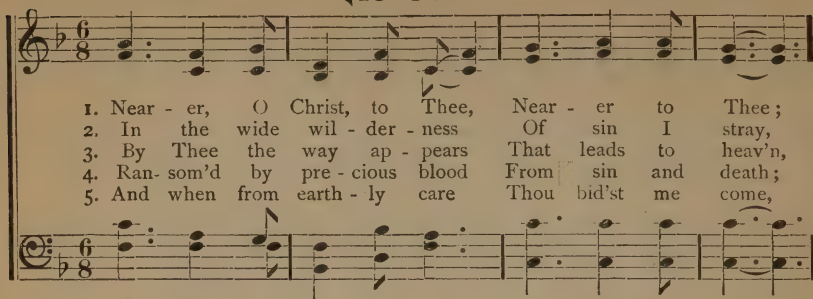
And mor - tals who pass through it, Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
In prais - ing Him for - ev - er For His un - dy - ing love.

NEARER, O CHRIST, TO THEE.

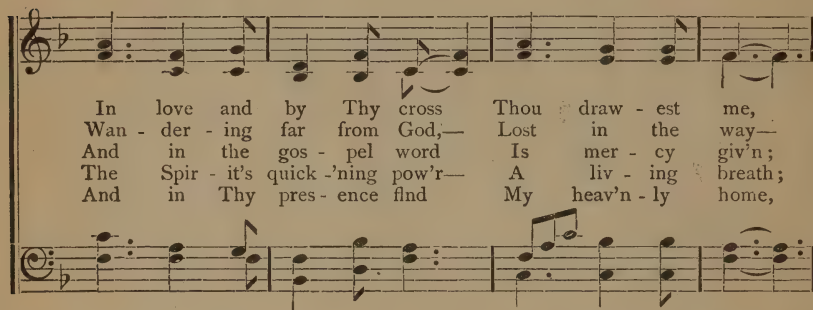
Rev. C. H. ROWE.

No 39

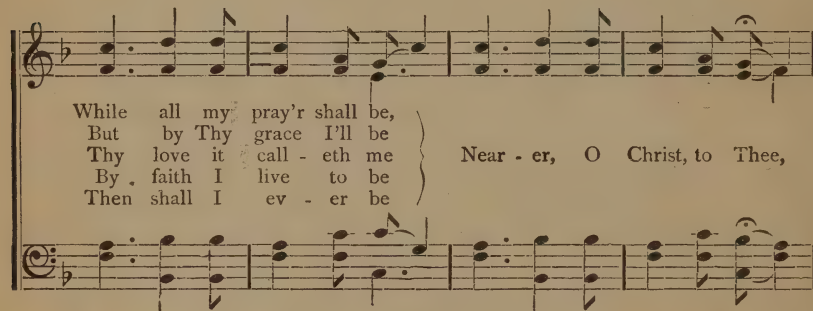
Rev. W. E. PENN.



1. Near - er, O Christ, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
 2. In the wide wil - der - ness Of sin I stray;
 3. By Thee the way ap - pears That leads to heav'n,
 4. Ran - som'd by pre - cious blood From sin and death;
 5. And when from earth - ly care Thou bid'st me come,

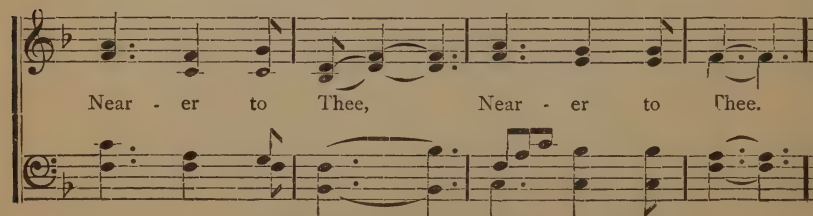


In love and by Thy cross Thou draw - est me,
 Wan - der - ing far from God, — Lost in the way —
 And in the gos - pel word Is mer - cy giv'n;
 The Spir - it's quick - 'ning pow'r — A liv - ing breath;
 And in Thy pres - ence find My heav'n - ly home,



While all my pray'r shall be,
 But by Thy grace I'll be
 Thy love it call - eth me
 By faith I live to be
 Then shall I ev - er be

Near - er, O Christ, to Thee,



Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

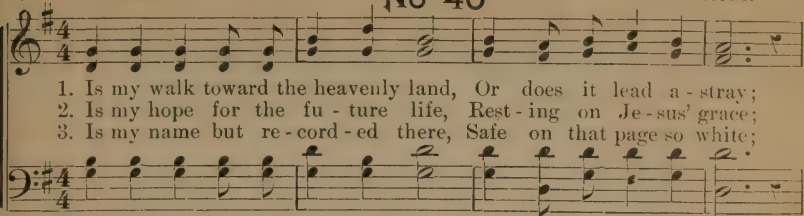
SAFELY THERE.

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.—2 Tim. 4 : 8.

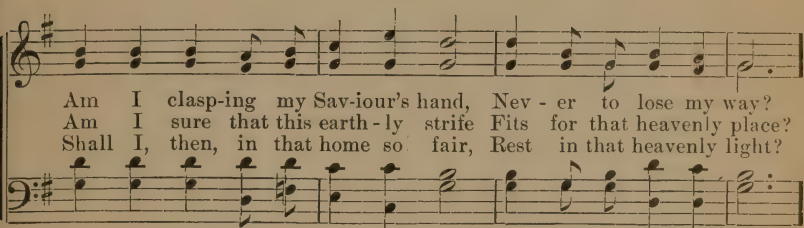
J. M. HUNT.

No 40

J. M. HUNT.

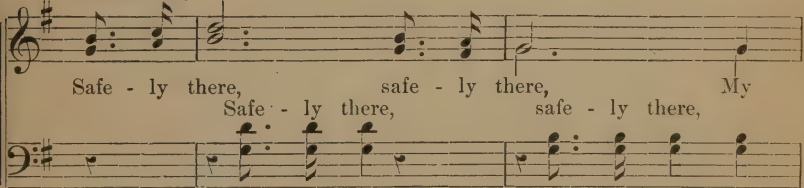


1. Is my walk toward the heavenly land, Or does it lead a - stray;
 2. Is my hope for the fu - ture life, Rest - ing on Je - sus' grace;
 3. Is my name but re - cord - ed there, Safe on that page so white;

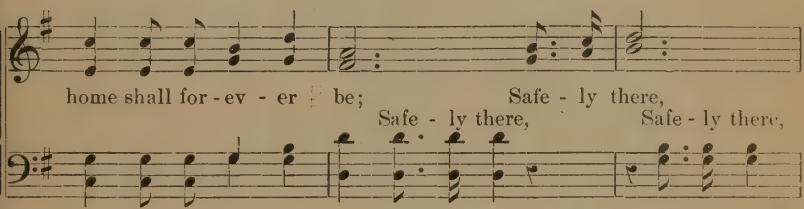


Am I clasp - ing my Sav - iour's hand, Nev - er to lose my way?
 Am I sure that this earth - ly strife Fits for that heavenly place?
 Shall I, then, in that home so fair, Rest in that heavenly light?

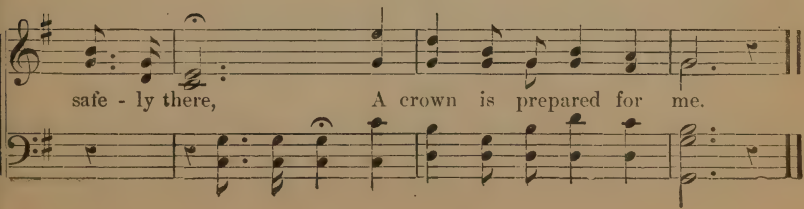
REFRAIN.



Safe - ly there, safe - ly there, My
 Safe - ly there, safe - ly there,



home shall for - ev - er be; Safe - ly there,
 Safe - ly there, Safe - ly there,



safe - ly there, A crown is prepared for me.

ONE MORE WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

No 41

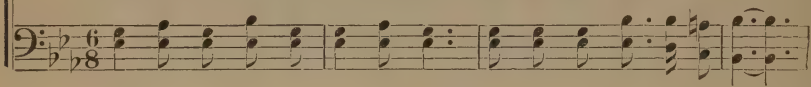
J. M. HUNT.

For thou shalt be his witness unto all men.—Acts 22 : 15.

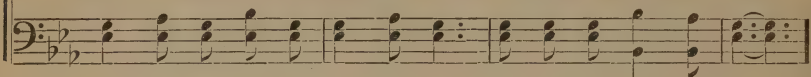
J. M. HUNT.



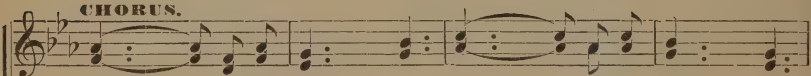
1. One more wit-ness for Christ to-night, Hold-ing His ban-ner un-furled;
2. One more soul is redeemed from sin, Washed by the blood of the Lamb;
3. Help us, Sav-iour, the vic-t'ry gain, Un - der Thy ban-ner of love;



One more sol-dier ar-rayed to fight, Bat-tling a-gainst the world.
 One more heart that was tossed within, Now has per - pet - ual calm.
 Ev - er, then, shall we praise Thy name, And dwell with Thee a - bove.



CHORUS.



Bless - ed Re-deem - er, Bless - ed Re-deem - er,



Blessed Redeemer, by Thee we will stand, Marching, if onward shall be the command;



Bless - - ed Re-deem - er, We'll give the praise to Thee.

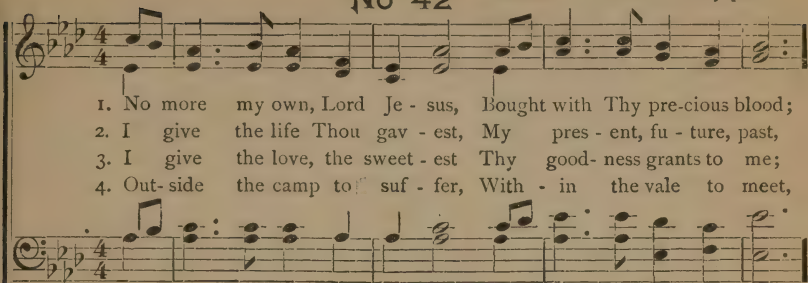


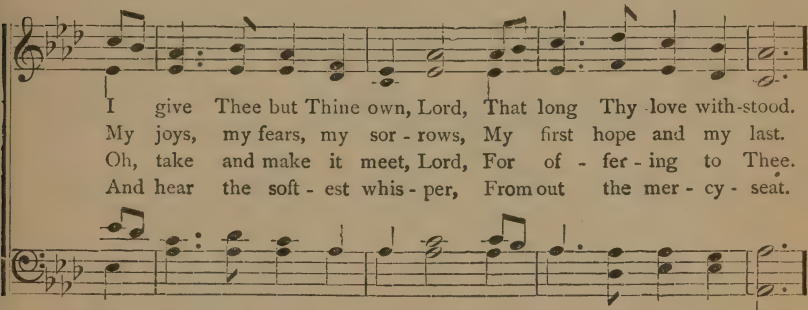
Ev - er unfurled shall Thy banner be;

I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."—Cant. 2: 16.

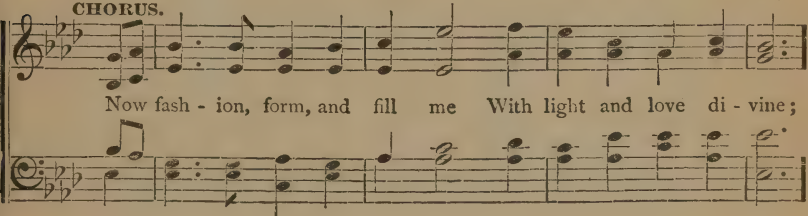
No 42 WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

- 
1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy pre-cious blood;
 2. I give the life Thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fu - ture, past,
 3. I give the love, the sweet - est Thy good - ness grants to me;
 4. Out-side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet,

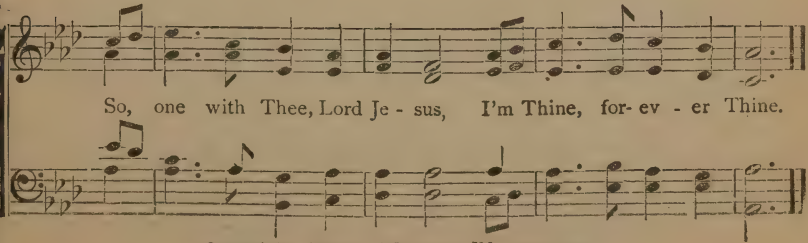


I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love with-stood.
My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to Thee.
And hear the soft - est whis - per, From out the mer - cy - seat.

CHORUS.



Now fash - ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;



So, one with Thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

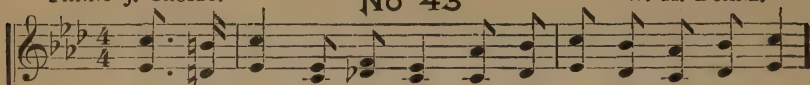
DEW OF MERCY.

"God give thee of the dew of heaven."—Gen. 27: 28.

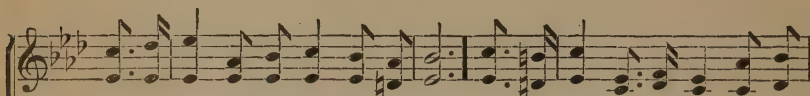
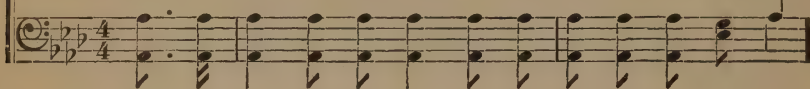
FANNY J. CROSBY.

No 43

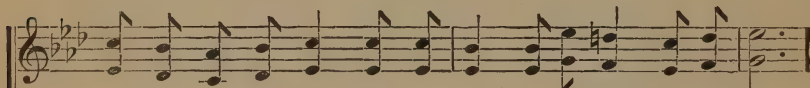
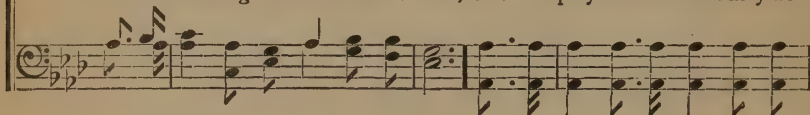
W. H. DOANE.



1. Like the still qui - et fall of the si - lent dew of night
2. How it cheers and re - vives ev - 'ry bud of Chris - tian hope!
3. When we ask of the Lord, in our sim - ple fer - vent prayer,



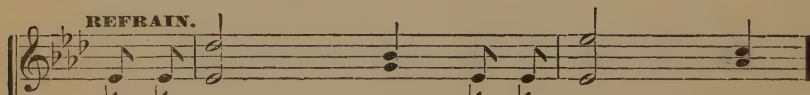
On the leaves, that are fold - ed to rest, Is the mer - cy of God when it
How it takes ev - 'ry sor - row a - way! O 'tis sweet - er by far than the
For His bless - ing at morn and at even, Let us pray that our souls may be



drop - peth from His throne, Bring - ing balm from the fields of the blest.
drops of na - ture's dew, And it fall - eth by night and by day.
wa - tered and re - freshed, By the dew of His mer - cy from heaven.



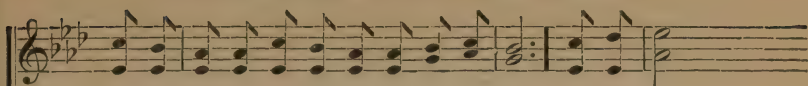
REFRAIN.



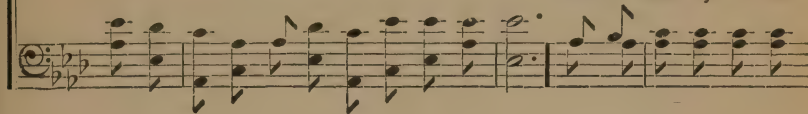
Dew of mer - - cy, Dew of mer - - cy,
Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing, Dew of mer - cy ev - er fall - ing,



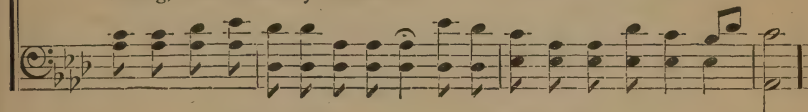
DEW OF MERCY. Concluded.



Ev - er dropping, gen-tly dropping from a - bove; Dew of mer - .
Dew of mer-cy ev - er



. cy, how it cheers us, Ev-er dropping from a Saviour's love!
falling, How itsweetly cheereth us!



No 44

Stand up for Jesus.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No 45

Watchman, tell us of the Night.

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

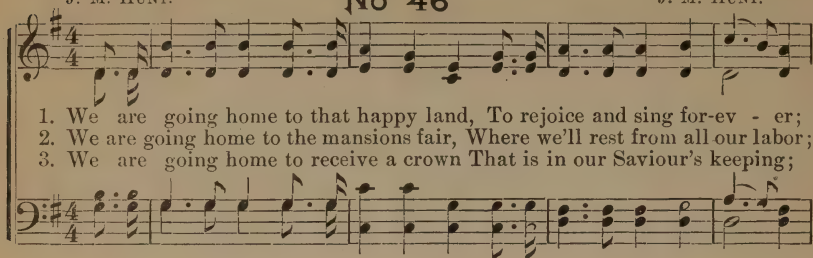
WE ARE GOING HOME.

For the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. 22 : 5.

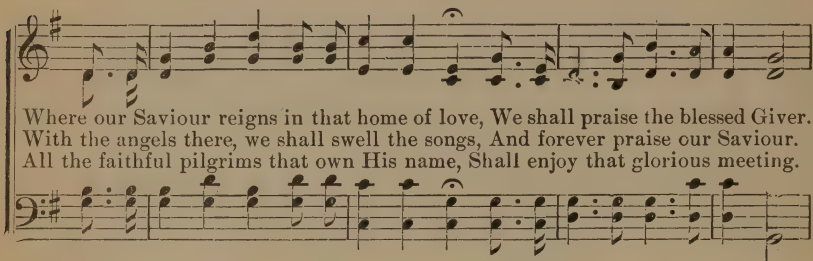
J. M. HUNT.

No 46

J. M. HUNT.

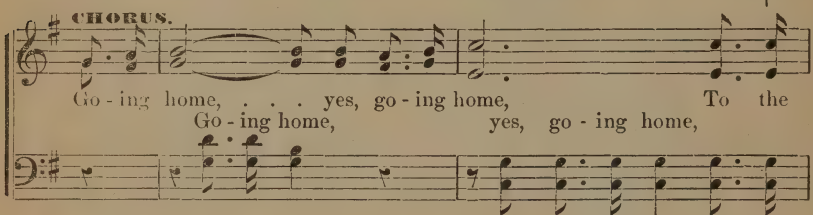


1. We are going home to that happy land, To rejoice and sing for-ev - er;
 2. We are going home to the mansions fair, Where we'll rest from all our labor;
 3. We are going home to receive a crown That is in our Saviour's keeping;

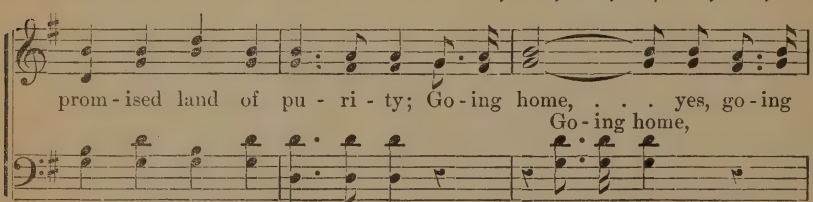


Where our Saviour reigns in that home of love, We shall praise the blessed Giver.
 With the angels there, we shall swell the songs, And forever praise our Saviour.
 All the faithful pilgrims that own His name, Shall enjoy that glorious meeting.

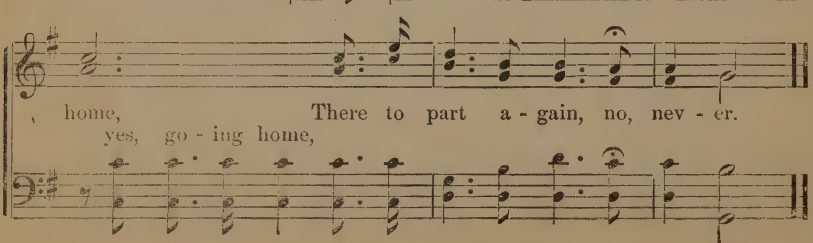
CHORUS.



Go - ing home, . . . yes, go - ing home, To the
 Go - ing home, yes, go - ing home,



prom - ised land of pu - ri - ty; Go - ing home, . . . yes, go - ing
 Go - ing home,



home, There to part a - gain, no, nev - er.
 yes, go - ing home,

IF THOU'LT BE SAVED.

Dr. H. BONAR.

No 47 2 Cor. 6: 2.

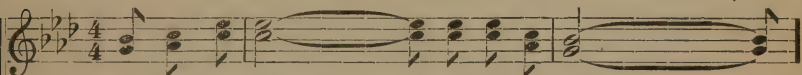
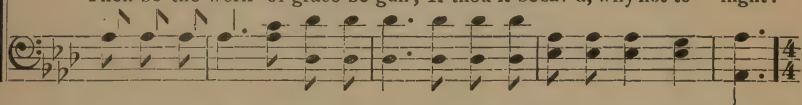
Rev. W. E. PENN.



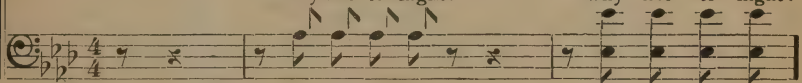
1. O do not let the word de-part, Nor close thine eyes against the light ;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless Thy long-delud - ed sight ;
3. The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de - light ;
4. Our blesséd Lord re - fus- es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite ;



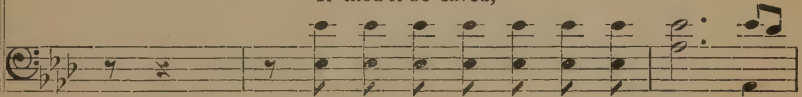
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night ?
This is the time ! oh, then be wise ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night ?
Oh, try the life which Christians live ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night ?
Then be the work of grace be-gun ; If thou'lt be sav'd, why not to - night ?



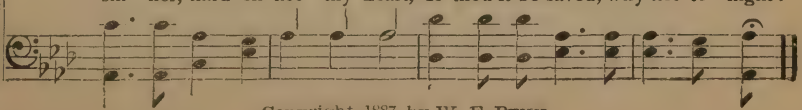
Why not to - night ? why not to - night ?
Why not to - night ? why not to - night ?



If thou'lt be saved, why not to - night ? Poor
If thou'lt be saved,



sin - ner, hard-en not thy heart, If thou'lt be saved, why not to - night ?



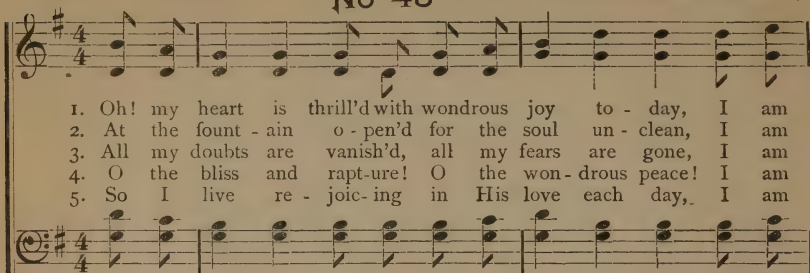
I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

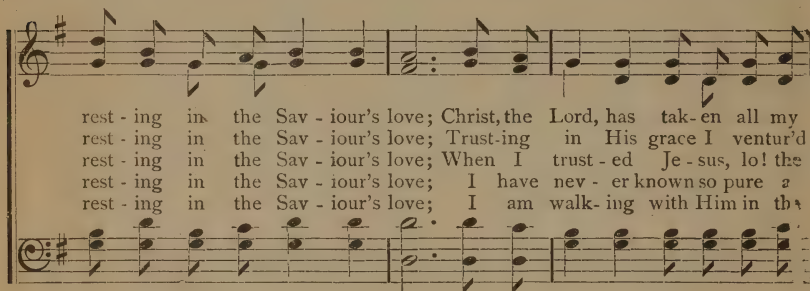
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No 48

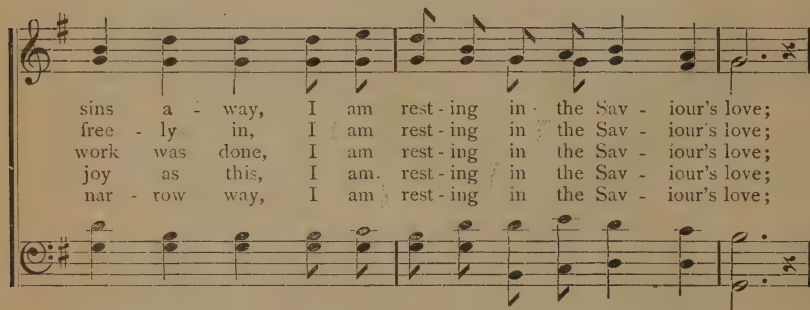
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wondrous joy to - day, I am
 2. At the fount - ain o - pen'd for the soul un - clean, I am
 3. All my doubts are vanish'd, all my fears are gone, I am
 4. O the bliss and rapt-ure! O the won - drous peace! I am
 5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am

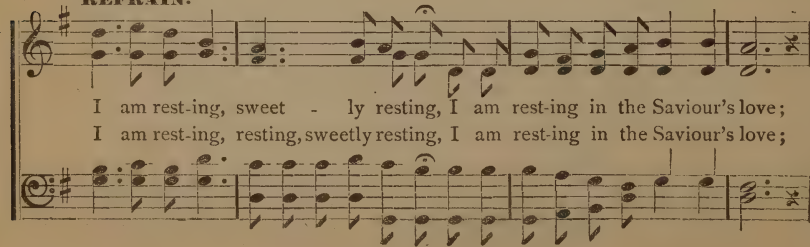


rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en all my
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trust - ing in His grace I ventur'd
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a
 rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I am walk - ing with Him in the



sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 free - ly in, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 work was done, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;
 nar - row way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love;

REFRAIN.



I am rest - ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love;
 I am rest - ing, resting, sweetly resting, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love;

! am Resting in the Saviour's Love. Concluded.

I am rest-ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
I am rest ing, resting, sweetly resting, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.

SWEET SABBATH EVE.

F. A. E.

DUET. *Gently.*

No 49

1

1. { Sweet sab-bath eve, Bright is thy smile, Lin-ger, O lin-ger to
Sweet sab-bath eve, Beau-ti-ful ray, (*Omit*
2. { Sweet sab-bath eve, Hallow'd and blest, Send-ing the soul to its
Lin-ger a-while, Beau-ti-ful ray, (*Omit*
3. { Sweet sab-bath eve, Bear on thy wing Up-ward to heav-en the
Faint-er thy voice, Fa-ded thy hue, (*Omit*)

cheer us a-while; Fade not so quick-ly a-way. . . .
heav-en of rest; Fade not so quick-ly a-way. . . .
prais-es we sing; Gent-ly we bid thee a-dieu. . . .

CHORUS.

Lovely and pure thy star-lit brow, Ho-ly the tho'ts thou art breathing now; }
Tell us, calm eve, if those we love Look on us still from that world a-bove? }
Lovely and pure thy star-lit brow, Ho-ly the tho'ts thou art breathing now; }

Sweet sabbath eve, Beau-ti-ful ray, Fade not so quick-ly a-way. . . .

SAINTS' HOME.

W. E. PENN.

No 50

L. B. SHOOK.

1. Let not your heart be trou- bled, I hear the Sav-iour say;
 2. A man- sion fair in heav-en, Where trou-bles nev - er come;
 3. How sweet to rest with Je - sus, Re-joic - ing in His love,
 4. To join the heav'nly cho - rus, For-ev - er sing His praise,

I will pre-pare a man-sion For you thro' end-less day.
 A place of rest for - ev - er, The saints' e - ter - nal home.
 With all the saints and an - gels, In our Fa-ther's house a-bove!
 The praise of Him who saved us, Thro' end-less, end-less days.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful home! O beau - ti-ful home!
 Beau-ti - ful home, beautiful home, Beautiful home of rest!

We sing of thy glo - ry, Thou beau - ti-ful home!
 Sing of thy glo-ries ev - er more, Beautiful, beautiful home!

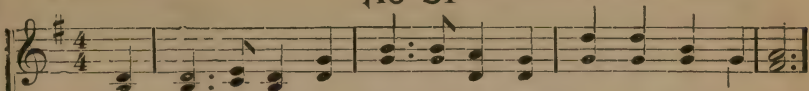
ONLY TRUST HIM.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi: 29.

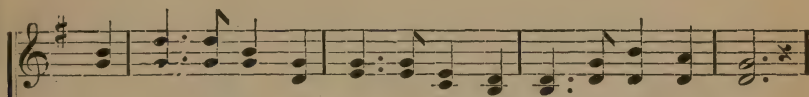
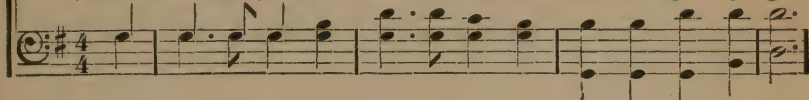
Rev. J. H. S.

No 51

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



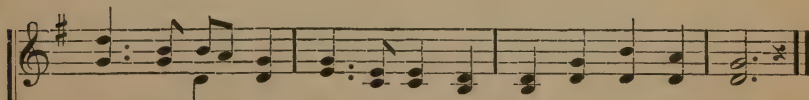
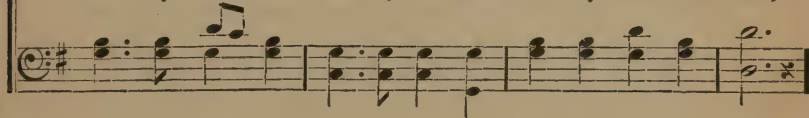
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plung - e now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.



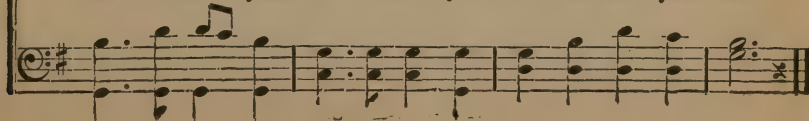
CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.



THE FIRST AND LAST CALL.

REV. J. B. MULFORD.

REV. W. E. PENN.

No 52

1. { Sin-ner, why so i-dly stand-ing By the mar-ket-place
While the Lord, your heart de-mand-ing, (*Omit*.....)
2. { Je-sus calls a-gain in kind-ness, Speaks in ten-d'rest tone
To your soul, so full of blind-ness, (*Omit*.....)
3. { Still a-gain the in-vi-ta-tion Comes in heav'n-ly love,
Tell-ing of a free sal-va-tion, (*Omit*.....)

2
Calls you by His grace? Life is in the ro-sy morning, Toils and
Wea-ry, sad and lone. Life is in the gold-en mid-day, Half your
And a home a-bove. Life is in the crim-son twi-light, Com-eth

cares are light, Do not wait the message scorning, Turn to Christ this night.
years are sped, Mer-cy can-not warn you al-way, O to peace be led.
fast the gloom, Soon the bells will toll the midnight, Then the changeless doom.

4 Now the last sweet message soundeth,
O so earnestly,
Proving still that grace aboundeth,
Lost one, come to me.
Life is in the solemn midnight,
'Tis the last appeal,
Yield your heart, subdued and contrite,
Ere remorse you feel.

5 Then alas, the final parting
For eternal years,
While from every eyelid starting
Fall the blinding tears,
Part without a hope of meeting
Parent, child and friend,
Never more to hear a greeting,
Nor a message send.

IN THE MIRE OF SIN.

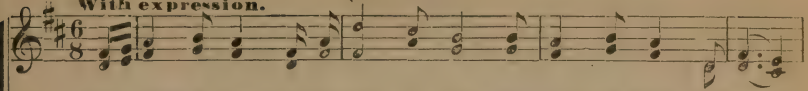
Psalm 40: 2. Matt. 14: 30.

REV FRANK POLLOCK.

No 53

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

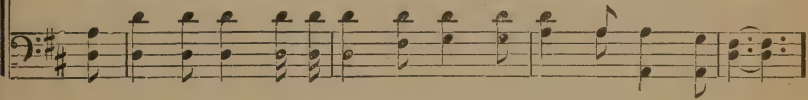
With expression.



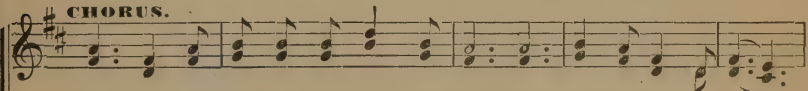
1. I'm sinking down in the mire of sin, My soul is filled with pain ;
2. My soul is look - ing to Thee, dear Lord, Thy love looks down on me ;
3. Praise God, His grace now hath set me free From depths of sin and shame ;



No help without for the grief with-in, For hu - man help is vain.
Thy blood hath virtue and life for me, Thy grace can set me free.
The blood of Je - sus a-vails for me, I'm saved thro' His dear name.



CHORUS.



Down, down I sink in the mire of sin, Lord Je-sus, hear my cry ;



Chorus for 3d verse.

Saved, saved from the depths of sin and shame, For all e - ter - ni - ty;



Sad, sad to per-ish, no hope with-in, Lord, save me, ere I die.



Glad, glad, while trusting in Je - sus' name, His own dear child to be.

"I HAVE NOTHING TO DO."

"I have fought a good fight."—2 Tim. 4: 7.

Last words of the lamented Rev. Dr. THOS. GUARD, of Baltimore.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

No 54

W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

1. I have fought a good fight, I have noth - ing to do, My
2. I have kept to the faith, and will cling to His word: His
3. I am read - y to go,— for a voice I can hear; And
4. I am read - y to go, I am read - y to go; To

foes He has laid at my feet; I will fear not the grave, He is
prom - ise is dear to my heart; For He nev - er, no nev - er His
yon - der my Fa - ther I see; He is call - ing me home to the
earth I have bid - den a - dieu; I shall dwell in a cit - y whose

Con - quer - or there, My vic - t'ry in Him is com - plete.
own will for - sake, Tho' heav - en and earth should de - part.
mansions a - bove, Where loved ones are wait - ing for me.
streets are pure gold; Its gates are al - read - y in view.

REFRAIN.

I have noth - ing to do; I am read - y to go; Sal -

"I HAVE NOTHING TO DO." Concluded.

- va - tion com - plet - ed I see! I'm ac - cept - ed in

Christ, and my la - bors are o'er; In Him there is rest - ing for me.

No 55

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No 56 Invitation.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy;
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No 57

Trusting Every Day.

- 1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way,
Even when my faith is small—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- CHO.—Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I can not fall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
 - 3 Singing if my way is clear;
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

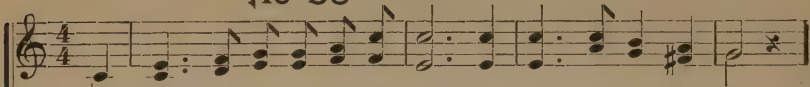
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

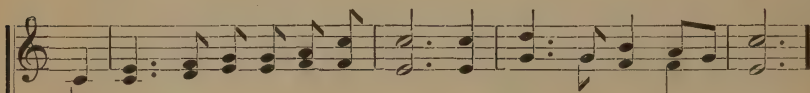
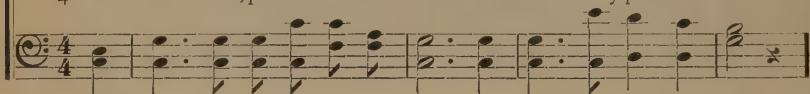
No 58

1 Cor. 2: 9.

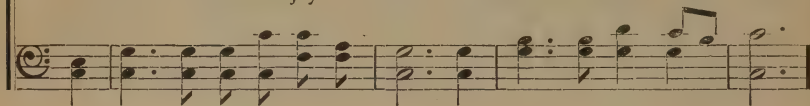
R. E. HUDSON.



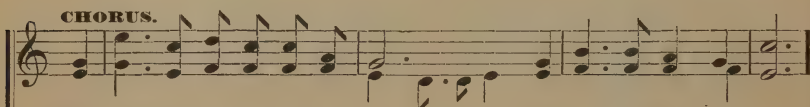
1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,



The half has never yet been told, The blood — it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

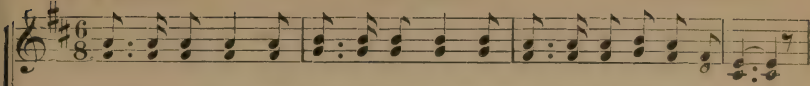


SAY, ARE YOU READY?

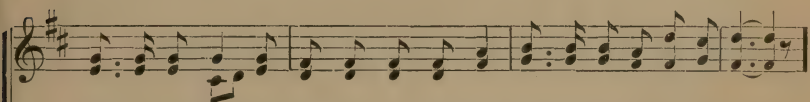
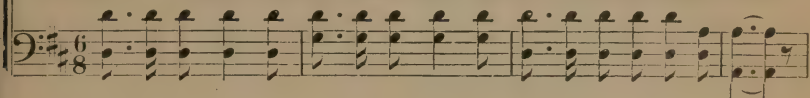
A. S. KIEFFER.

No 59

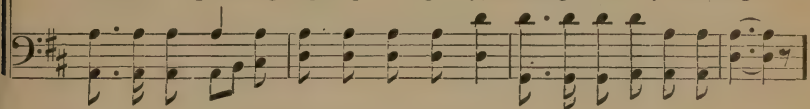
T. C. O'KANE.



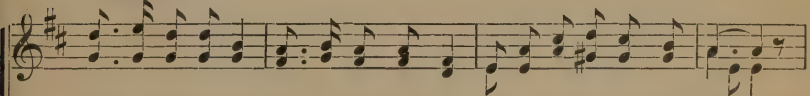
1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night,
2. Man - y sad spir-its now are de - part-ing In-to the world of despair;
3. Man - y redeemed ones now are as-cend-ing In-to the mansions of light;



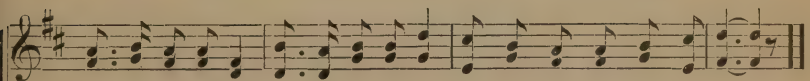
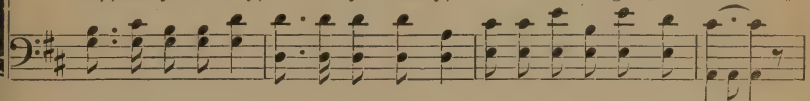
Say, will your spirit pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de-light?
Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sinner, beware!
Je - sus is pleading high up in glo-ry, Seeking to save you to-night.



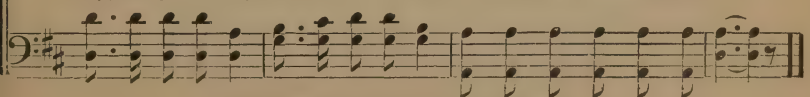
CHORUS.



Say, are you ready, oh! are you ready, If the Death angel :: should call? ||



Say, are you ready? oh! are you ready? Mercy stands waiting for all.



From "Jasper and Gold," by permission.

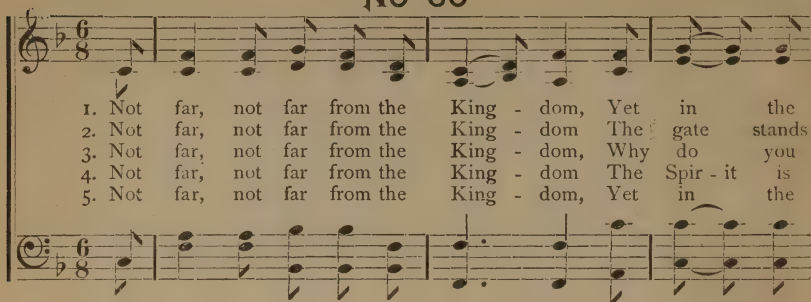
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT.

"My kingdom is not of this world."—John 18: 36.

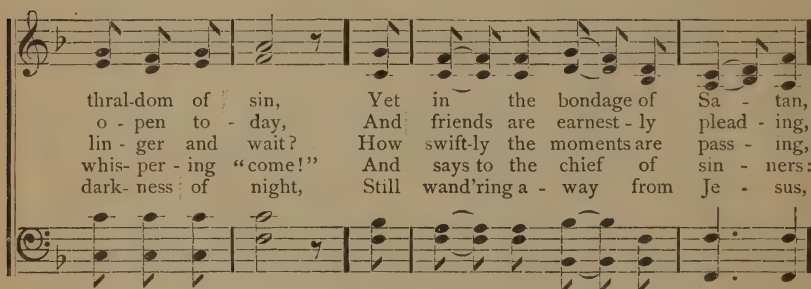
W. E. P.

NO 60

W. E. PENN.

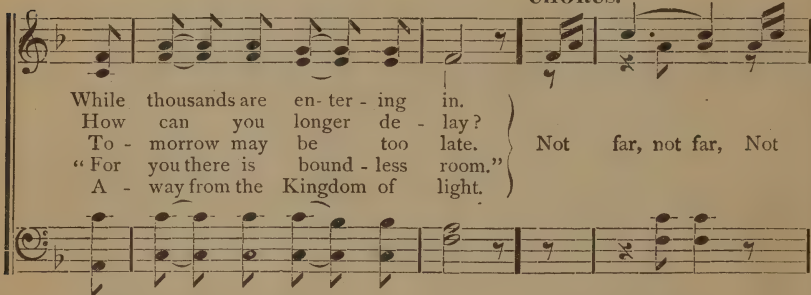


1. Not far, not far from the King - dom, Yet in the
 2. Not far, not far from the King - dom, The gate stands
 3. Not far, not far from the King - dom, Why do you
 4. Not far, not far from the King - dom, The Spir - it is
 5. Not far, not far from the King - dom, Yet in the

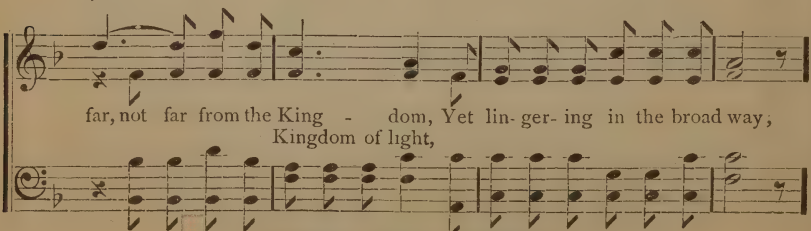


thral-dom of sin, Yet in the bondage of Sa - tan,
 o - pen to - day, And friends are earnest - ly plead - ing,
 lin - ger and wait? How swift-ly the moments are pass - ing,
 whis - per - ing "come!" And says to the chief of sin - ners:
 dark-ness of night, Still wand'ring a - way from Je - sus,

CHORUS.

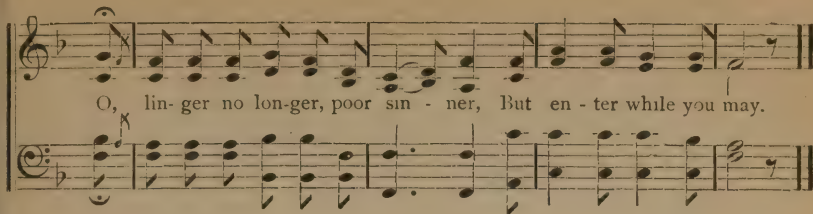


While thousands are en - ter - ing in.
 How can you longer de - lay?
 To - morrow may be too late. } Not far, not far, Not
 "For you there is bound - less room." }
 A - way from the Kingdom of light.



far, not far from the King - dom, Yet lin - ger - ing in the broad way,
 Kingdom of light,

Not far from the Kingdom, Etc.—Concluded.



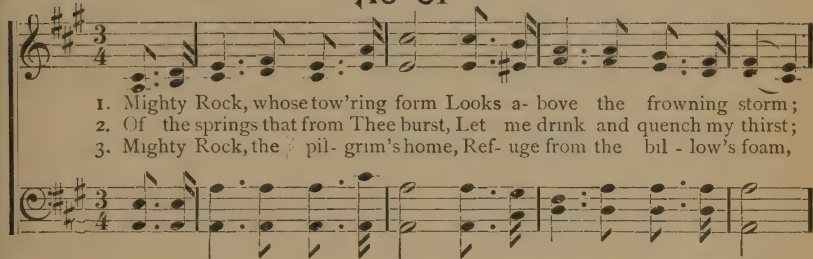
O, lin - ger no lon - ger, poor sin - ner, But en - ter while you may.

CLEFT FOR ME.

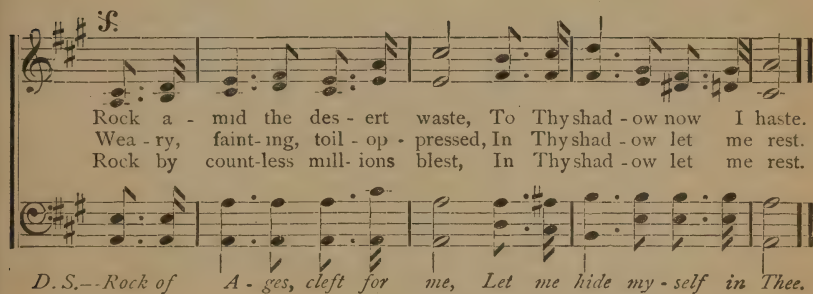
FANNY CROSBY.

No 61

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a - bove the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. Mighty Rock, the pil - grim's home, Ref - uge from the bil - low's foam,

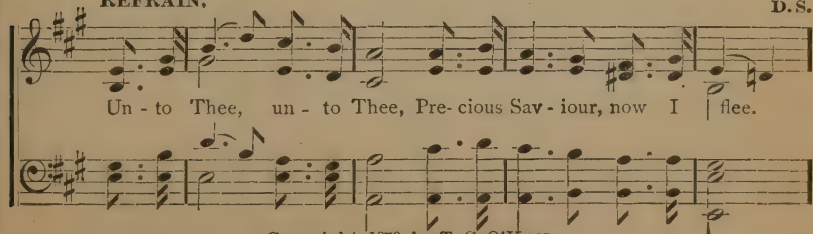


Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thyshad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil - op - pressed, In Thyshad - ow let me rest.
Rock by count - less mill - ions blest, In Thyshad - ow let me rest.

D.S.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre - cious Sav - iour, now I flee.

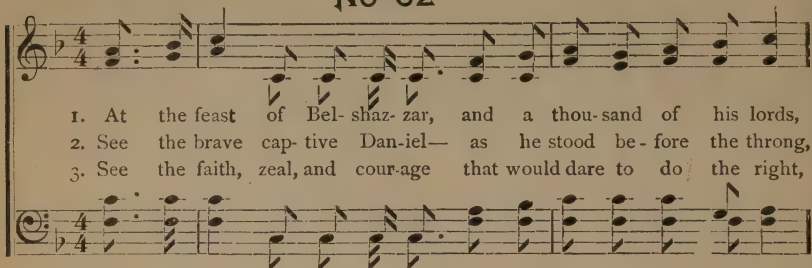
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Dan. 5: 5.

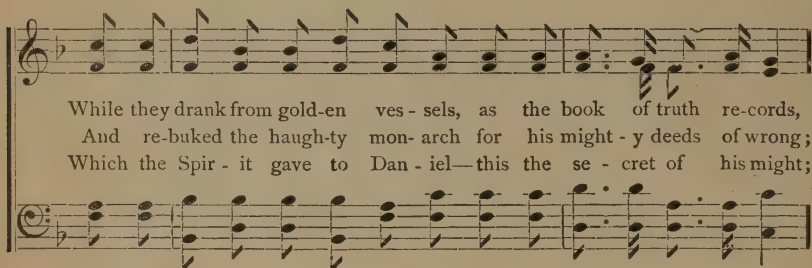
KNOWLES SHAW.

No 62

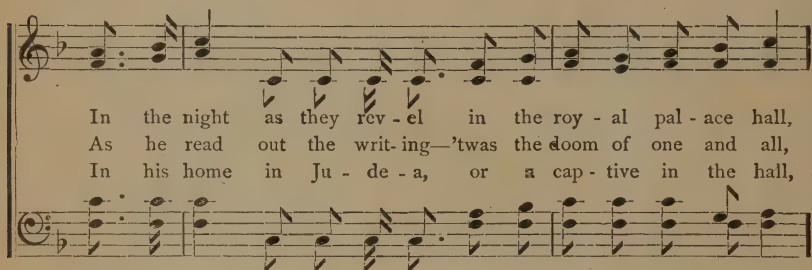
KNOWLES SHAW.



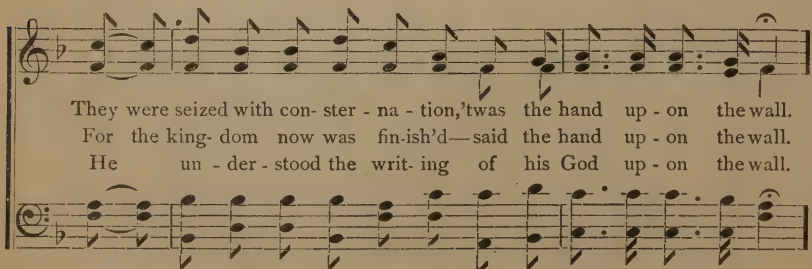
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords,
 2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel—as he stood be-fore the throng,
 3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right,



While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords,
 And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
 Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;



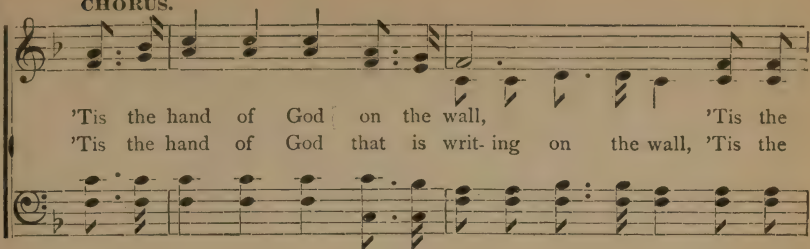
In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
 As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all,
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,



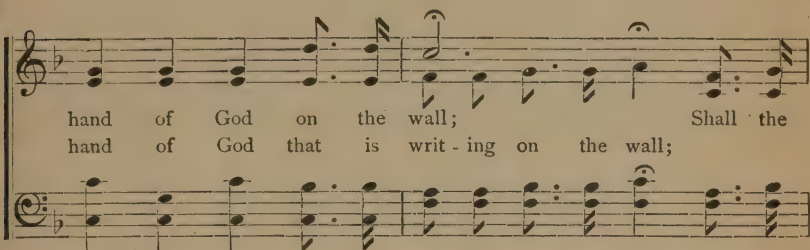
They were seized with con-ster-na-tion,'twas the hand up-on the wall.
 For the king-dom now was fin-ish'd—said the hand up-on the wall.
 He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

The Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded.

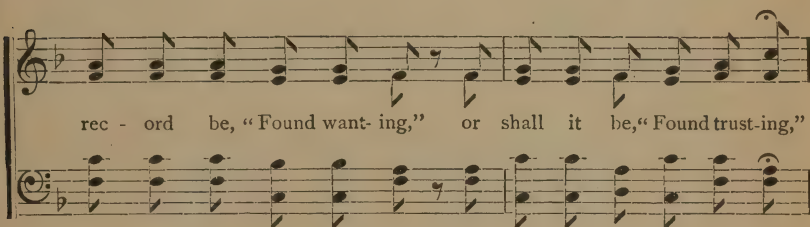
CHORUS.



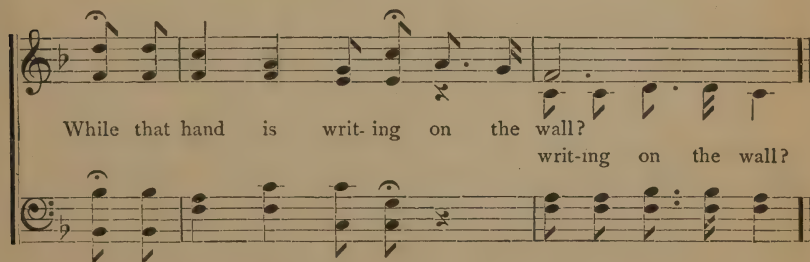
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the



hand of God on the wall; Shall the
hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall;



rec - ord be, "Found want - ing," or shall it be, "Found trust - ing,"



While that hand is writ - ing on the wall?
writ - ing on the wall?

- 4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

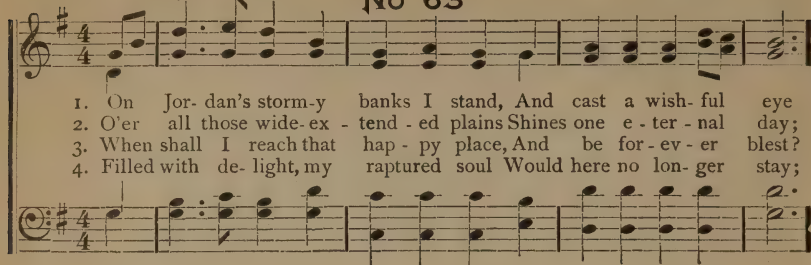
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

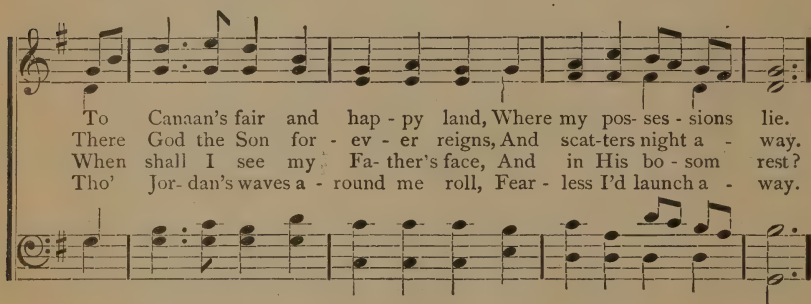
Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

No 63

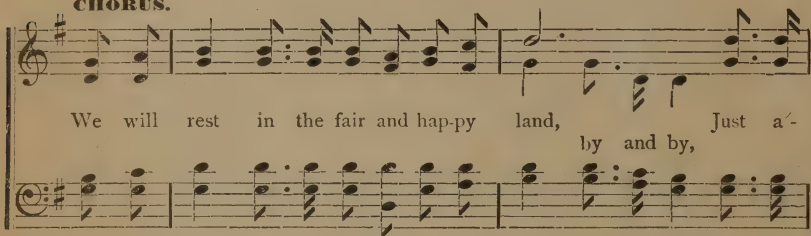


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
 4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;

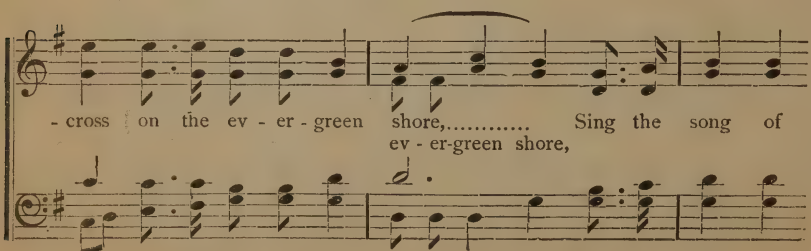


To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
 by and by,



- cross on the ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the song of
 ev-er-green shore,

On Jordan's Stormy Banks. Concluded.

Mu - ses and the Lamb, by and by And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

FOLLOW ME.

C. S. BOYD.

No 64

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Once, far a - way, a - mong the hills, And by the deep blue sea,
2. Tho' strait and dark our way must be, His path to Cal - v'ry led;
3. So on thro' life, un - til our feet Have cross'd dark Jordan's stream,

Je - sus, the Sav - iour, pass - ing by, Said: "Come, and fol - low Me!"
We may have thorns in - stead of flow'rs, For thorns once crown'd His head;
And we shall walk the gold - en streets, Far lov - lier than a dream.

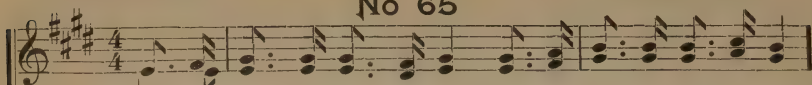
We fol - low Thee, O Bless - ed One, We still will fol - low Thee.
Yet, we will fol - low Thee, O Christ, We still will fol - low Thee.
In glo - ry then, O Bless - ed One, We still may fol - low Thee.

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

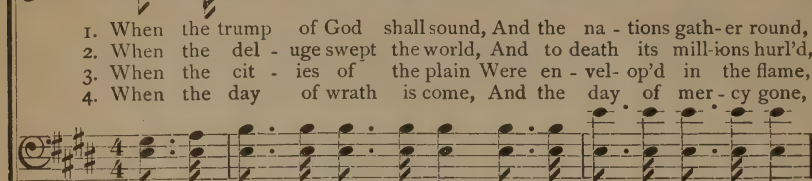

KNOWLES SHAW.

No 65

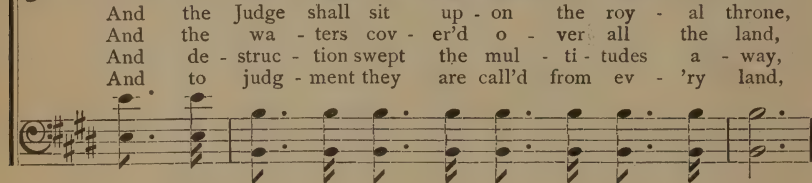

KNOWLES SHAW.



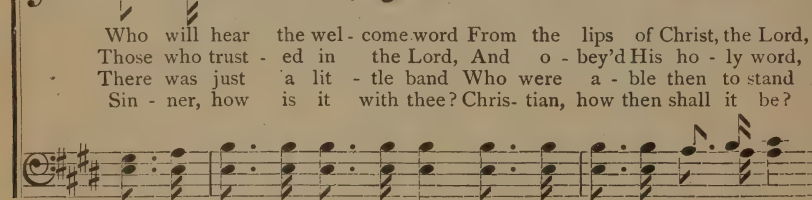
1. When the trump of God shall sound, And the na - tions gath - er round,
2. When the del - uge swept the world, And to death its mill - ions hurl'd,
3. When the cit - ies of the plain Were en - vel - op'd in the flame,
4. When the day of wrath is come, And the day of mer - cy gone,


And the Judge shall sit up - on the roy - al throne,
 And the wa - ters cov - er'd o - ver all the land,
 And de - struc - tion swept the mul - ti - tudes a - way,
 And to judg - ment they are call'd from ev - 'ry land,

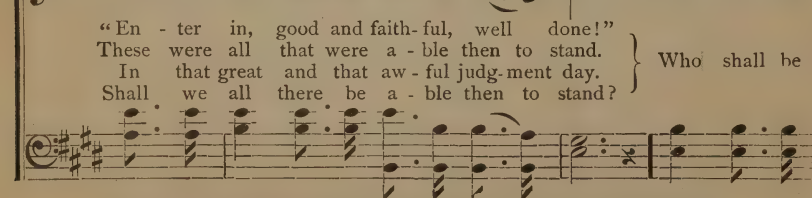
Who will hear the wel - come word From the lips of Christ, the Lord,
 Those who trust - ed in the Lord, And o - bey'd His ho - ly word,
 There was just a lit - tle band Who were a - ble then to stand
 Sin - ner, how is it with thee? Chris - tian, how then shall it be?



CHORUS.



“En - ter in, good and faith - ful, well done!”
 These were all that were a - ble then to stand. } Who shall be
 In that great and that aw - ful judg - ment day.
 Shall we all there be a - ble then to stand?



Who Shall be Able to Stand? Concluded.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the piano providing harmonic support. The lyrics are distributed across the vocal parts.

a - ble then to stand? Who shall be a - ble
shall be a - ble then to stand?

then to stand? All who trust in Christ, the Lord,
shall be a - ble then to stand?

And o - bey His ho - ly word: These shall be a - ble then to stand.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

- No 66**
- 1 One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day, to day,
Than I have been before.
- CHORUS.
Nearer my home,
Nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.
- 4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

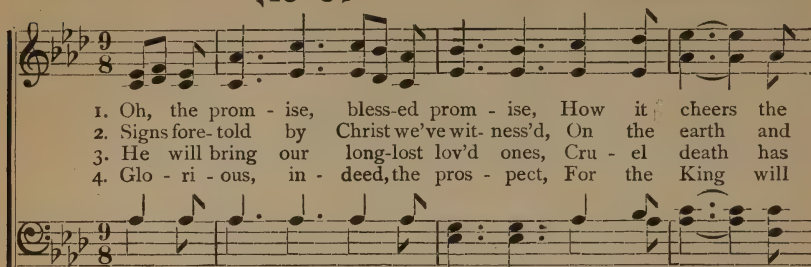
BLESSED PROMISE.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."
 Heb. 9: 28.

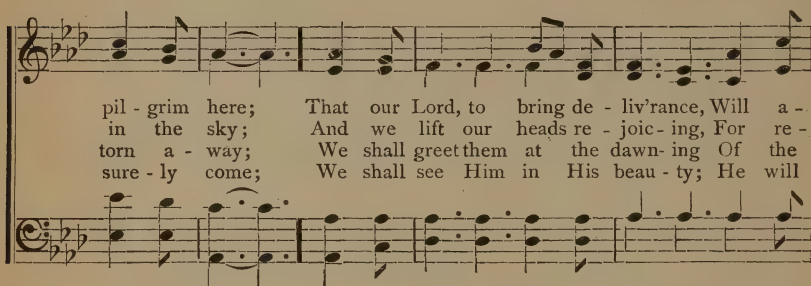
F. A. B.

No 67

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

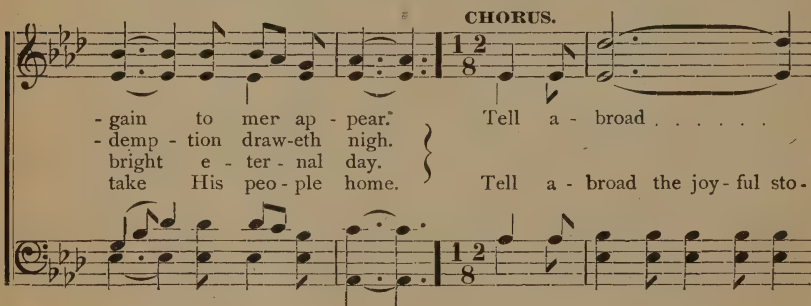


1. Oh, the prom - ise, bless-ed prom - ise, How it cheers the
 2. Signs fore-told by Christ we've wit-ness'd, On the earth and
 3. He will bring our long-lost lov'd ones, Cru - el death has
 4. Glo - ri - ous, in - deed, the pros - pect, For the King will

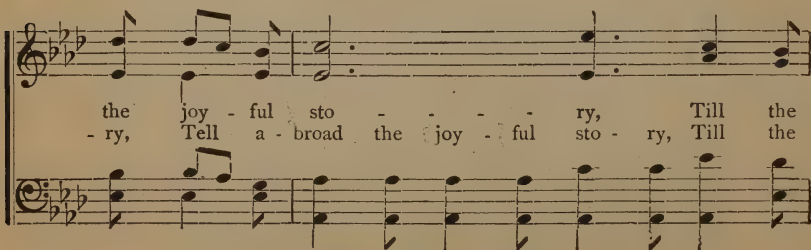


pil - grim here; That our Lord, to bring de - liv'rance, Will a -
 in the sky; And we lift our heads re - joic - ing, For re -
 torn a - way; We shall greet them at the dawn - ing Of the
 sure - ly come; We shall see Him in His beau - ty; He will

CHORUS.



- gain to mer ap - pear. Tell a - broad
 - demp - tion draw-eth nigh.
 bright e - ter - nal day.
 take His peo - ple home. Tell a - broad the joy - ful sto -



the joy - ful sto - ry, Till the
 - ry, Tell a - broad the joy - ful sto - ry, Till the

BLESSED PROMISE. Concluded.

dis - - - tant na - tions hear . . . That the
dis - tant na - tions hear, Till the dis - tant na - tions hear That the

Lord of life and glo - - - ry
Lord of life and glo - ry, That the Lord of life and glo - ry

Will a - gain to men ap - pear, to men ap - pear.
Will a - gain to men ap - pear,

No 68 BENEDICTUS.

LOUIS MEYER.

1. Blessed be the Lord God of | Is-ra- | el ; || for He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people. ||
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va-tion | for us || in the house of His | servant | Da- | vid ; ||
3. As He spake by the mouth of His | ho-ly | prophets, || which have been | since the | world
be- | gan, ||
4. That we should be saved from our | en-e- | mies, || and from the hand of | all that | hate — | us. ||

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

To my wife.

F. A. B.

No 69

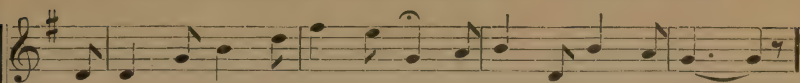
F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Be-hold that moth-er's way-ward boy, Pre-par-ing home to leave;
 2. The months roll on, she anx-ious waits, But tid-ings do not come;
 3. Think you the God of all the earth Hears not that moth-er's cry?
 4. Perchance, some soul, this ver-y hour, Re-calls an ear-ly vow;

He does not heed her lov-ing words, Or shun her heart to grieve.
 Engrossed in sin, the err-ing boy, Sends not a mes-sage home.
 Think you He will not find her boy Ere he in sin shall die?
 Perchance, some moth-er, far a-way, To God is pray-ing now;

On rov-ing bent he lit-tle now For her af-fec-tion cares,
 O does he live? and if he does, She knows not how he fares;
 Tho' he may roam in ma-n'y lands, And fall by sin-ful snares,
 O wea-ry, heav-y bur-dened one, On Je-sus cast your cares;

A MOTHER'S PRAYER'S. Concluded.



And cru - el - ly for-sakes her, yet She fol - lows with her prayers.
 What dread suspense! yet faith - ful still, She up - ward sends her prayers.
 Will God not sure - ly hon - or yet That faith - ful moth - er's prayers?
 And find the heav'n - ly ref - uge thro' A faith - ful moth - er's prayers.



CHORUS.



Gone, gone, she knows not where, And yet her love he shares;



For - got - ten nev - er, He's fol - lowed ev - er By a faith - ful mother's prayers.



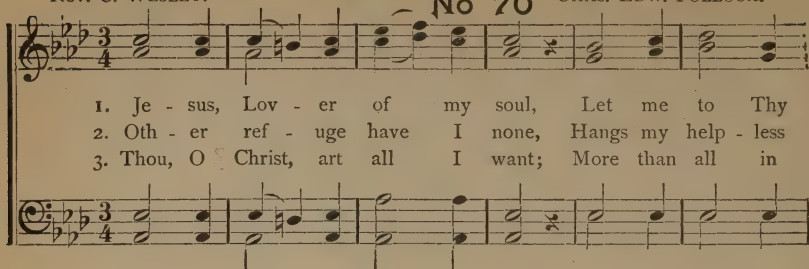
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Rev. C. WESLEY.

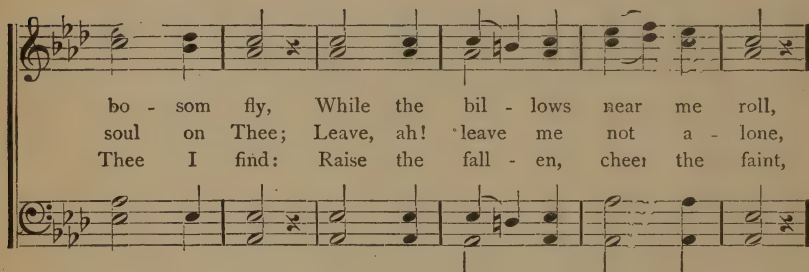
(For Male Voices.)

No 70

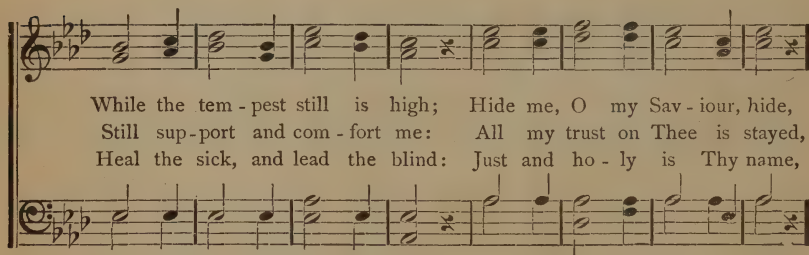
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



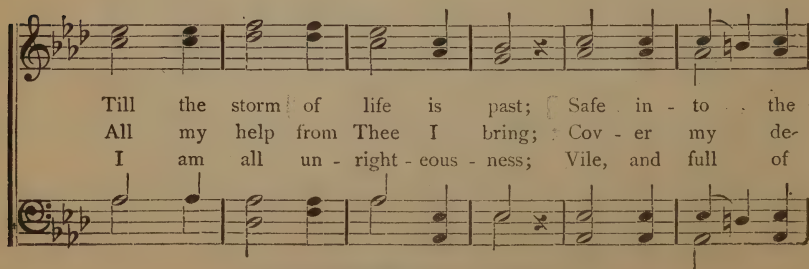
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in



bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,
 soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,
 Thee I find: Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint,



While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
 Still sup - port and com - fort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name,



Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the
 All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de -
 I am all un - right - eous - ness; Vile, and full of

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

MADISON STREET. S. M.

No 71

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be un - dis - may'd;
 2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way;
 3. Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sinks thy spir - its down?
 4. What though thou rul - est not; Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears: God shall lift up thy head.
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.
 Cast off the weight, let fear de - part, And ev - 'ry care be gone.
 Pro claim, God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well.

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN.

No 72 The Solid Rock.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,

- My anchor holds within the veil.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.


HERE AM I, SEND ME!

1 Sam. 3, 4: 10. Isaiah 6: 8.

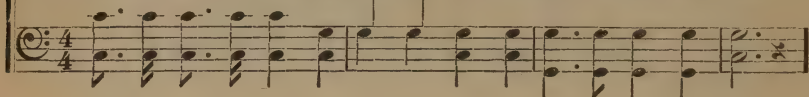

W. E. PENN.

No 73

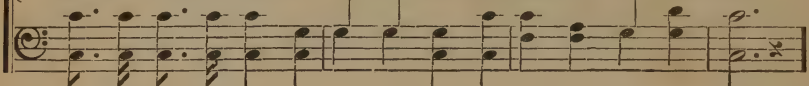
F. A. BLACKMER.



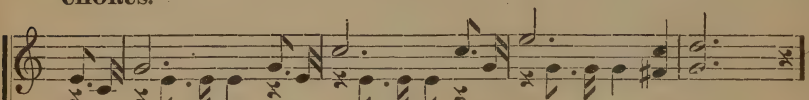
1. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, Samuel like I'd be,
 2. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, I would come to Thee,
 3. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, I would live for Thee,
 4. Has-ten, ev - 'ry wand'rer, now to - Je - sus, For He call - eth thee;



Leav-ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 Bringing all my earth-ly treas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 So that I may ev - er be found say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 Come and join the heav'nly ar - my, say - ing: Here am I, send me!



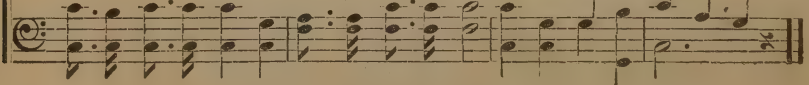
CHORUS.



Here am I, here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!
 Here am I, here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!

Read-y for Thy service Ev - er would I be, Here am I, send me, send me!



JESUS ALONE CAN SAVE ME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No 74

T. C. O'KANE.

[illegible]

1. Not an - y works that I may do, How-ev-er good, and pure, and true,
2. My sins may pierce my anguished heart, Until the burning tears shall start ;
3. 'Tis Christ alone who saves from sin, His blood alone can make me clean ;

Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The notation consists of four measures, each containing a pair of eighth notes. The notes are: F#4, C#5, G#4, F#4 in the first measure; C#5, G#4, F#4, E4 in the second measure; E4, D4, C#4, B3 in the third measure; and B3, A3, G#3, F#3 in the fourth measure. The final note is a half note F#3.

Can my un-worth-y heart re-new. No! Je-sus a-lone can save me.

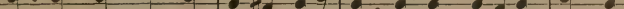
But tears can nev - er peace im-part. No! Je-sus a-lone can save me.

He on - ly can bring peace within. Yes! Je-sus a-lone can save me.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.



The musical notation for the chorus is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), C4 (half), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), E3 (half), D3 (half), C3 (half), B2 (half), A2 (half), G2 (half), F#2 (half), E2 (half), D2 (half), C2 (half), B1 (half), A1 (half), G1 (half), F#1 (half), E1 (half), D1 (half), C1 (half), B0 (half), A0 (half), G0 (half), F#0 (half), E0 (half), D0 (half), C0 (half), B-1 (half), A-1 (half), G-1 (half), F#-1 (half), E-1 (half), D-1 (half), C-1 (half), B-2 (half), A-2 (half), G-2 (half), F#-2 (half), E-2 (half), D-2 (half), C-2 (half), B-3 (half), A-3 (half), G-3 (half), F#-3 (half), E-3 (half), D-3 (half), C-3 (half), B-4 (half), A-4 (half), G-4 (half), F#-4 (half), E-4 (half), D-4 (half), C-4 (half), B-5 (half), A-5 (half), G-5 (half), F#-5 (half), E-5 (half), D-5 (half), C-5 (half), B-6 (half), A-6 (half), G-6 (half), F#-6 (half), E-6 (half), D-6 (half), C-6 (half), B-7 (half), A-7 (half), G-7 (half), F#-7 (half), E-7 (half), D-7 (half), C-7 (half), B-8 (half), A-8 (half), G-8 (half), F#-8 (half), E-8 (half), D-8 (half), C-8 (half), B-9 (half), A-9 (half), G-9 (half), F#-9 (half), E-9 (half), D-9 (half), C-9 (half), B-10 (half), A-10 (half), G-10 (half), F#-10 (half), E-10 (half), D-10 (half), C-10 (half), B-11 (half), A-11 (half), G-11 (half), F#-11 (half), E-11 (half), D-11 (half), C-11 (half), B-12 (half), A-12 (half), G-12 (half), F#-12 (half), E-12 (half), D-12 (half), C-12 (half), B-13 (half), A-13 (half), G-13 (half), F#-13 (half), E-13 (half), D-13 (half), C-13 (half), B-14 (half), A-14 (half), G-14 (half), F#-14 (half), E-14 (half), D-14 (half), C-14 (half), B-15 (half), A-15 (half), G-15 (half), F#-15 (half), E-15 (half), D-15 (half), C-15 (half), B-16 (half), A-16 (half), G-16 (half), F#-16 (half), E-16 (half), D-16 (half), C-16 (half), B-17 (half), A-17 (half), G-17 (half), F#-17 (half), E-17 (half), D-17 (half), C-17 (half), B-18 (half), A-18 (half), G-18 (half), F#-18 (half), E-18 (half), D-18 (half), C-18 (half), B-19 (half), A-19 (half), G-19 (half), F#-19 (half), E-19 (half), D-19 (half), C-19 (half), B-20 (half), A-20 (half), G-20 (half), F#-20 (half), E-20 (half), D-20 (half), C-20 (half), B-21 (half), A-21 (half), G-21 (half), F#-21 (half), E-21 (half), D-21 (half), C-21 (half), B-22 (half), A-22 (half), G-22 (half), F#-22 (half), E-22 (half), D-22 (half), C-22 (half), B-23 (half), A-23 (half), G-23 (half), F#-23 (half), E-23 (half), D-23 (half), C-23 (half), B-24 (half), A-24 (half), G-24 (half), F#-24 (half), E-24 (half), D-24 (half), C-24 (half), B-25 (half), A-25 (half), G-25 (half), F#-25 (half), E-25 (half), D-25 (half), C-25 (half), B-26 (half), A-26 (half), G-26 (half), F#-26 (half), E-26 (half), D-26 (half), C-26 (half), B-27 (half), A-27 (half), G-27 (half), F#-27 (half), E-27 (half), D-27 (half), C-27 (half), B-28 (half), A-28 (half), G-28 (half), F#-28 (half), E-28 (half), D-28 (half), C-28 (half), B-29 (half), A-29 (half), G-29 (half), F#-29 (half), E-29 (half), D-29 (half), C-29 (half), B-30 (half), A-30 (half), G-30 (half), F#-30 (half), E-30 (half), D-30 (half), C-30 (half), B-31 (half), A-31 (half), G-31 (half), F#-31 (half), E-31 (half), D-31 (half), C-31 (half), B-32 (half), A-32 (half), G-32 (half), F#-32 (half), E-32 (half), D-32 (half), C-32 (half), B-33 (half), A-33 (half), G-33 (half), F#-33 (half), E-33 (half), D-33 (half), C-33 (half), B-34 (half), A-34 (half), G-34 (half), F#-34 (half), E-34 (half), D-34 (half), C-34 (half), B-35 (half), A-35 (half), G-35 (half), F#-35 (half), E-35 (half), D-35 (half), C-35 (half), B-36 (half), A-36 (half), G-36 (half), F#-36 (half), E-36 (half), D-36 (half), C-36 (half), B-37 (half), A-37 (half), G-37 (half), F#-37 (half), E-37 (half), D-37 (half), C-37 (half), B-38 (half), A-38 (half), G-38 (half), F#-38 (half), E-38 (half), D-38 (half), C-38 (half), B-39 (half), A-39 (half), G-39 (half), F#-39 (half), E-39 (half), D-39 (half), C-39 (half), B-40 (half), A-40 (half), G-40 (half), F#-40 (half), E-40 (half), D-40 (half), C-40 (half), B-41 (half), A-41 (half), G-41 (half), F#-41 (half), E-41 (half), D-41 (half), C-41 (half), B-42 (half), A-42 (half), G-42 (half), F#-42 (half), E-42 (half), D-42 (half), C-42 (half), B-43 (half), A-43 (half), G-43 (half), F#-43 (half), E-43 (half), D-43 (half), C-43 (half), B-44 (half), A-44 (half), G-44 (half), F#-44 (half), E-44 (half), D-44 (half), C-44 (half), B-45 (half), A-45 (half), G-45 (half), F#-45 (half), E-45 (half), D-45 (half), C-45 (half), B-46 (half), A-46 (half), G-46 (half), F#-46 (half), E-46 (half), D-46 (half), C-46 (half), B-47 (half), A-47 (half), G-47 (half), F#-47 (half), E-47 (half), D-47 (half), C-47 (half), B-48 (half), A-48 (half), G-48 (half), F#-48 (half), E-48 (half), D-48 (half), C-48 (half), B-49 (half), A-49 (half), G-49 (half), F#-49 (half), E-49 (half), D-49 (half), C-49 (half), B-50 (half), A-50 (half), G-50 (half), F#-50 (half), E-50 (half), D-50 (half), C-50 (half), B-51 (half), A-51 (half), G-51 (half), F#-51 (half), E-51 (half), D-51 (half), C-51 (half), B-52 (half), A-52 (half), G-52 (half), F#-52 (half), E-52 (half), D-52 (half), C-52 (half), B-53 (half), A-53 (half), G-53 (half), F#-53 (half), E-53 (half), D-53 (half), C-53 (half), B-54 (half), A-54 (half), G-54 (half), F#-54 (half), E-54 (half), D-54 (half), C-54 (half), B-55 (half), A-55 (half), G-55 (half), F#-55 (half), E-55 (half), D-55 (half), C-55 (half), B-56 (half), A-56 (half), G-56 (half), F#-56 (half), E-56 (half), D-56 (half), C-56 (half), B-57 (half), A-57 (half), G-57 (half), F#-57 (half), E-57 (half), D-57 (half), C-57 (half), B-58 (half), A-58 (half), G-58 (half), F#-58 (half), E-58 (half), D-58 (half), C-58 (half), B-59 (half), A-59 (half), G-59 (half), F#-59 (half), E-59 (half), D-59 (half), C-59 (half), B-60 (half), A-60 (half), G-60 (half), F#-60 (half), E-60 (half), D-60 (half), C-60 (half), B-61 (half), A-61 (half), G-61 (half), F#-61 (half), E-61 (half), D-61 (half), C-61 (half), B-62 (half), A-62 (half), G-62 (half), F#-62 (half), E-62 (half), D-62 (half), C-62 (half), B-63 (half), A-63 (half), G-63 (half), F#-63 (half), E-63 (half), D-63 (half), C-63 (half), B-64 (half), A-64 (half), G-64 (half), F#-64 (half), E-64 (half), D-64 (half), C-64 (half), B-65 (half), A-65 (half), G-65 (half), F#-65 (half), E-65 (half), D-65 (half), C-65 (half), B-66 (half), A-66 (half), G-66 (half), F#-66 (half), E-66 (half), D-66 (half), C-66 (half), B-67 (half), A-67 (half), G-67 (half), F#-67 (half), E-67 (half), D-67 (half), C-67 (half), B-68 (half), A-68 (half), G-68 (half), F#-68 (half), E-68 (half), D-68 (half), C-68 (half), B-69 (half), A-69 (half), G-69 (half), F#-69 (half), E-69 (half), D-69 (half), C-69 (half), B-70 (half), A-70 (half), G-70 (half), F#-70 (half), E-70 (half), D-70 (half), C-70 (half), B-71 (half), A-71 (half), G-71 (half), F#-71 (half), E-71 (half), D-71 (half), C-71 (half), B-72 (half), A-72 (half), G-72 (half), F#-72 (half), E-72 (half), D-72 (half), C-72 (half), B-73 (half), A-73 (half), G-73 (half), F#-73 (half), E-73 (half), D-73 (half), C-73 (half), B-74 (half), A-74 (half), G-74 (half), F#-74 (half), E-74 (half), D-74 (half), C-74 (half), B-75 (half), A-75 (half), G-75 (half), F#-75 (half), E-75 (half), D-75 (half), C-75 (half), B-76 (half), A-76 (half), G-76 (half), F#-76 (half), E-76 (half), D-76 (half), C-76 (half), B-77 (half), A-77 (half), G-77 (half), F#-77 (half), E-77 (half), D-77 (half), C-77 (half), B-78 (half), A-78 (half), G-78 (half), F#-78 (half), E-

Je - sus a - lone can save me; Je-sus, who shed His blood for me;

[illegible]

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature consists of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), indicating the key of D major. The time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, and then a quarter note F#5. This is followed by a half note G#5, then a quarter note A5, and a quarter note B5. The melody then descends with a quarter note A5, a quarter note G#5, and a quarter note F#5. The system concludes with a half note E5 and a half note D5.

Je - sus a - lone can save me From my sin.

Save me from my sin.

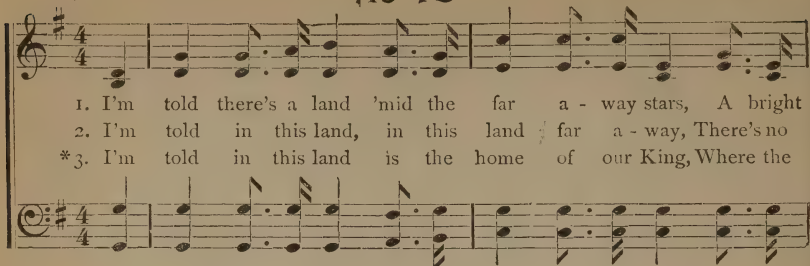
From "Jasper and Gold," by permission.

MY FAR AWAY HOME.

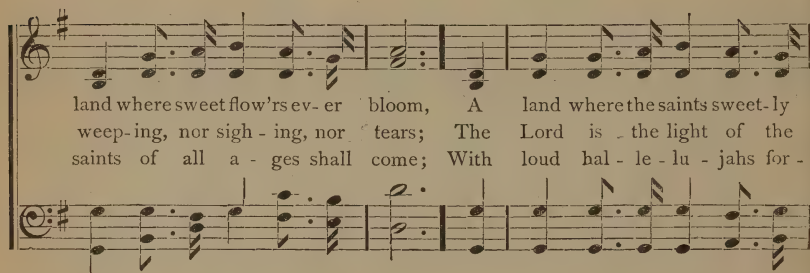
F. A. E.

No 75

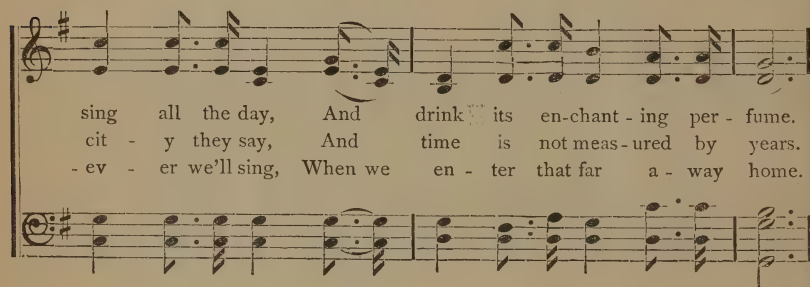
Dr. F. A. EVANS.



1. I'm told there's a land 'mid the far a - way stars, A bright
 2. I'm told in this land, in this land far a - way, There's no
 *3. I'm told in this land is the home of our King, Where the

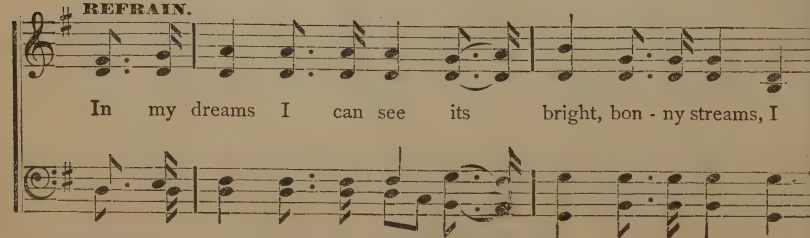


land where sweet flow'rs ev - er bloom, A land where the saints sweet - ly
 weep - ing, nor sigh - ing, nor tears; The Lord is the light of the
 saints of all a - ges shall come; With loud hal - le - lu - jahs for -



sing all the day, And drink its en - chant - ing per - fume.
 cit - y they say, And time is not meas - ured by years.
 - ev - er we'll sing, When we en - ter that far a - way home.

REFRAIN.



In my dreams I can see its bright, bon - ny streams, I

MY FAR AWAY HOME. Concluded.

fan - cy I 'hear the sweet song— I oft - en am wea - ry and

long to be there, To go home and u - nite with the throng.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

COME, HUMBLE SINNER.

No 76

1. Come, hum ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re - volve;

Come, with your fear and guilt op - pressed, And make this last re - solve;

I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose;

I know His courts; I'll en - ter in, What ev - er may op - pose.

The musical score for 'COME, HUMBLE SINNER.' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble staff. The melody is written in the treble staff. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody. The lyrics are written below the staff.

2 "I'll prostrate lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.
I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives:
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives."

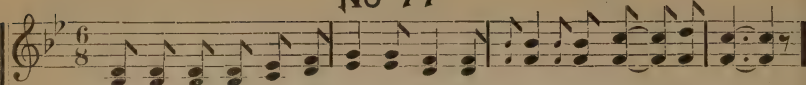
3 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

HERE AND BEYOND.

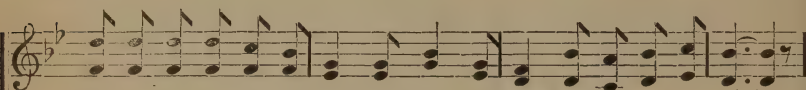
H. N. LINCOLN.

No 77

Rev. W. E. PENN.



1. Here I must la- bor and strive each day, Be- yond are mansions of rest;
2. Here in my path ma- ny thorns there be, Be- yond are flowers in bloom;
3. Here I must journey o'er des ert sands, Beyond is the gold - en street;
4. Here on the mountains of sin I rove, Be - yond the ev - ergreen shore;



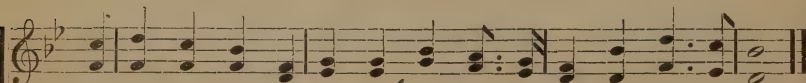
Here ma-ny sor-rows at- tend my way, Beyond are joys of the blest.
 Here ma-ny shadows are cast o'er me, Beyond there cometh no gloom.
 Here I'm a wan-der-er in strange lands, Beyond my loved ones I'll greet.
 Here I must part with the ones I love, Beyond we'll part never - more.



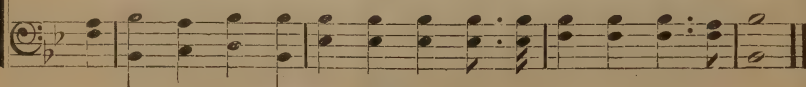
CHORUS.



Here all is dark-ness, be-yond how bright, Re-joice, O my soul, to - day;



For soon we'll rest in realms of light, In the song-land far a - way.

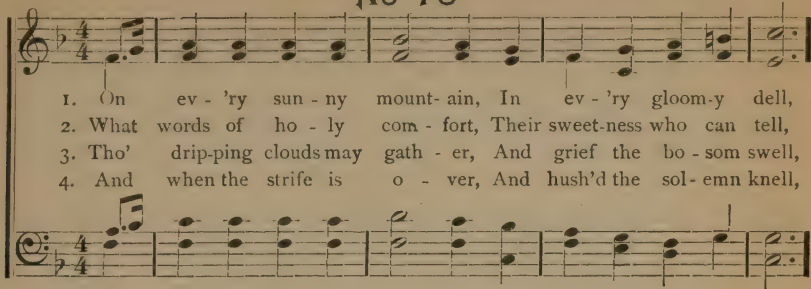


'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL.

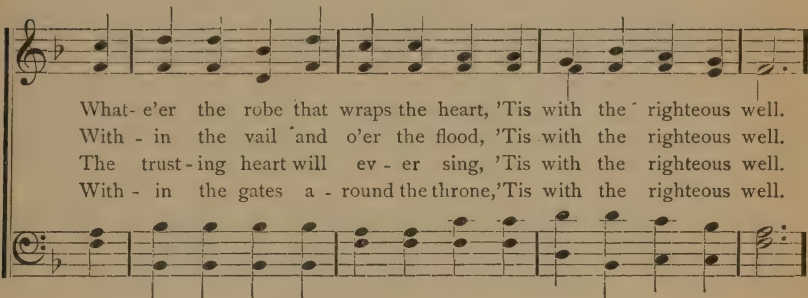
"Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—Ps. 58: 11.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

No 78

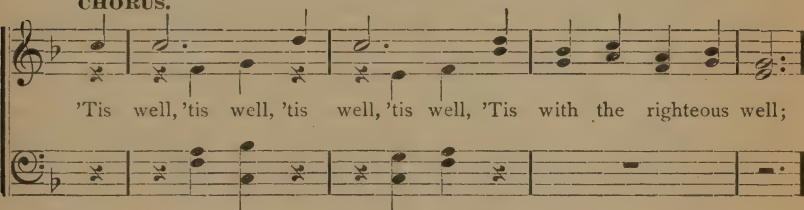


1. On ev - 'ry sun - ny mount - ain, In ev - 'ry gloom - y dell,
 2. What words of ho - ly com - fort, Their sweet - ness who can tell,
 3. Tho' drip - ping clouds may gath - er, And grief the bo - som swell,
 4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hush'd the sol - emn knell,

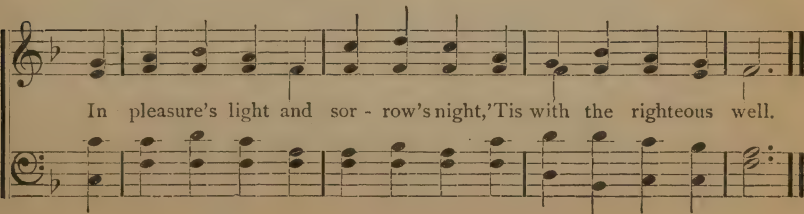


What - e'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 With - in the vail 'and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 The trust - ing heart will ev - er sing, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 With - in the gates a - round the throne, 'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.



'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis with the righteous well;



In pleasure's light and sor - row's night, 'Tis with the righteous well.

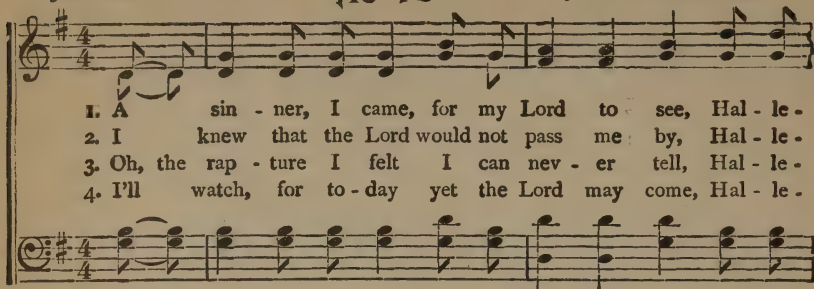
HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

"This day is salvation come to this house."—Luke 19: 9.

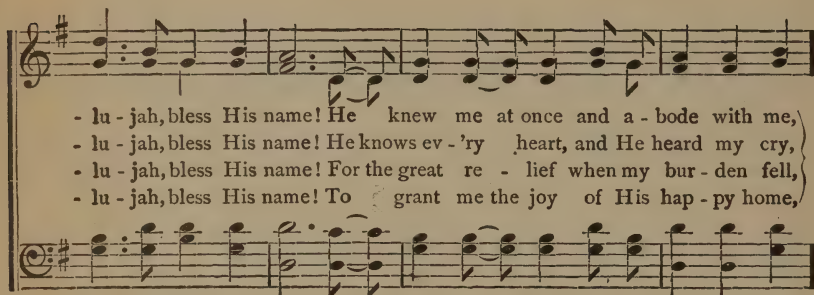
J. H. K.

No 79

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

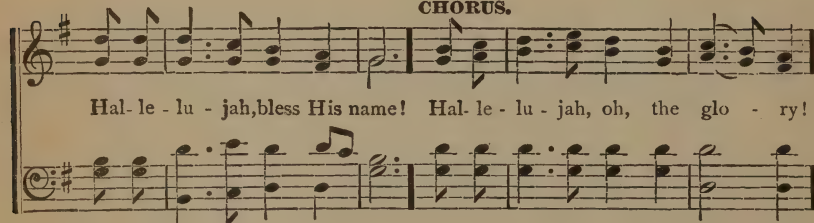


1. A sin - ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Hal - le -
2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal - le -
3. Oh, the rap - ture I felt I can nev - er tell, Hal - le -
4. I'll watch, for to - day yet the Lord may come, Hal - le -

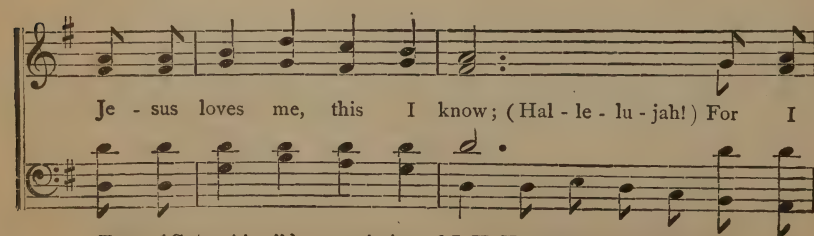


- lu - jah, bless His name! He knew me at once and a - bode with me,
- lu - jah, bless His name! He knows ev - 'ry heart, and He heard my cry,
- lu - jah, bless His name! For the great re - lief when my bur - den fell,
- lu - jah, bless His name! To grant me the joy of His hap - py home,

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name! Hal - le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry!



Je - sus loves me, this I know; (Hal - le - lu - jah!) For I

From "Gates Ajar," by permission of J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

Hallelujah! Bless His Name.—Concluded.

feel the bless - ed par - don That our Sav - iour did be - stow.

JESUS IS THE ONLY WAY.

SAMUEL PEACH.

No 80

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. While on earth we still are found, Ere the year has gone its round,
 2. At the feet of Je - sus now All the blood-washed ar-my bow.
 3. Clouds of an - gels ho-ver round; Oft they sing the lost is found,
 4. Lord, be-fore these meet-ings close, Bless Thy friends and save Thy foes.

Fine.
 Sin - ner, there is hope for thee: God proclaims sal - va - tion free.
 Would you know your sins for-giv'n? Have a cer - tain hope in heav'n.
 Shall they o - ver you re-joice? Do you hear the Sav-iour's voice?
 Ho - ly Ghost Thy work make known; Claim this peo - ple for Thine own.

D.S.—Hark! the Bride and Spir - it say, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

D.S. for last verse.

D.S.—Let us prove, as years de - cay, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

CHORUS.

D.S.
 Hark! the Bride and Spir - it say, Je - sus is the on - ly way.
Chorus for last verse.
 Let us prove, as years de - cay, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

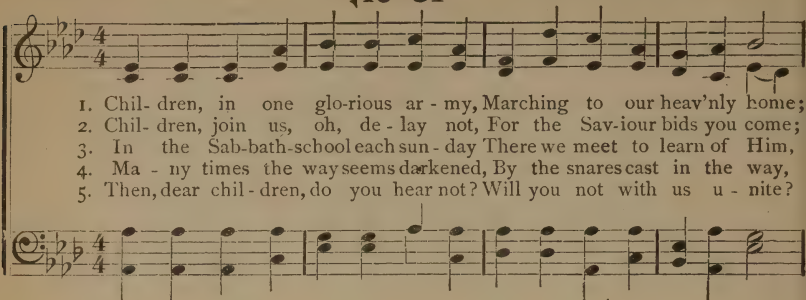
GLORIOUS ARMY.

"As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

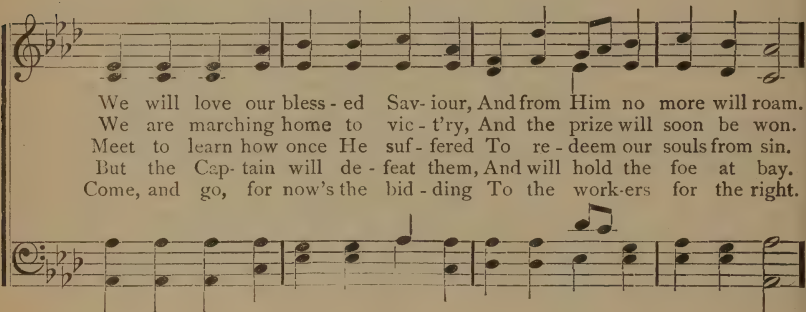
D. E. MATHEWS.

No 81

THOS. J. LAWRENCE, by per.

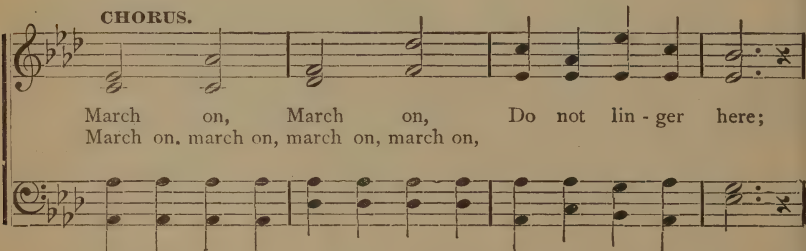


1. Chil- dren, in one glo-rious ar- my, Marching to our heav'nly home;
2. Chil- dren, join us, oh, de- lay not, For the Sav-iour bids you come;
3. In the Sab-bath-school each sun- day There we meet to learn of Him,
4. Ma- ny times the way seems darkened, By the snares cast in the way,
5. Then, dear chil- dren, do you hear not? Will you not with us u- nite?

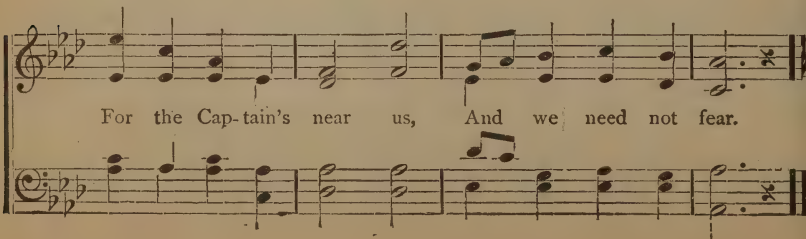


We will love our bless- ed Sav- iour, And from Him no more will roam.
We are marching home to vic- t'ry, And the prize will soon be won.
Meet to learn how once He suf- fered To re- deem our souls from sin.
But the Cap- tain will de- feat them, And will hold the foe at bay.
Come, and go, for now's the bid- ding To the work-ers for the right.

CHORUS.



March on, March on, Do not lin- ger here;
March on, march on, march on, march on,



For the Cap- tain's near us, And we need not fear.

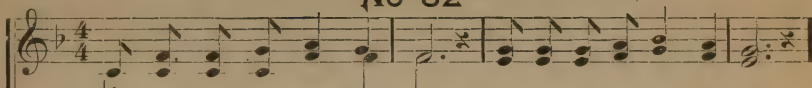
EXCEPT YE REPENT.

Luke 13: 3.

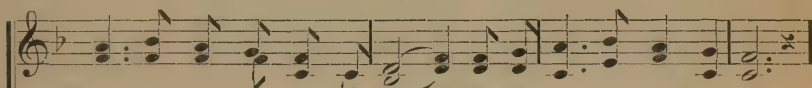
Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

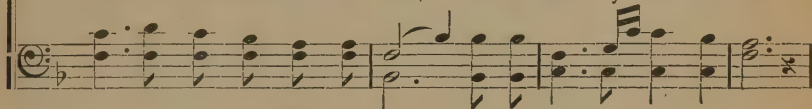
No 82



- | | | | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|-------|--------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. Have you | ev - er | closed your | heart | To the Saviour's | ten - der | claim? |
| 2. Have you | heard how | Je - sus | died | On the cross | that you | might live? |
| 3. Why in | blind - ness | do you | wait, | Wand'ring | farther from | the light, |
| 4. Soon the | sum - mer | days will | go, | And the har - vest | time be | past, |
| 5. Oh, the | tree that | bears no | fruit | Can - not | al - ways | cumb'ring grow, |



Have you	ev - er	ta - ken	part	With the world	a - gainst	His name?
Have you	scorned	the crim - son	tide	Which e - ter - nal	life can	give?
Lov - ing	things	which you	should hate,	Sink - ing	deep - er	in - to night?
Then will	cease	His plead - ing	low,	And your	doom be	sealed at last.
For His	blade	will smite	the root,	And its	beau - ty	be laid low.



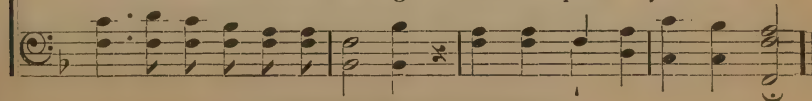
CHORUS.



Lo! He calls for your re - pent - ance Now, poor wand'rer, tem - pest - tossed,



Hear the Mas - ter's solemn mes - sage: "Come re - pent or you are lost."

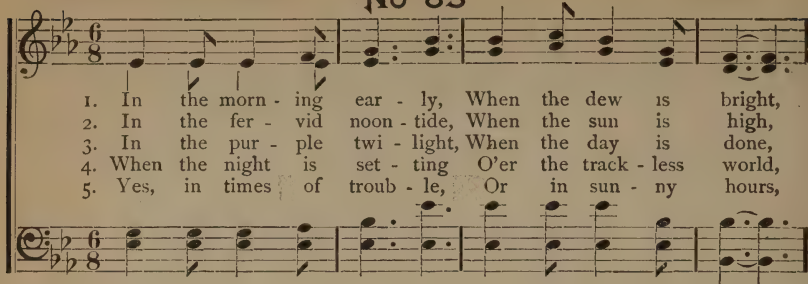


LITTLE CHILDREN. PRAY.

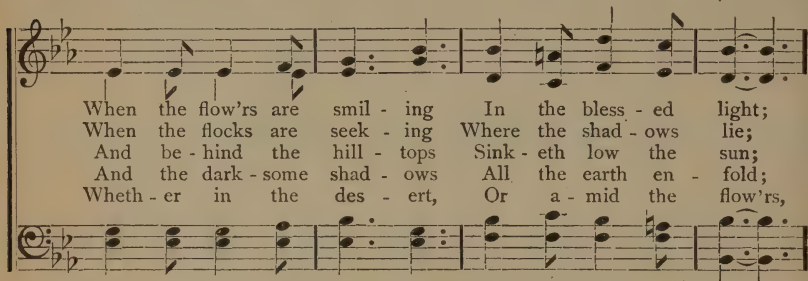
MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

No 83

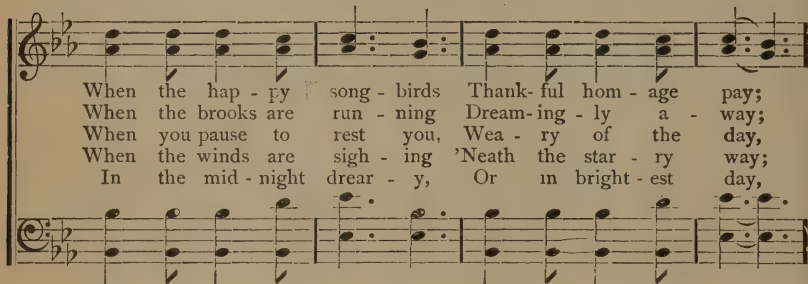
S. W. STRAUB.



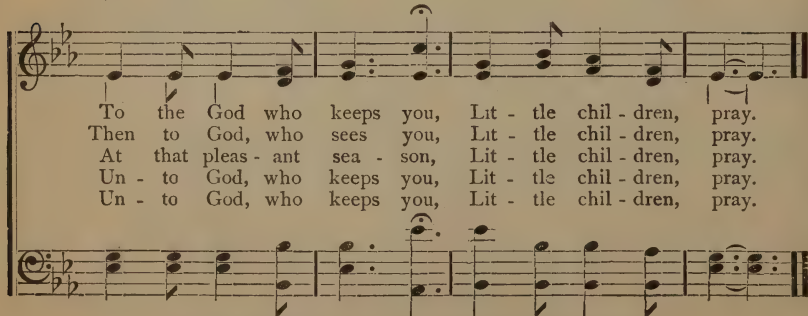
1. In the morn - ing ear - ly, When the dew is bright,
 2. In the fer - vid noon - tide, When the sun is high,
 3. In the pur - ple twi - light, When the day is done,
 4. When the night is set - ting O'er the track - less world,
 5. Yes, in times of trou - ble, Or in sun - ny hours,



When the flow'rs are smil - ing In the bless - ed light;
 When the flocks are seek - ing Where the shad - ows lie;
 And be - hind the hill - tops Sink - eth low the sun;
 And the dark - some shad - ows All the earth en - fold;
 Wheth - er in the des - ert, Or a - mid the flow'rs,



When the hap - py song - birds Thank - ful hom - age pay;
 When the brooks are run - ning Dream - ing - ly a - way;
 When you pause to rest you, Wea - ry of the day,
 When the winds are sigh - ing 'Neath the star - ry way;
 In the mid - night drear - y, Or in bright - est day,



To the God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Then to God, who sees you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 At that pleas - ant sea - son, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Un - to God, who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
 Un - to God, who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.

TELL THE STORY OF JESUS.

MARY B. COLBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY, by per.

No 84

1. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To some poor, sin - sick soul;
2. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To stran - gers you may meet,
3. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To those who have not heard,
4. Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To peo - ple great and small;

D.C. - Go tell the sto - ry of Je - sus To some poor, sin - sick soul;

Fine.

Think of the time you heard it, And how it made you whole.
And dwell up-on His mer - cy In ac - cents rich and sweet.
And make it sound as love - ly As the song of some sweet bird.
Re - mem - ber He, the Sav - iour, Gave up His life for all.

Think of the time you heard it, And how it made you whole.

It drove a - way the dark - ness Of night, where-in you lay;
It may be they'll for - get you In bus - y toil and care,
Tell with a glow - ing rap - ture His ten - der words of love,
Tell it when death's cold bil - lows Are un - der - neath your feet,

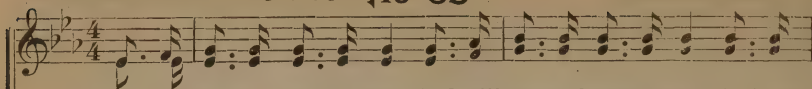
D. C. Chorus.

It brought to you the glo - ry And light of per - fect day.
But they'll not for - get the sto - ry You whis - pered in their ear.
And tell them of the beau - ty Of that blest home a - bove.
'Twill be the on - ly sto - ry Heard in the gold - en street.

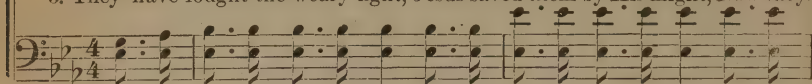
OVER THERE.

From BRAINARD'S S. S. Singer, by per. **No 85**

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

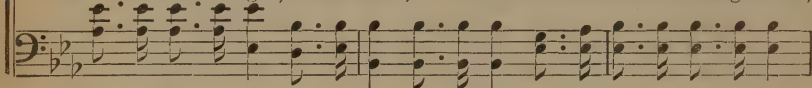


1. They have reached the sunny shore, And will nev-er hunger more, And their
2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their winter time is past, And their
3. They have fought the weary fight, Jesus saved them by His might, Now they

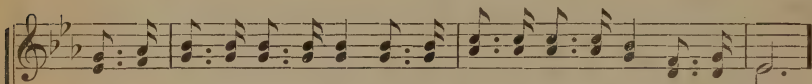


grief and pains are o'er, o - ver there;
sum-mers al-ways last, o - ver there;
dwell with Him in light, o - ver there;

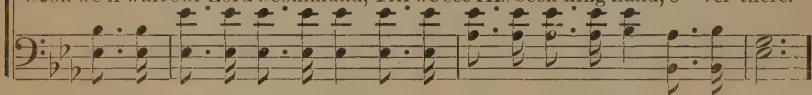
They will need no lamp by night,
They can nev-er know a fear,
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,



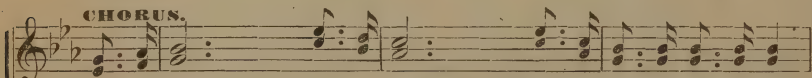
o - ver there;



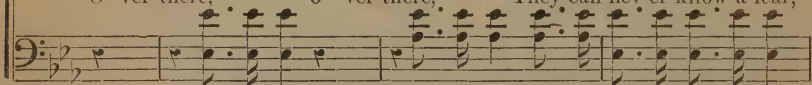
For their day is always bright, And the Saviour is their light, o - ver there.
For their Saviour's always near, And with them is endless cheer, o - ver there.
Soon we'll wait our Lord's command, Till we see His beck'ning hand, o - ver there.



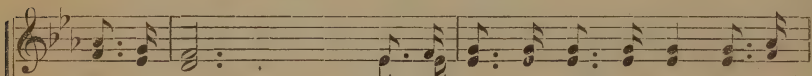
CHORUS.



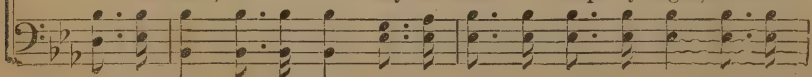
O - ver there, o - ver there, They can nev-er know a fear,



o - ver there, o - ver there,



o - ver there; They will need no lamp by night, For their



o - ver there;

OVER THERE. Concluded.

day is al-ways bright, And the Sav-iour is their light, o - ver there.

As are thy Needs thy Strength Shall be.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

No 86

Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. In time of trou - ble and of grief, Where can the heav-y la - den go,
2. We read the words and hope grows strong, For He who spoke them seems so near;
3. He knoweth; and has He not said That we are al-ways in His care?
4. Tho' rough the way be-fore the feet He will not let thee faint and fall;

To find for all their woes re - lief, Save to the Lord who loveth them so?
He knoweth, all the way a - long, The tri - als that be - set us here.
O heart, look up, — be comfort - ed, — He helps thee all thy bur - dens bear.
Lean on His love, His words re - peat, And find that Christ is all in all.
As heart and lips Thy words re-peat, — As are thy needs thy strength shall be.

CHORUS. *D. S. 2d ending.*
O promise fraught with comfort sweet, What help we al-ways find in thee,

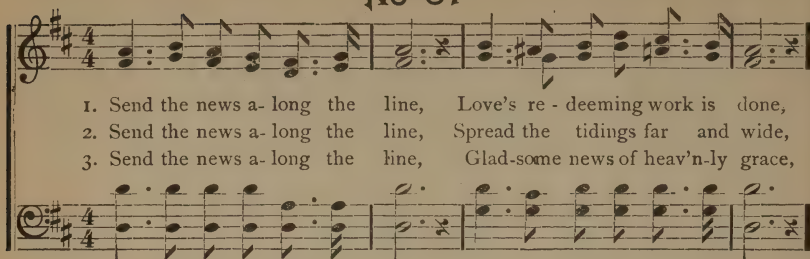
SEND THE NEWS.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—John 1 : 17.

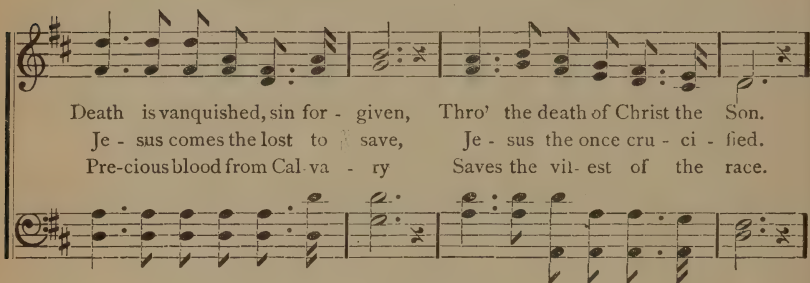
F. M. D.

No 87

FRANK M. DAVIS.

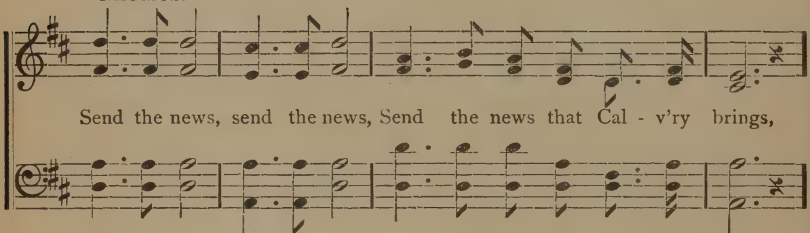


1. Send the news a-long the line, Love's re-deeming work is done,
2. Send the news a-long the line, Spread the tidings far and wide,
3. Send the news a-long the line, Glad-some news of heav'n-ly grace,

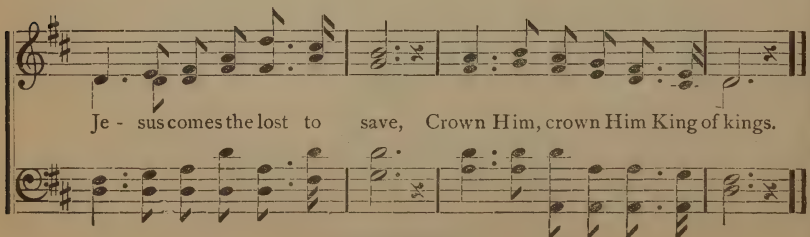


Death is vanquished, sin for-given, Thro' the death of Christ the Son.
Je-sus comes the lost to save, Je-sus the once cru-ci-fied.
Pre-cious blood from Cal-va-ry Saves the vil-est of the race.

CHORUS.



Send the news, send the news, Send the news that Cal-v'ry brings,



Je-sus comes the lost to save, Crown Him, crown Him King of kings.

By permission.

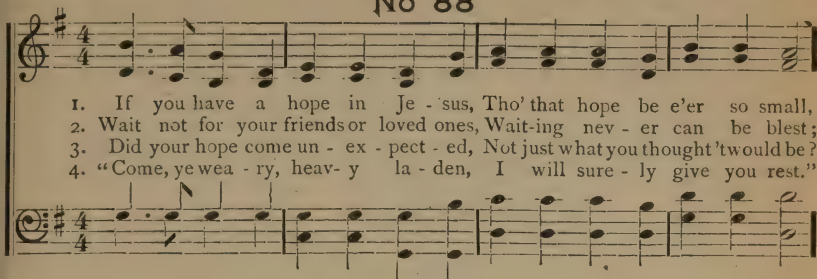
A HOPE IN JESUS.

In the meeting at Leavenworth, Kansas, Mrs. Bethel, who is a wife, and the mother of several children, made a public confession of a hope in Christ she had concealed since she was fourteen years old, because it was not as she thought it would be. After her marriage she waited for her husband to lead the way, but he became very sceptical. Her husband was converted the next day.—W. E. P.

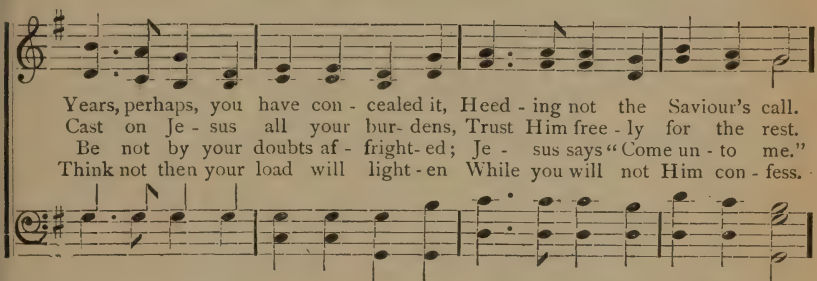
Mrs. L. R. BETHEL.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

No 88

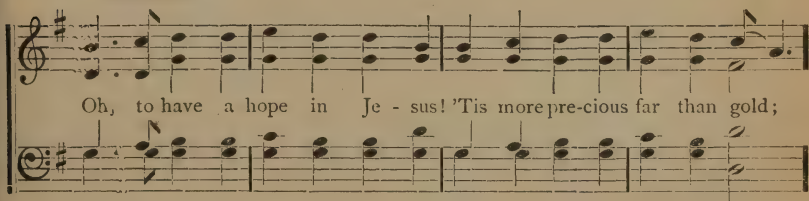


1. If you have a hope in Je - sus, Tho' that hope be e'er so small,
2. Wait not for your friends or loved ones, Wait-ing nev - er can be blest;
3. Did your hope come un - ex - pect - ed, Not just what you thought 'twould be?
4. "Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, I will sure - ly give you rest."



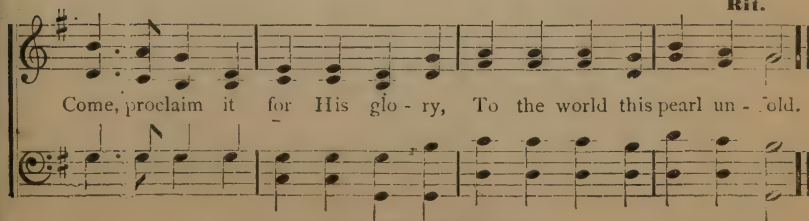
Years, perhaps, you have con - cealed it, Heed - ing not the Saviour's call.
Cast on Je - sus all your bur - dens, Trust Him free - ly for the rest.
Be not by your doubts af - fright - ed; Je - sus says "Come un - to me."
Think not then your load will light - en While you will not Him con - fess.

CHORUS.



Oh, to have a hope in Je - sus! 'Tis more pre-cious far than gold;

Rit.



Come, proclaim it for His glo - ry, To the world this pearl un - fold.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

WM. HAUSER, M.D.

[INFANT CLASS.]

No 89

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The morn-ing dawns in gold-en light, The air is pure, the
2. Be fill'd with ar-dent love to all, The young and old, the
3. Take heed to His ex-am-ple then, When He was here with

sun is bright; Then, chil-dren, heed your par-ent's rule, And
large and small; Do good to all in ev-'ry way, And
sin-ful men; And when He comes in Judge-ment down, He'll

haste a-way, a-way to school. When there be sure to
hap-py be from day to day. Be sure you al-ways
bless you with a star-ry crown. And, oh! to wear that

stud-y well, 'Twill make your heart with pleas-ure swell, 'To
speak the truth; Be kind to those whose hearts are ruth, So
star-ry crown, And with the ho-ly ones sit down! The

be approved by God and man: Then learn, dear children, all you can.
 did the Sav-our of man- kind—He healed the sick, the lame, the blind.
 bliss of heav'n you then shall know, Where is no sickness, pain, or woe.

No. 90. JUST AS I AM.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. E. PENN.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am,—and wait- ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though toss'd a bout, With many a con- flict many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par- don, cleanse, relieve,

FINE.

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Fightings and fears with - in, with- out, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Be cause Thy prom- ise I be- lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

D.S.—And save me at Thy mer- cy seat, Oh, take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Take, Oh, take me as I am, Take, O, take me as I am.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

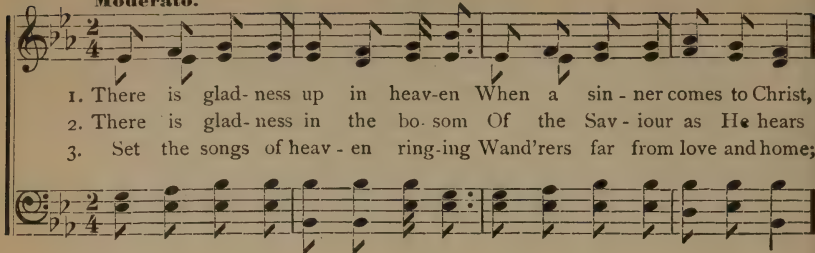
E. E. REXFORD.

Luke 15: 7.

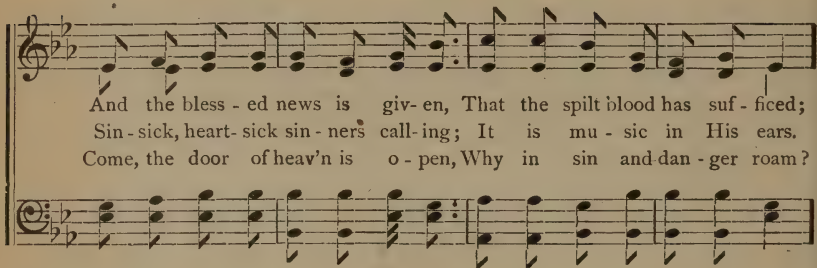
W. E. PENN.

No 91

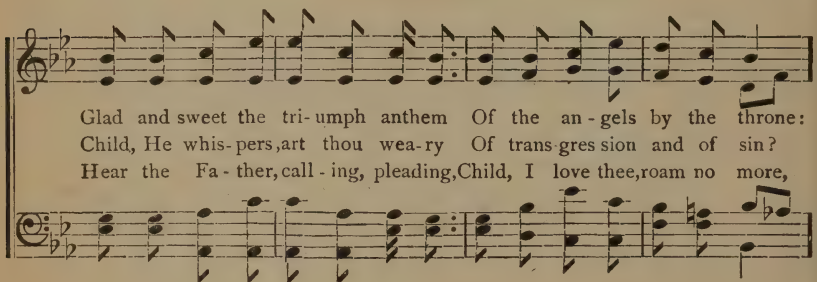
Moderato.



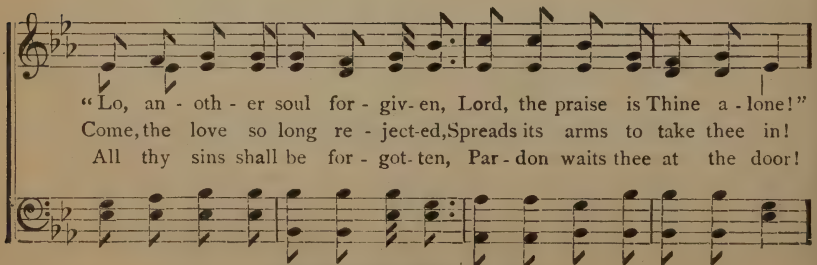
1. There is glad-ness up in heav-en When a sin-ner comes to Christ,
 2. There is glad-ness in the bo-som Of the Sav-iour as He hears
 3. Set the songs of heav-en ring-ing Wand'ers far from love and home;



And the bless-ed news is giv-en, That the spilt blood has suf-ficed;
 Sin-sick, heart-sick sin-ners call-ing; It is mu-sic in His ears.
 Come, the door of heav'n is o-pen, Why in sin and dan-ger roam?



Glad and sweet the tri-umph anthem Of the an-gels by the throne:
 Child, He whis-pers, art thou wea-ry Of trans-gres-sion and of sin?
 Hear the Fa-ther, call-ing, pleading, Child, I love thee, roam no more,



"Lo, an-oth-er soul for-giv-en, Lord, the praise is Thine a-lone!"
 Come, the love so long re-ject-ed, Spreads its arms to take thee in!
 All thy sins shall be for-got-ten, Par-don waits thee at the door!

JOY IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

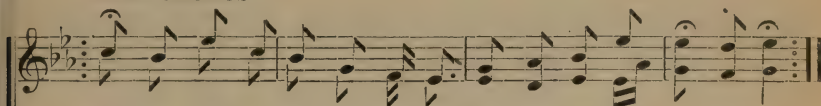
CHORUS. SOLO



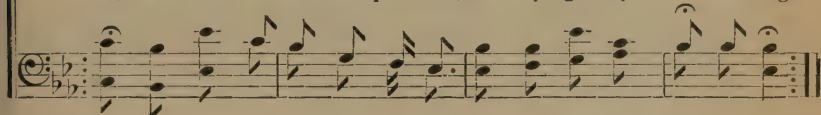
List - en! hear the might - y cho - rus, How the courts of heav - en ring;



FULL CHORUS



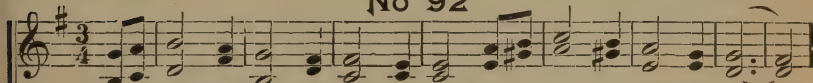
"Lo, an - oth - er sin - ner pardoned, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the King!"



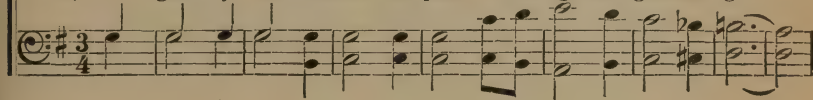
Bright was the Guiding Star that Led.

No 92

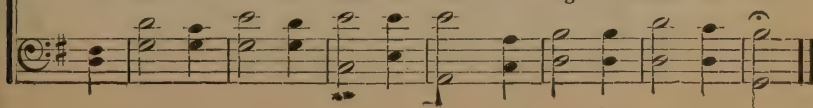
F. J. HAYDN.



1. Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild, be - nig - nant ray,
2. But, lo! a bright - er, clear - er light Now points to His a - bode;
3. O haste to fol - low where it leads, His gra - cious call o - bey!
4. O glad - ly tread the nar - row path, While light and grace are giv'n!



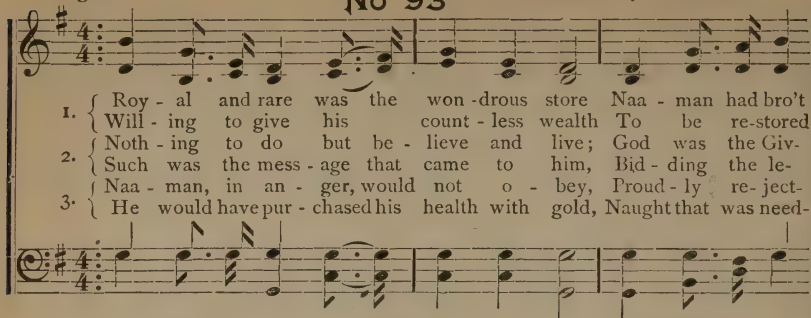
The Gen - tles to the low - ly shed Where the Re - deem - er lay.
It shines thro' sin and sor - row's night, To guide us to our God.
Be rug - ged wilds, or flow' - ry meads, The Chris - tian's des - tined way.
For those who fol - low Christ on earth Shall reign with Him in heav'n.



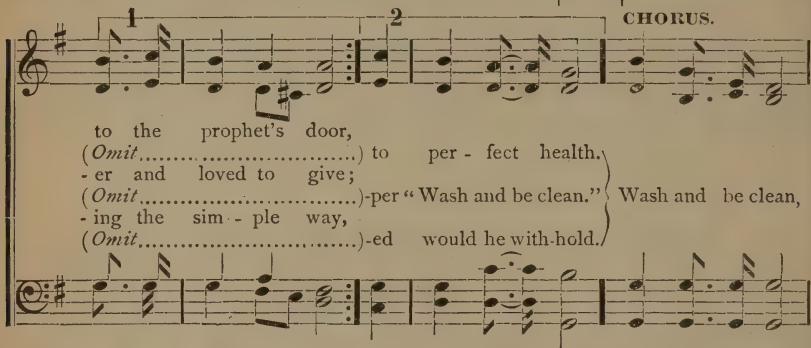
WASH AND BE CLEAN.

English.

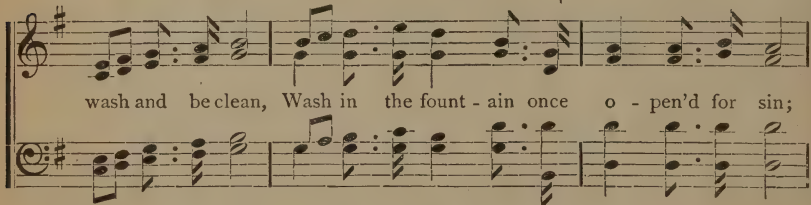
No 93 Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.



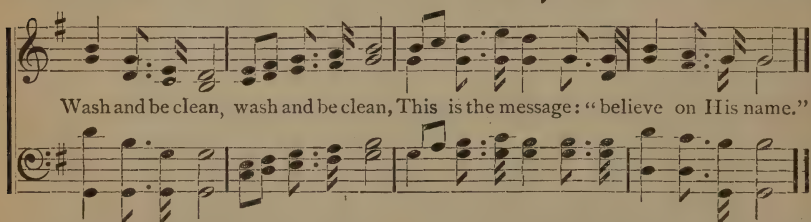
1. { Roy - al and rare was the won - drous store Naa - man had bro't
 Will - ing to give his count - less wealth To be re - stored
 2. { Noth - ing to do but be - lieve and live; God was the Giv -
 Such was the mess - age that came to him, Bid - ding the le -
 Naa - man, in an - ger, would not o - bey, Proud - ly re - ject -
 3. { He would have pur - chased his health with gold, Naught that was need -



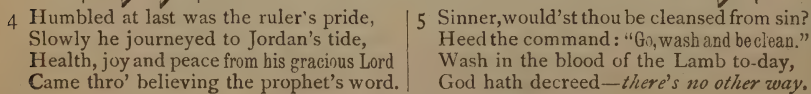
1 2 CHORUS.
 to the prophet's door,
 (Omit.....) to per - fect health.
 - er and loved to give;
 (Omit.....) - per "Wash and be clean." Wash and be clean,
 - ing the sim - ple way,
 (Omit.....) - ed would he with - hold..



wash and be clean, Wash in the fount - ain once o - pen'd for sin;



Wash and be clean, wash and be clean, This is the message: "believe on His name."



4 Humbled at last was the ruler's pride,
 Slowly he journeyed to Jordan's tide,
 Health, joy and peace from his gracious Lord
 Came thro' believing the prophet's word.
 5 Sinner, would'st thou be cleansed from sin?
 Heed the command: "Go, wash and be clean."
 Wash in the blood of the Lamb to-day,
 God hath decreed—there's no other way.

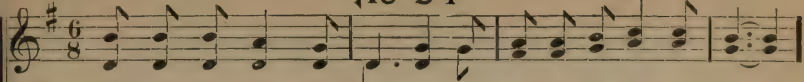
OPEN MINE EYES.

"God opened her eyes."—Gen. 21: 19.

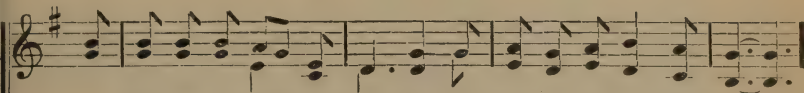
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. E. PENN.

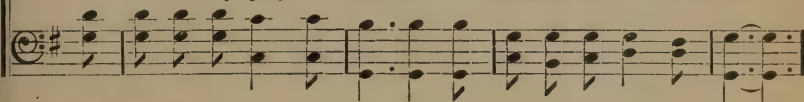
No 94



1. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, I thirst in the noon-tide heat,
2. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, I faint 'neath the burn-ing sky,
3. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, I know that the well is near;
4. Whence is the voice that call - eth? And what do mine eyes be - hold?



I pine for re - fresh ing wa - ters That mur-mur so cool and sweet.
And here, in a lone - ly des - ert, For wa - ter in vain I cry.
But O that my strength were stronger, Its mission more bright and clear.
O Sav-iour, my pray'r is answered, 'Tis answered a hun-dred fold.

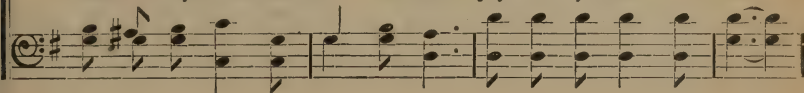


CHORUS.



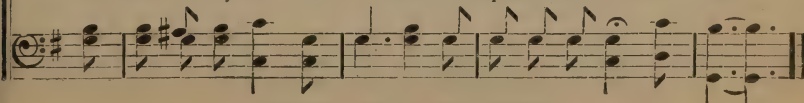
O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - iour, now, O - pen mine eyes to see
Chorus for last verse.

Praise to Thy name, dear Sav - iour mine, Joy - ful - ly now I see



The well of Thy full sal - va - tion That sparkles and flows for me.

The well of Thy full sal - va - tion That sparkles and flows for me.



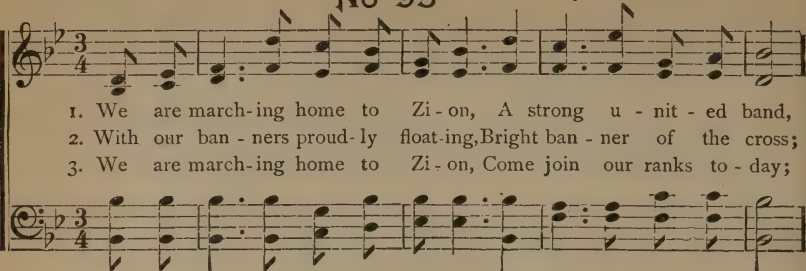
MARCHING ONWARD TO ZION.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

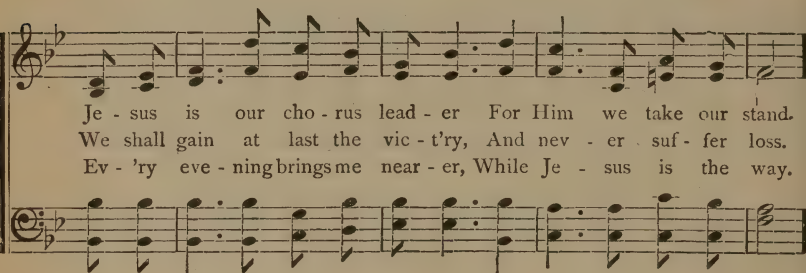
Written for Harvest Bells, No. 1.

No 95

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

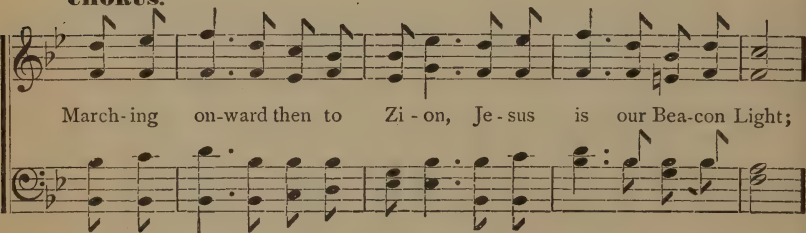


1. We are march-ing home to Zi-on, A strong u-nit-ed band,
 2. With our ban-ners proud-ly float-ing, Bright ban-ner of the cross;
 3. We are march-ing home to Zi-on, Come join our ranks to-day;

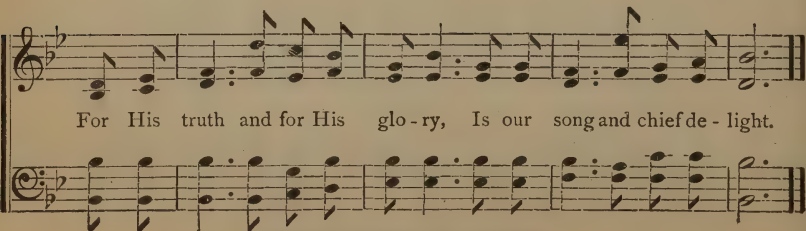


Je-sus is our cho-rus lead-er For Him we take our stand.
 We shall gain at last the vic-t'ry, And nev-er suf-fer loss.
 Ev-'ry eve-ning brings me near-er, While Je-sus is the way.

CHORUS.



March-ing on-ward then to Zi-on, Je-sus is our Bea-con Light;



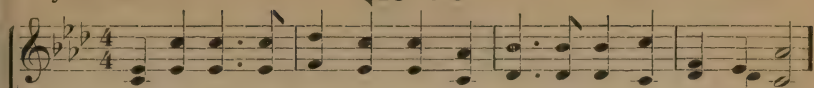
For His truth and for His glo-ry, Is our song and chief de-light.

GOD IS LOVE.

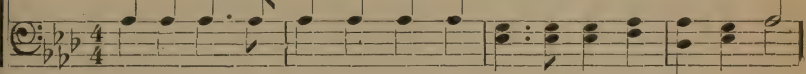
J. BOWRING.

No 96

GEO. C. HUGG.



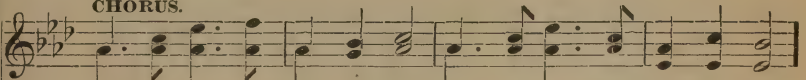
1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;



Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.



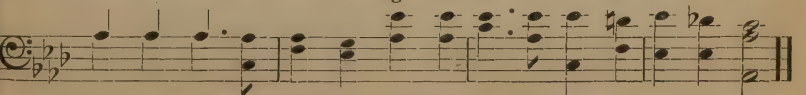
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love! Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love!



Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.



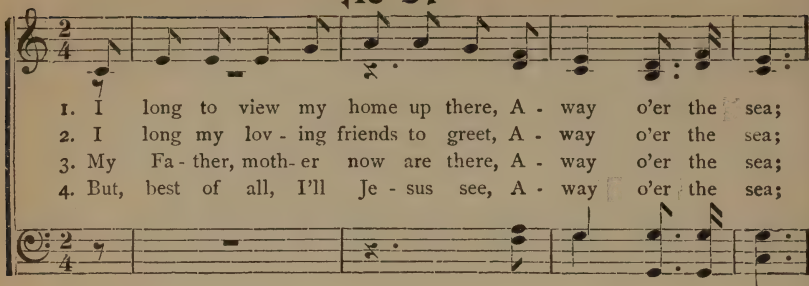
AWAY O'ER THE SEA.

Written for Harvest Bells, No. 1.

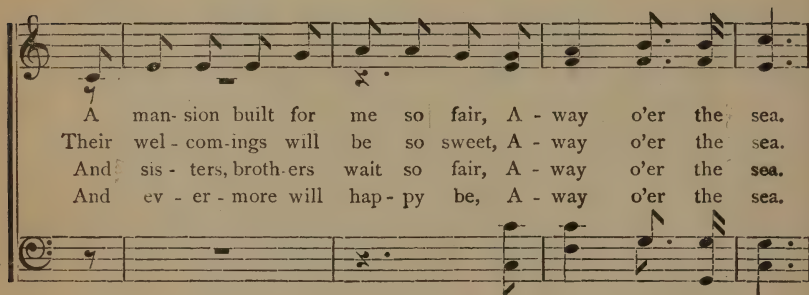
J. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

No 97

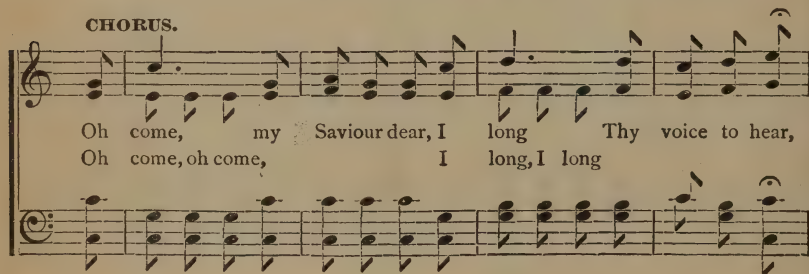


1. I long to view my home up there, A - way o'er the sea;
2. I long my lov - ing friends to greet, A - way o'er the sea;
3. My Fa - ther, moth - er now are there, A - way o'er the sea;
4. But, best of all, I'll Je - sus see, A - way o'er the sea;

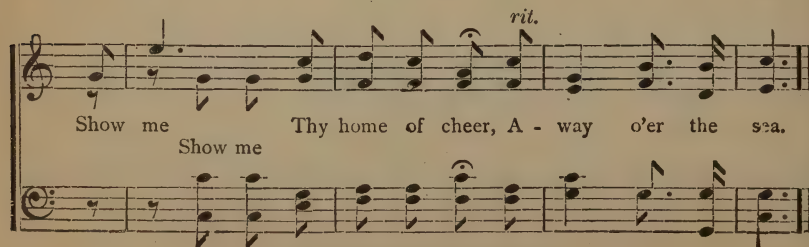


A man - sion built for me so fair, A - way o'er the sea.
Their wel - com - ings will be so sweet, A - way o'er the sea.
And sis - ters, broth - ers wait so fair, A - way o'er the sea.
And ev - er - more will hap - py be, A - way o'er the sea.

CHORUS.



Oh come, my Saviour dear, I long Thy voice to hear,
Oh come, oh come, I long, I long



rit.
Show me Thy home of cheer, A - way o'er the sea.
Show me

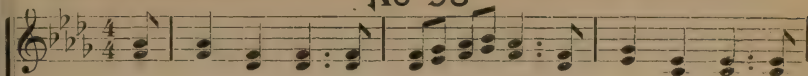
THEN I NEED THEE, LORD.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

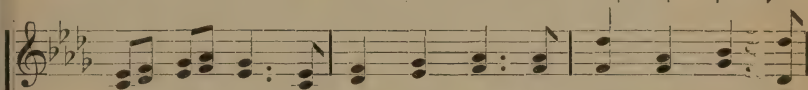
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No 98

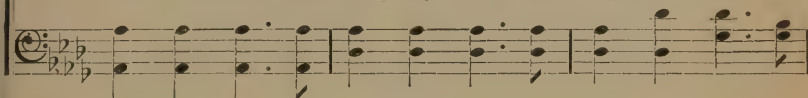
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.



1. When cherished joys have tak - en wing, And sor - row wounds me
2. When sin has robbed me of my peace, And bro't me in - to
3. When at the cross, in an - guish bent, An hum - ble, weep - ing
4. When strong temp - ta - tions come to me, To tear my trem - bling



with its sting, Then to Thy cross I fond - ly cling, For
sore dis - tress, And left me rest of hap - pi - ness, Oh!
pen - i - tent, My tears and all my ef - forts spent, Yes,
soul from Thee, Then to Thy cross for help I flee, For

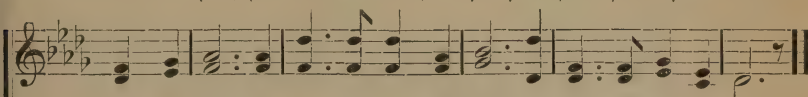


CHORUS.



then I need Thee, Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord!

In all my hours of joy, In all my



hours of pain, In all my hours of need, Dear Lord, with me re - main.



- 5 When longs my soul for deeper rest,
To be with all Thy fulness blest,
I lean me, then, upon Thy breast,
For then I need Thee, Lord.

- 6 I need Thee, precious Lord, just now,
As at the mercy-seat I bow,
And offer up my solemn vow;
Just now I need Thee, Lord.

OVER THE TIDE.

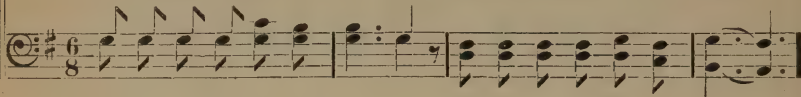
FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

No 99

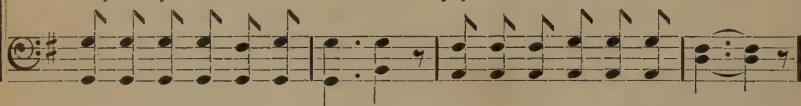
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. Dark are the wa-ters be - fore me, Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. On-ward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lurid the lightning's fierce glare;
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters, — Safe - ty be-yond the deep wave;
4. Ah, when the voyage is o - ver, There, on that beau - ti - ful shore,



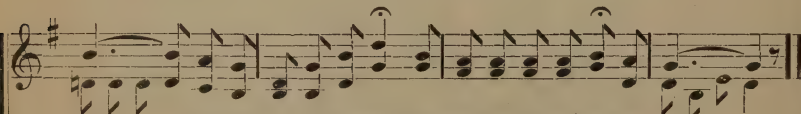
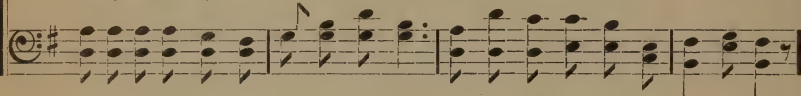
Storm cloud and tempest are o'er me, — Boatman! O list to my hail:
 An-gry the sur-ges be - neath me, — Boatman! lo, dan ger is there.
 Fa-ther! O let me not per - ish, Thou who art mighty to save.
 Safe - ly be yond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.



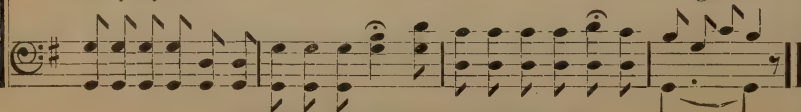
CHORUS.



Car - ry me o - ver the tide, Dark are the wa-ters and deep and wide;
 Carry me, car-ry me



Yon - der, just o - ver the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.....
 Yonder, yes, yonder is waiting for me.



THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

No 100

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 those who love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 -part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the Judgment day?

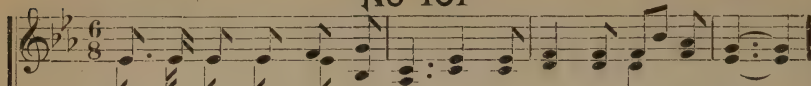
WHERE ARE THE SHEAVES?

For several years the Christian world has been singing, Where are the reapers? Would it not be well now to sing, Where are the sheaves?


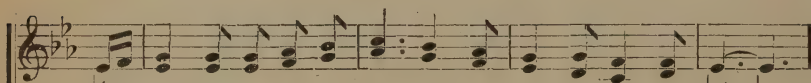
W. E. P.

No 101

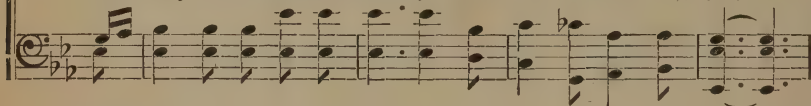
W. E. PENN.



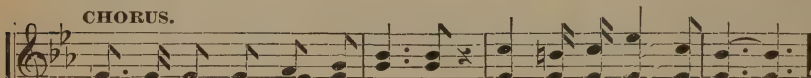
1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, The bless - ed Lamb of God,
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, Who guards you night and day;
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, Who knows your ev - 'ry need;
 4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? O hear, He speaks to thee:
 5. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? If He should come to - day,



Who gave His life to re - deem you As He the wine - press trod?
 Whose an - gels camp a - round you Lest you should lose the way?
 Who ev - er with the Fa - ther Doth for you in - ter - cede?
 "Go out in the highways and hedges, Bring lost ones un - to me."
Will He find your sheaves all read - y? O tell me now, I pray?




CHORUS.



What are you do - ing for Je - sus? What have you done to - day?

Where are the sheaves you have gathered? O tell me now, I pray?



COMING AGAIN.

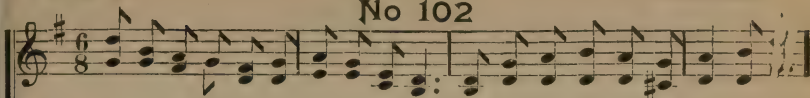
"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 19: 3.

F. A. B.

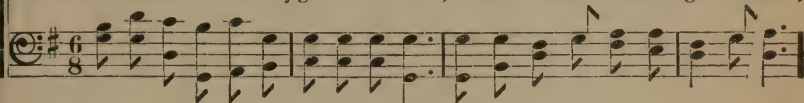
To Mrs. W. E. PENN.

F. A. BLACKMER.

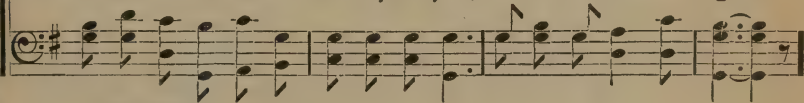
No 102



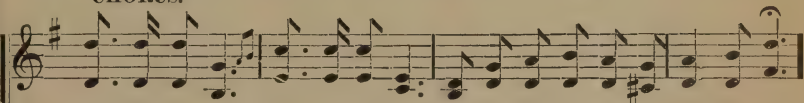
1. Je sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain, Sound out the tidings o'er earth and main;
2. Je-sus is com-ing, oh, wonder-ful word, Sweeter than a - ny on earth I've heard,
3. Oh, can it be He is coming ere long, He whom I'm trusting with faith so strong,
4. Why should the tidings bring gladness to me? Sure-ly mine eyes shall His beauty see;
5. Thought of His coming my soul doth e-late, As in the gloaming I watch and wait,
6. When He shall come all my grief will be o'er; Friends I shall meet to for-get no more,



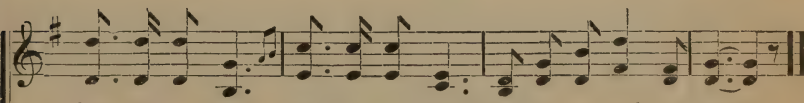
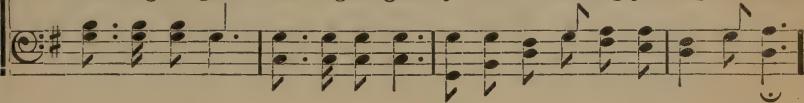
Com-ing to gath-er His peo-ple and reign, Coming to earth a - gain.
 He whom my soul o - ver all hath preferr'd, Coming to earth a - gain.
 He who a-lone is the theme of my song, Coming to earth a - gain?
 And in His presence I ev - er shall be, When He shall come a - gain.
 Long-ing each day for the glo - ri - fied state; When He shall come a - gain.
 Whom death removed in the dark days of yore, Till He shall come a - gain.



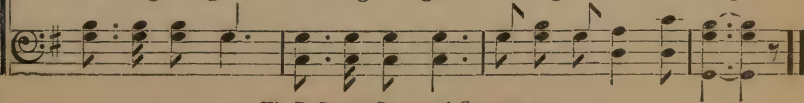
CHORUS.



Com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain, Je - sus is com-ing, pro-long the strain;



Com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain, Com-ing on earth to reign.



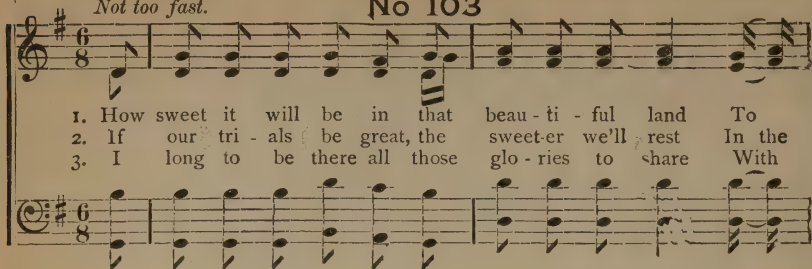
THE HEAVENLY MEETING.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

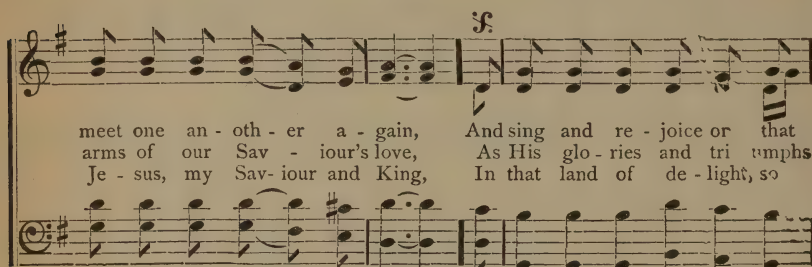
Chorus Music and last two verses by W. E. PENN.

Not too fast.

No 103

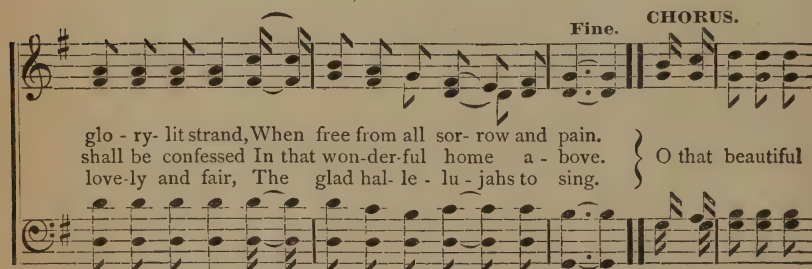


1. How sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land To
 2. If our tri - als be great, the sweet - er we'll rest In the
 3. I long to be there all those glo - ries to share With



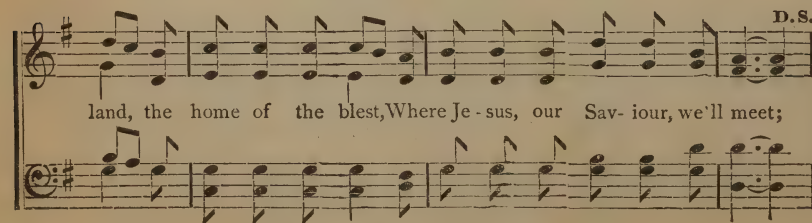
meet one an - oth - er a - gain, And sing and re - joice or that
 arms of our Sav - iour's love, As His glo - ries and tri - umphs
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour and King, In that land of de - light, so

D. S.—Where, freed from all troubles, the



Fine. **CHORUS.**
 glo - ry - lit strand, When free from all sor - row and pain.
 shall be confessed In that won - der - ful home a - bove. } O that beautiful
 love - ly and fair, The glad hal - le - lu - jahs to sing.

wea - ry shall rest, Where saints of all a - ges we'll greet.



D.S.
 land, the home of the blest, Where Je - sus, our Sav - iour, we'll meet;

BLISS IN TRUSTING.

J. MCP.

No 104

JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. There is bliss in sim-ply trust - ing In a Sav-iour's dy-ing love;
2. Tho' the waves leaped high a-round me, And my soul seem'd lost in sin,
3. All a - long the way He leads me, And my life is like a song;

He a - lone can ran-som, save me For my shining home a - bove.
Then it was that Je - sus found me, And so kind-ly took me in.
In the sweet - est past-ure feeds me, Chides me when I would do wrong,

CHORUS.

Pre-cious Sav-iour, mine for - ev - er! Ev - er be Thou near my side,

And when I shall cross death's riv - er, Guide me safe-ly o'er its tide.

Will the Gates of Heaven be Open to Me?

E. R. LATTI.

No 105

C. E. LESLIE.



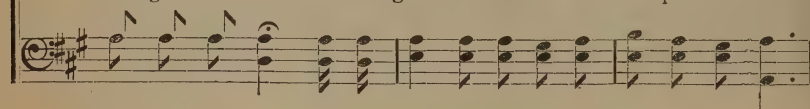
1. When my work is fin-ish'd I'm try-ing to do For my
2. When my toil - some jour - ney is end - ed be - low, And my
3. When the tears of sor - row, so com - mon to all, And each
4. Where no death nor sick - ness can ev - er - more come, And the



dear Re-deem-er, tho' hum-ble I be, Will the gold-en cit-y a -
fect, so wea-ry, for - ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas-per ef -
scene of troub-le com-plet-ed shall be, Will the voice of Je-sus in
loved, if ho-ly, each oth-er shall see, Will I there be welcomed, no



- rise to my view? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?
- ful - gent - ly glow? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?
ten - der - ness call? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?
lon - ger to roam? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me?



CHORUS.



O - pen to me, o - pen to you, Will the gates of heav-en be



Will the Gates of Heaven, etc. Concluded.

o - pen to me, Will the gold - en cit - y a -

- rise to my view, Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to you?

NIGHT. No 106

THOMAS PARKS, 1797.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

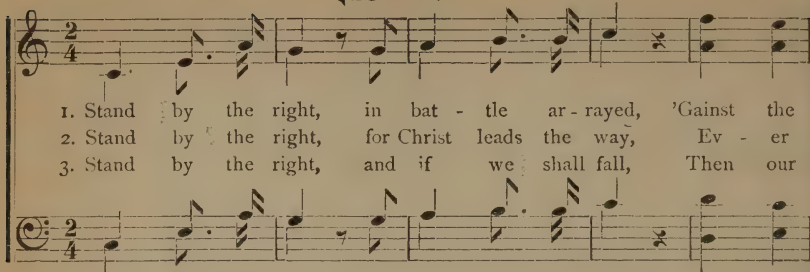
- 1 Hear my prayer, O | Heavenly | Father, || Ere I lay me | down to | sleep: ||
Bid Thine angels, | pure and | holy, || Round my bed their | vigil | keep. ||
- 2 Great my sins are, | but Thy | mercy || Far outweighs them | every | one; ||
Down before Thy cross | I cast | them, || Trusting in Thy | help a- | lone. ||
- 3 Keep me, through this | night of | peril, || Underneath its | boundless | shade; ||
Take me to Thy rest, I | pray — | Thee, || When my pilgrim- | age is | made! ||
- 4 Pardon all my past | trangres- | sions; || Give me strength for | days to | come; ||
Guide and guard me | with Thy | blessing, || Till Thine angels | bid me | home. ||

STAND BY THE RIGHT.

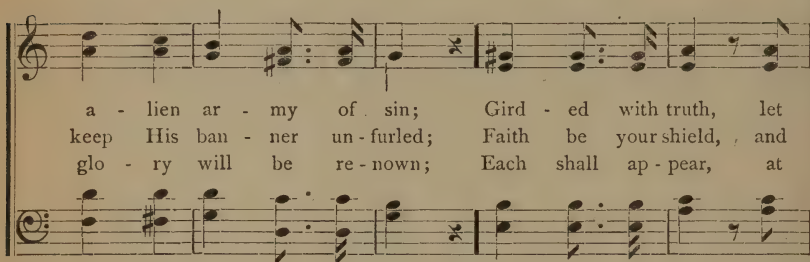
A. S. DOUGHTY.

No 107

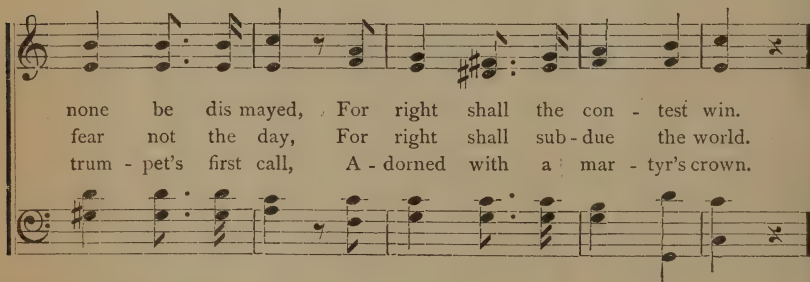
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



1. Stand by the right, in bat - tle ar - rayed, 'Gainst the
2. Stand by the right, for Christ leads the way, Ev - er
3. Stand by the right, and if we shall fall, Then our

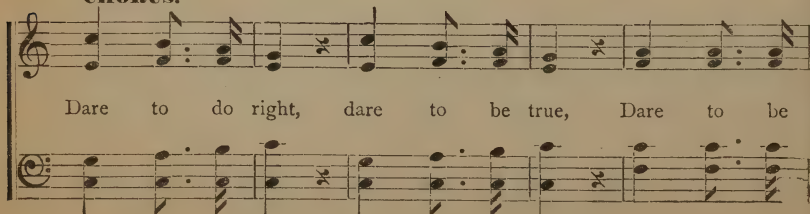


a - lien ar - my of sin; Gird - ed with truth, let
keep His ban - ner un - furled; Faith be your shield, and
glo - ry will be re - nown; Each shall ap - pear, at



none be dis mayed, For right shall the con - test win.
fear not the day, For right shall sub - due the world.
trum - pet's first call, A - dorned with a mar - tyr's crown.

CHORUS.



Dare to do right, dare to be true, Dare to be

STAND BY THE RIGHT. Concluded.

val - iant the con - flict through, Then when we

lay our ar - mor down, Each will re - ceive the

vic - tor's crown, Then when we lay our ar - mor

down, Each will re - ceive the vic - tor's crown.

ARE YOU WAITING AND WATCHING?

To F. A. BLACKMER, author of Numberless Host, Grand Review, etc.

W. E. PENN.

No 108

W. E. PENN.



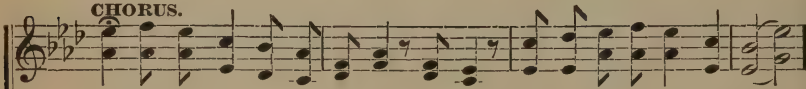
1. Should Je- sus come in the ear - ly morning, Or should He come at night?
2. Should Je- sus come with His ho - ly an-gels, With shoutings in the air?
3. When Je- sus comes will He find us faith-ful, With garments pure and white,
4. Yes, I am wait-ing and ev - er watching, Hoping to see Him come,



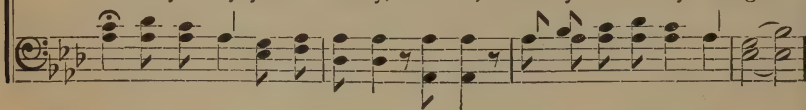
Say, will He find us wait-ing and watching With lamps all burning bright?
O who will then be waiting and watching, Who will His glo-ries share?
With precious sheaves all garner'd and read-y, To hail Him with delight?
That I may see Him in all His glo-ry, Gath'ring His jew-els home.



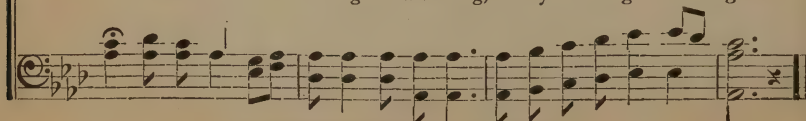
CHORUS.



O can you say you are read-y, broth-er, Read - y ei-ther day or night?



O will He find us waiting and watching, Ready for the glo-rious sight?



LAMENTATION.

[No 109 (SENTENCE)]

W. E. PENN.

QUARTETTE or SOLO.

Oh, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! How oft would I have

gathered thy children to - geth - er, As a hen gathereth her brood

FINE.

un - der her wings, and ye would not, ye would..... not.

SOLO.

QUARTETTE.

Be - hold, your house is left un - to you des - o - late. For the har - vest

D. C.

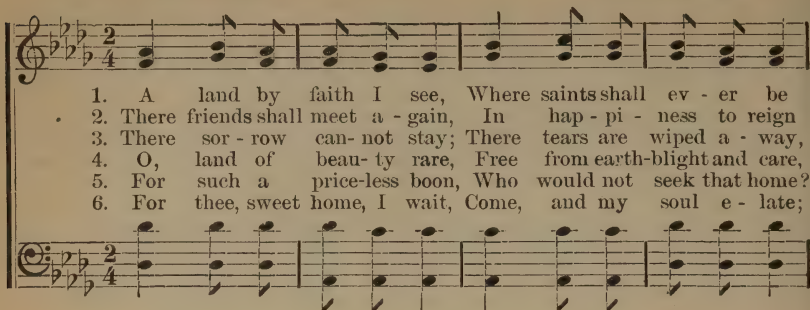
is past, The summer is en - ded, And ye are not saved, YE ARE NOT SAVED.

No. 109½. NO DYING THERE.

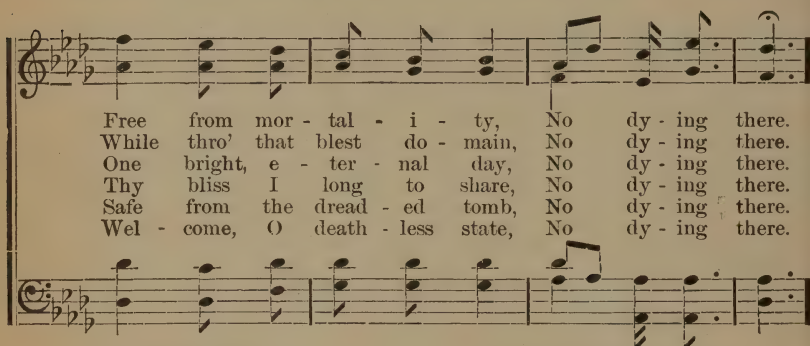
"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death." Rev. xxi: 4.

F. A. B. SLOW AND SOFT.

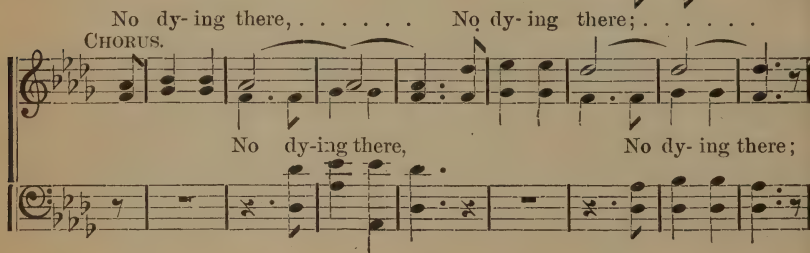
F. A. BLACKMER.



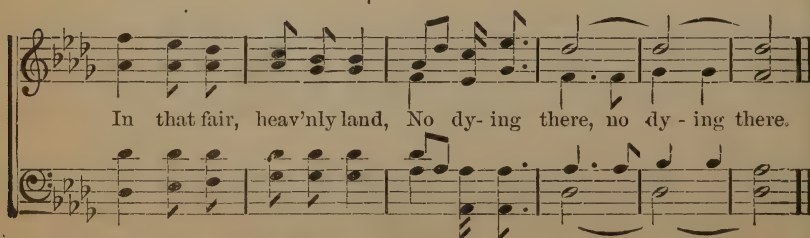
1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ev - er be
 2. There friends shall meet a - gain, In hap - pi - ness to reign
 3. There sor - row can - not stay; There tears are wiped a - way,
 4. O, land of beau - ty rare, Free from earth - blight and care,
 5. For such a price - less boon, Who would not seek that home?
 6. For thee, sweet home, I wait, Come, and my soul e - late;



Free from mor - tal - i - ty, No dy - ing there.
 While thro' that blest do - main, No dy - ing there.
 One bright, e - ter - nal day, No dy - ing there.
 Thy bliss I long to share, No dy - ing there.
 Safe from the dread - ed tomb, No dy - ing there.
 Wel - come, O death - less state, No dy - ing there.



No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there;
 CHORUS.
 No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there;



In that fair, heav'nly land, No dy - ing there, no dy - ing there.

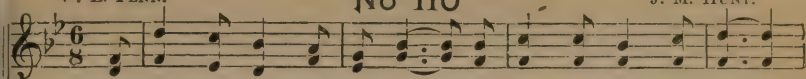
HARVEST BELLS.

Cast up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John 4: 35.

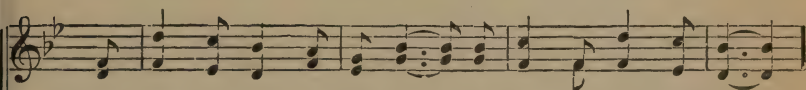
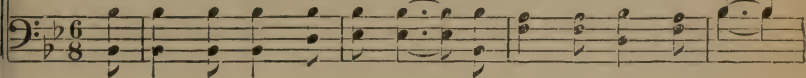
W. E. PENN.

No 110

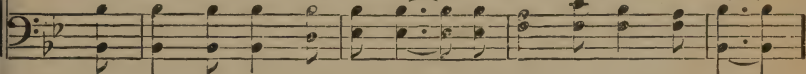
J. M. HUNT.



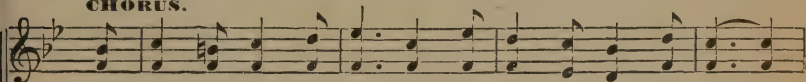
1. O Chris-tian! do not fal-ter, The har-vest field is white,
2. O reap-ers! quick-ly gath-er The pre-cious gold-en sheaves,
3. So few we find the lab-'ers, The har-vest, OH, HOW GREAT!



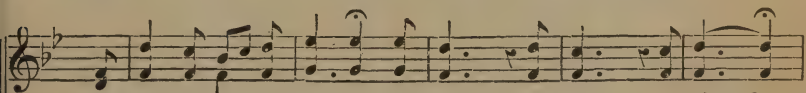
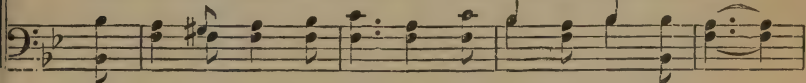
And man-y souls are sink-ing In-to e-ter-nal night.
That day and night are fall-ing Like autumn's with-ered leaves.
Then slum-ber not, dear Christian, For soon 'twill be too late.



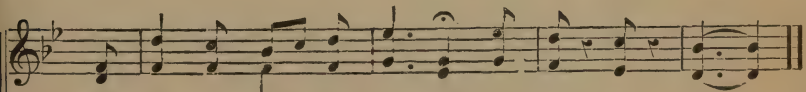
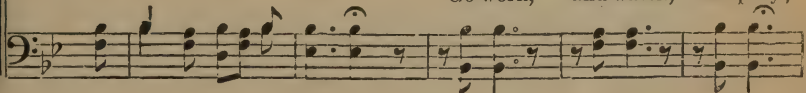
CHORUS.



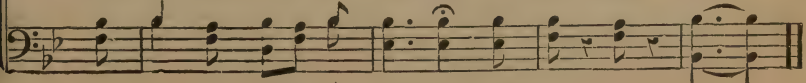
The har-vest bells are ring-ing, We hear them night and day;



The harvest bells are pealing, Go work, and watch, and pray,
Go work, and watch, and pray;



The har-vest bells are peal-ing, Go work, watch, pray.



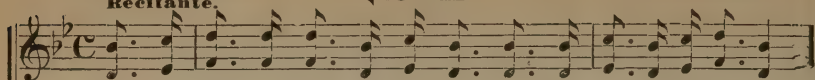
WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

Recitante.

No 111

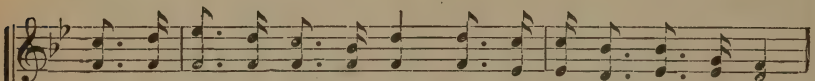
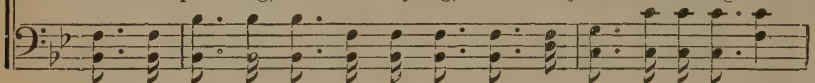
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one an - oth - er, While the years are rolling on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on;



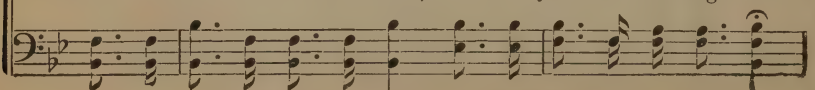
Chris-tian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on.
Time is fly - ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
Seek to raise a fall - en broth-er, While the years are rolling on.
No more part - ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.



While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, throughout cre - a-tion's land,
In the world be - yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come,



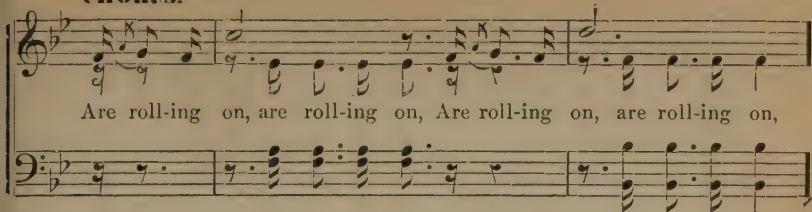
There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
Arm - ies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.



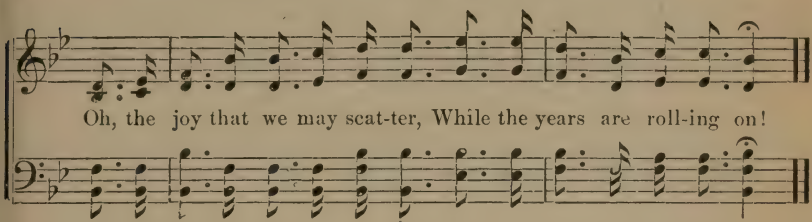
From "Dew of Hermon," by permission.

WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

CHORUS.



Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on,



Oh, the joy that we may scat-ter, While the years are roll-ing on!

No 112 TUNE—DENNIS. KEY F.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

FAWCETT.

No 113

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CENNICK.

No 114

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

G. N. ALLEN.

WHITE AS THE WINGS OF A DOVE

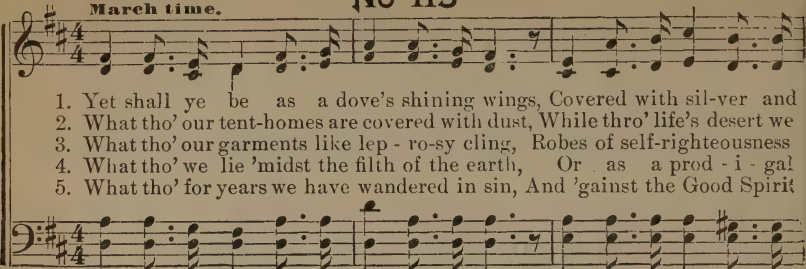
Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver.—Ps. 58 : 13.

REV. L. F. COLE.

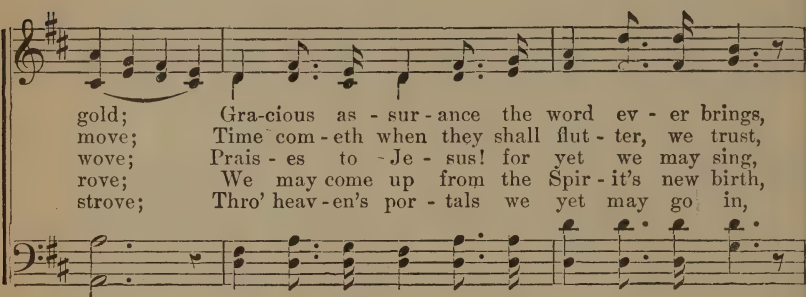
J. M. STILLMAN.

March time.

No 115

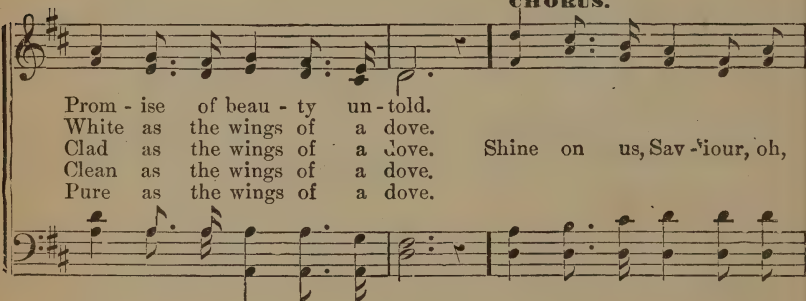


1. Yet shall ye be as a dove's shining wings, Covered with sil-ver and
 2. What tho' our tent-homes are covered with dust, While thro' life's desert we
 3. What tho' our garments like lep - ro-sy cling, Robes of self-righteousness
 4. What tho' we lie 'midst the filth of the earth, Or as a prod - i - gal
 5. What tho' for years we have wandered in sin, And 'gainst the Good Spirit

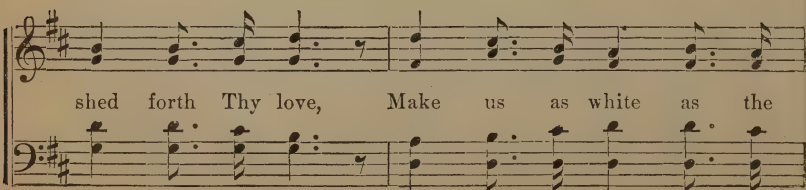


gold; Gra-cious as - sur-ance the word ev - er brings,
 move; Time com-eth when they shall flut - ter, we trust,
 wove; Prais - es to - Je - sus! for yet we may sing,
 rove; We may come up from the Spir - it's new birth,
 strove; Thro' heav-en's por - tals we yet may go in,

CHORUS.

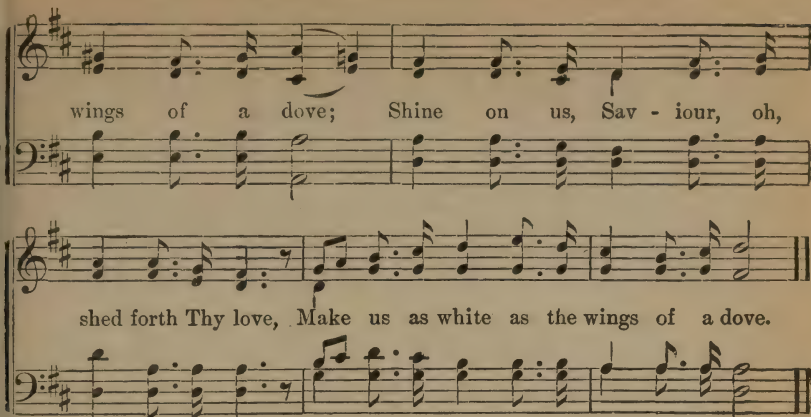


Prom - ise of beau - ty un-told.
 White as the wings of a dove.
 Clad as the wings of a dove. Shine on us, Sav - iour, oh,
 Clean as the wings of a dove.
 Pure as the wings of a dove.



shed forth Thy love, Make us as white as the

WHITE AS THE WINGS OF A DOVE.



No 116

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be Thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

5 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758.

No 117

BEDDOME.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

No 118 S. M.

1 O Holy Spirit, come
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath:
Oh work the wondrous work of love
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power.
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

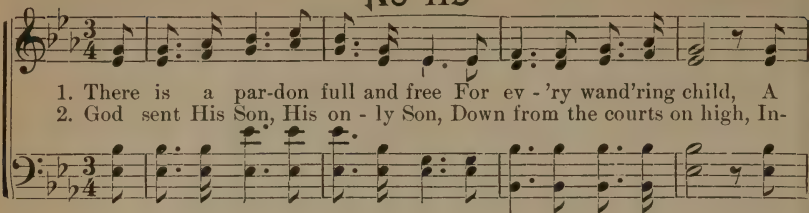
OH, THE-BLOOD!

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1:7.

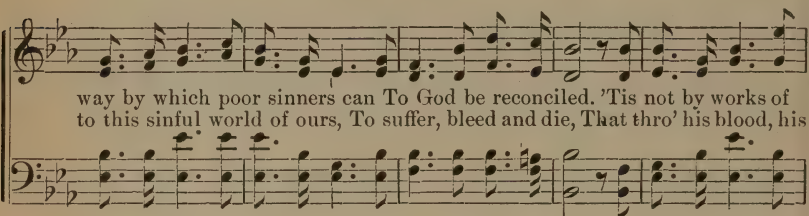
C. E. P.

No 119

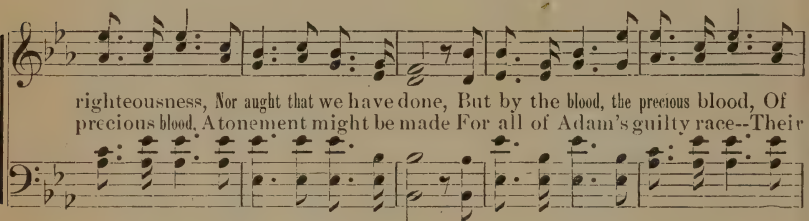
C. E. POLLOCK.



1. There is a par-don full and free For ev - 'ry wand'ring child, A
2. God sent His Son, His on - ly Son, Down from the courts on high, In-

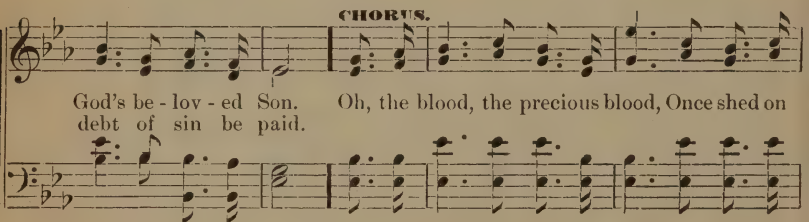


way by which poor sinners can To God be reconciled. 'Tis not by works of
to this sinful world of ours, To suffer, bleed and die, That thro' his blood, his

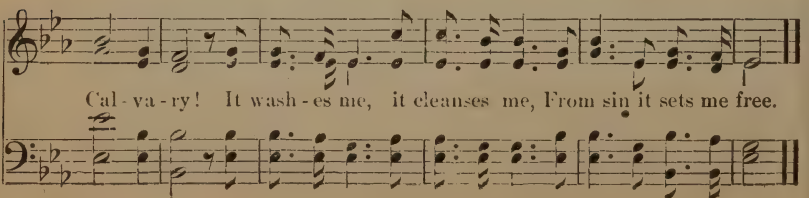


righteousness, Nor aught that we have done, But by the blood, the precious blood, Of
precious blood, Atonement might be made For all of Adam's guilty race--Their

CHORUS.



God's be - lov - ed Son. Oh, the blood, the precious blood, Once shed on
debt of sin be paid.



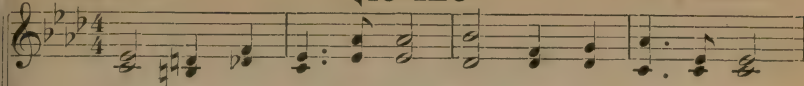
Cal - va - ry! It wash - es me, it cleanses me, From sin it sets me free.

PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

REV. C. M. HOTT.

No 120

A. S. KIEFFER.



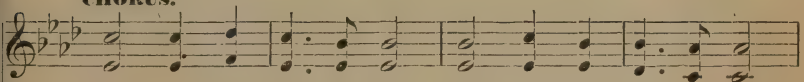
1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way;
2. Ten - der - ly bid, they come, Back from sin's wil - der - ness;
3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wan-d'ring one;
4. Pray, and with love en-treat All who by sin are pressed;



Suf - f'ring and sin de - filed, Go - ing a - stray.
Come to our Fa - ther's home, Saved by his grace.
Soon it will be too late, Life will be gone.
Bid them at Je - sus' feet Find end - less rest.



CHORUS.



Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er,



Pray for the wan - der - er Go - ing a - stray!

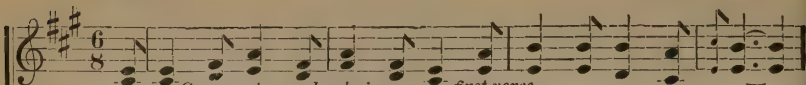


No. 121. TO-MORROW.

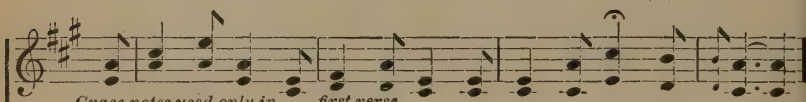
"Roast not thyself of to-morrow."—PROV. 27: 1.

W. E. PENN.

W. E. PENN.



- Grace notes used only in first verse.*
1. Of all the words man ev - er heard, The one that bring-eth sor-row,
 2. Oh, do not wait! you know "*too late!*" Has oft - en been the cry;
 3. Do not de - lay, de - cide to - day, And hard - en not your heart;
 4. To - morrow's morn may nev - er dawn, To - day may be your last;



Grace notes used only in first verse.

Is this oft used and much a-bused, This sim - ple word, "*to - morrow.*"
 Then, halt - ing one, come home, come home, To - mor - row you may die.
 For - sak - ing all on Je - sus' call, Oh, choose the bet - ter part!
 It may be said, "Oh, he is dead, His day of grace is past!"



CHORUS.



Oh, word of words, so oft - en heard, "To - mor - row," "*to - mor - row!*"



It bringeth some sweet joy and peace, To oth - ers deathless sor - row.

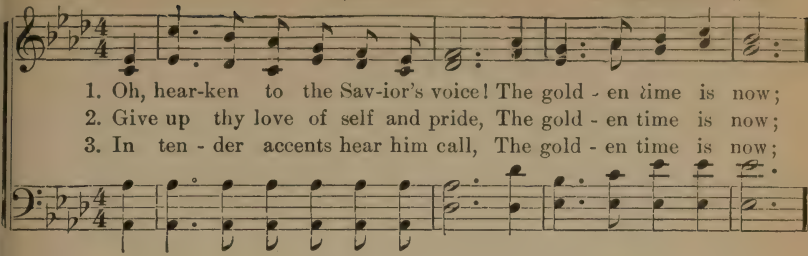


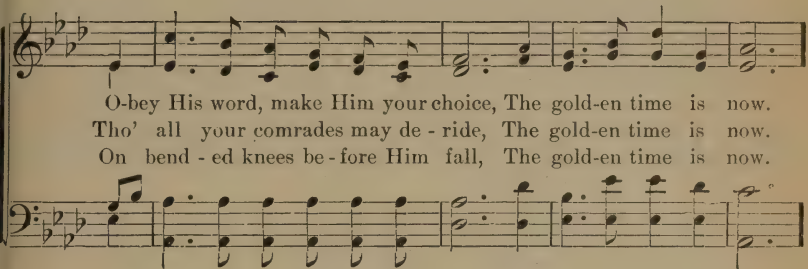
THE GOLDEN TIME IS NOW.

T. M. F.

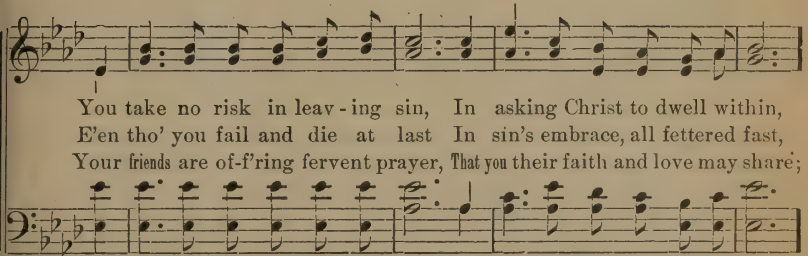
No. 122.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

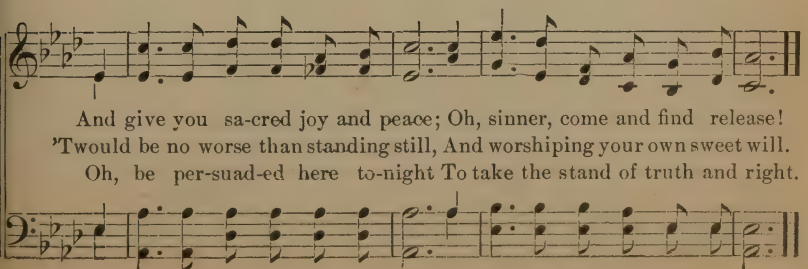
- 
1. Oh, hear-ken to the Sav-ior's voice! The gold - en time is now;
 2. Give up thy love of self and pride, The gold - en time is now;
 3. In ten - der accents hear him call, The gold - en time is now;



O-bey His word, make Him your choice, The gold-en time is now.
Tho' all your comrades may de - ride, The gold-en time is now.
On bend - ed knees be - fore Him fall, The gold-en time is now.



You take no risk in leav - ing sin, In asking Christ to dwell within,
E'en tho' you fail and die at last In sin's embrace, all fettered fast,
Your friends are of-f'ring fervent prayer, That you their faith and love may share;



And give you sa - cred joy and peace; Oh, sinner, come and find release!
'Twould be no worse than standing still, And worshiping your own sweet will.
Oh, be per - suad - ed here to - night To take the stand of truth and right.

SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.

No 123

Respectfully inscribed to W. E. Penn.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. We're a faith-ful pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the heavenly land,
2. Tho' the roll-ing bil-lows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell;
3. Tho' for ma-ny a-ges past She has long withstood the blast,

With a swell-ing sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tempest ra-ges
Tho' the break-ers roar up-on the lea, 'Mid the storm by day or
And in safe-ty crossed the bil-lows o'er; Yet, a-mid the rocks and

long, There is one a-mong the throng Who will guide the sail-or
night, If we trust our Captain's might, He will guide us safe-ly
shoals, She has land-ed ma-ny souls On fair Ca-naan's bright and

CHORUS.

o'er the deep. We are sail - - - ing o'er the
o'er the sea. We are sail-ing o'er the o - cean, We are
peace-ful shore.

o - - - cean, We are drift - - - ing with the
drift-ing with the tide, We are sail-ing o'er the o - cean, We are

SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN. Concluded.

tide; Soon the storms will all be
 drift-ing with the tide; Soon the storms will all be o - ver, Soon the

o - - - - ver, And we'll reach the oth - er side.
 storms will all be o - ver, And we'll safe-ly reach the oth - er side.

TILL HE COME.

No 124

W. E. PENN.

FINE.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords!
 D.C. Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"

2. When the wea - ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a - bove;
 D.C. Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"

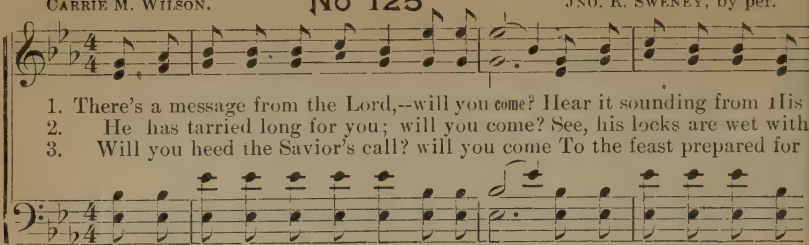
Let the "Lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
 When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear.

WILL YOU COME?

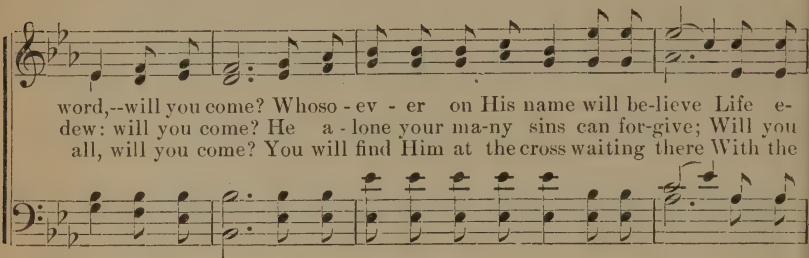
CARRIE M. WILSON.

No 125

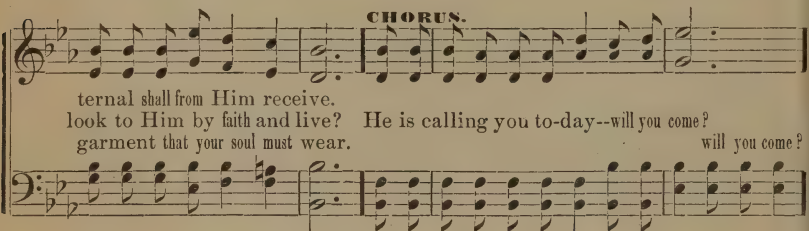
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. There's a message from the Lord,--will you come? Hear it sounding from His
2. He has tarried long for you; will you come? See, his locks are wet with
3. Will you heed the Savior's call? will you come To the feast prepared for

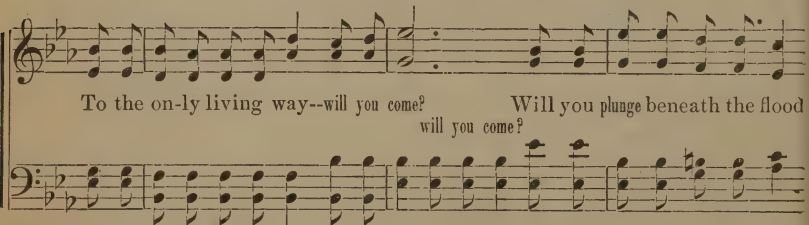


word,--will you come? Whoso - ev - er on His name will be-lieve Life e-
dew: will you come? He a - lone your ma - ny sins can for-give; Will you
all, will you come? You will find Him at the cross waiting there With the

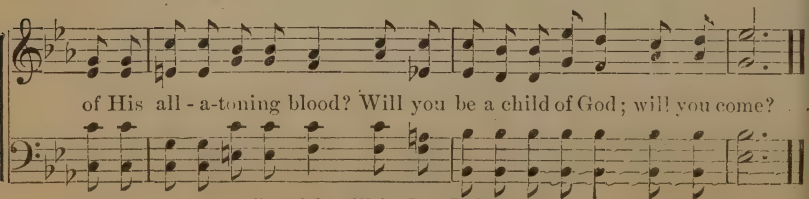


CHORUS.

ternal shall from Him receive.
look to Him by faith and live? He is calling you to-day--will you come?
garment that your soul must wear. will you come?



To the on-ly living way--will you come? Will you plunge beneath the flood
will you come?



of His all - a - toning blood? Will you be a child of God; will you come?

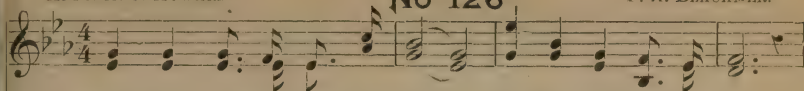
BY AND BY.

That where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14:3.

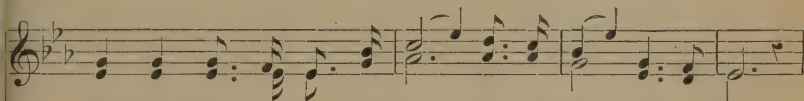
ANNA H. C. HOWARD.

No 126

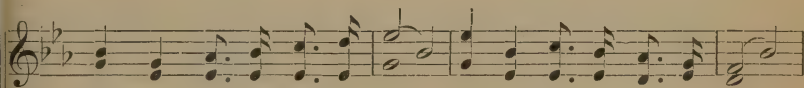
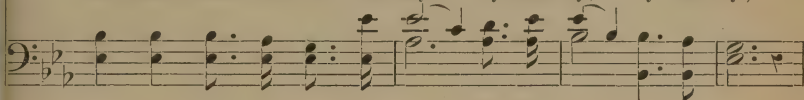
F. A. BLACKMER.



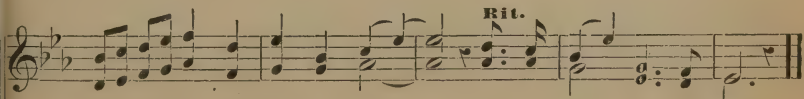
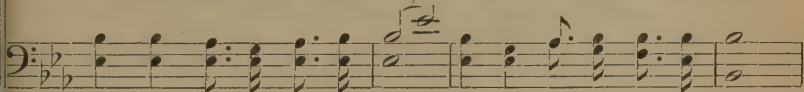
1. There will be no sin nor pain By and by, by and by;
2. When life's lessons we shall learn By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see him eye to eye By and by, by and by;



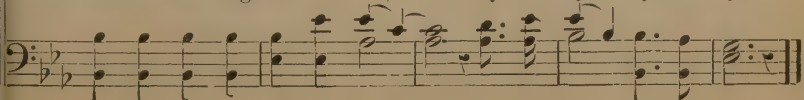
All that's dark will be made plain By and by, by and by;
 Je - sus' voice we shall dis - cern By and by, by and by;
 We shall meet Him in the sky By and by, by and by;



For the Lord will come a - gain— Oh, how glo - ri - ous His reign!—
 He will ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh, Let us lift our heads on high,
 We shall hear His ten - der tone, We shall be no more a - lone.



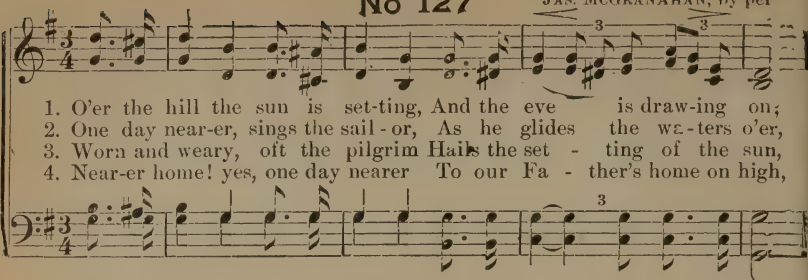
Like the sunshine af - ter rain, . . By and by, by and by.
 Our re - demption draweth nigh, . . By and by, by and by.
 He is com - ing to His own, . . By and by, by and by.



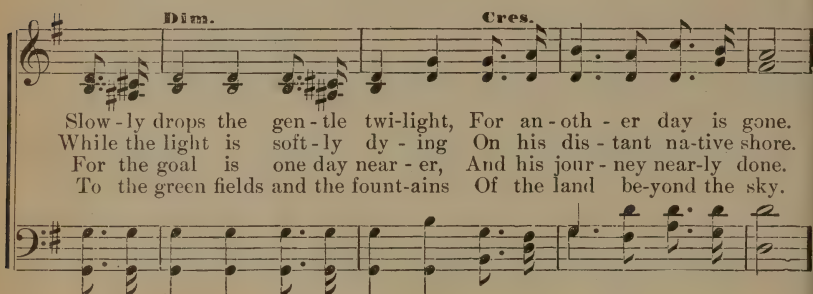
NEARER HOME.

No 127

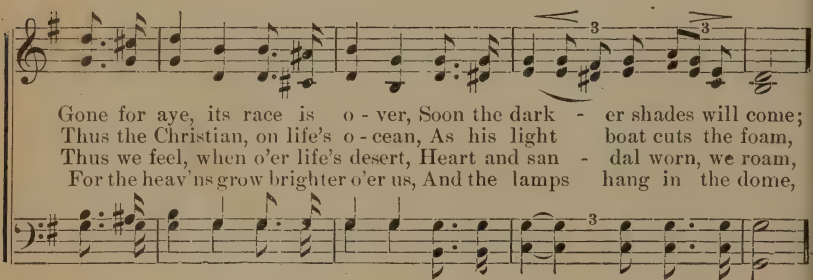
JAS. McGRANAHAN, by per



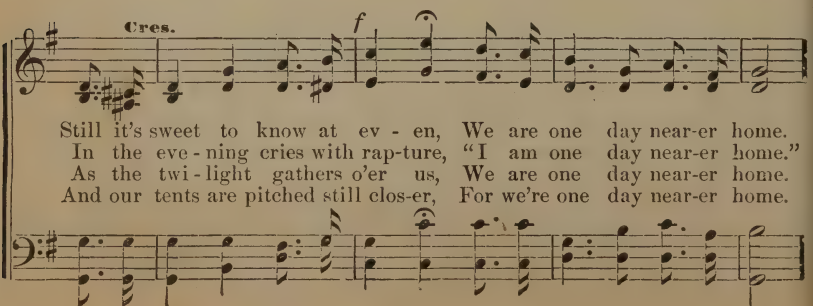
1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
 2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er,
 3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the set-ting of the sun,
 4. Near-er home! yes, one day nearer To our Fa-ther's home on high,



Dim. *Cres.*
 Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone.
 While the light is soft-ly dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore.
 For the goal is one day near-er, And his jour-ney near-ly done.
 To the green fields and the fount-ains Of the land be-yond the sky.



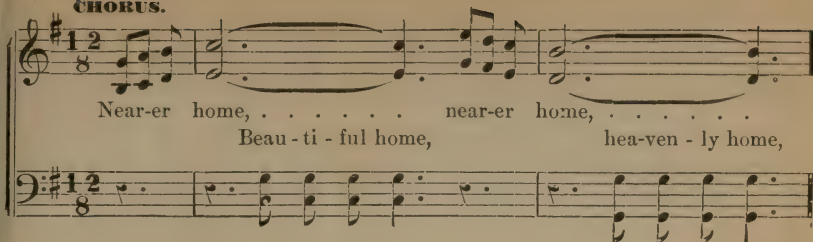
Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come;
 Thus the Christian, on life's o-cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
 Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert, Heart and san-dal worn, we roam,
 For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,



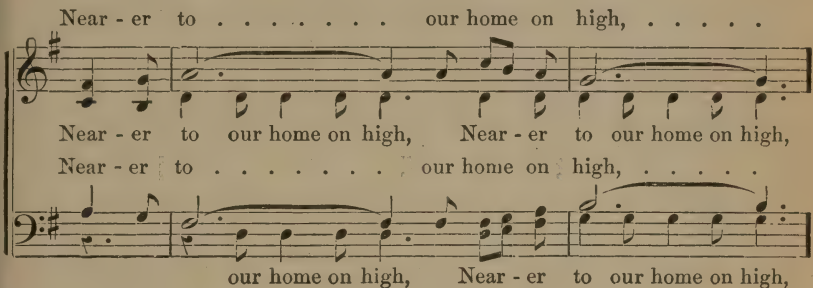
Cres. *f*
 Still it's sweet to know at ev-en, We are one day near-er home.
 In the eve-ning cries with rap-ture, "I am one day near-er home."
 As the twi-light gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
 And our tents are pitched still clos-er, For we're one day near-er home.

NEARER HOME. Concluded.

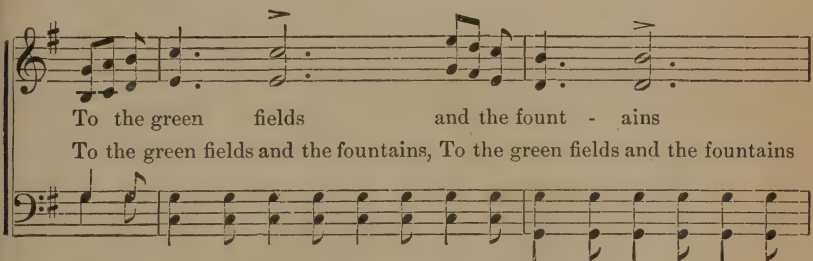
CHORUS.



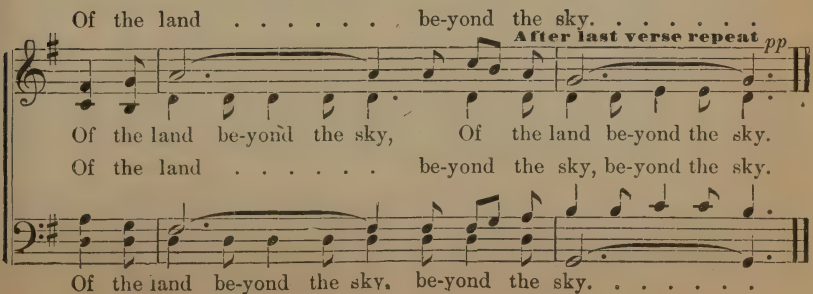
Near-er home, near-er home,
 Beau-ti-ful home, hea-ven-ly home,



Near-er to our home on high,
 Near-er to our home on high, Near-er to our home on high,
 Near-er to our home on high,
 our home on high, Near-er to our home on high,



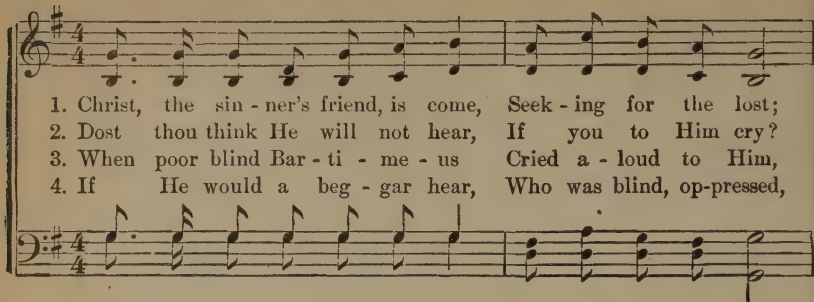
To the green fields and the fount-ains
 To the green fields and the fountains, To the green fields and the fountains



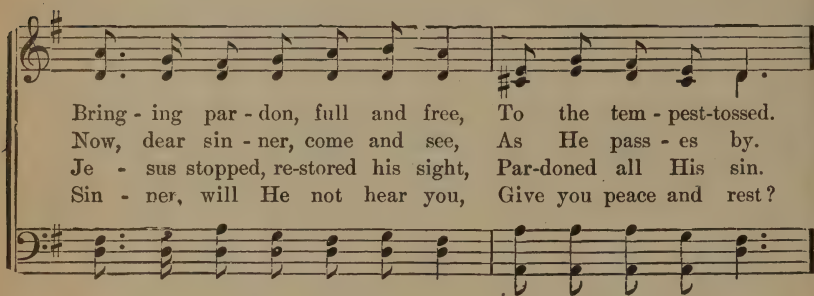
Of the land be-yond the sky.
 After last verse repeat *pp*
 Of the land be-yond the sky, Of the land be-yond the sky.
 Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.
 Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.

No 128 THE SINNER'S FRIEND IS COME.

J. M. HUNT. *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1:15.* J. M. HUNT.

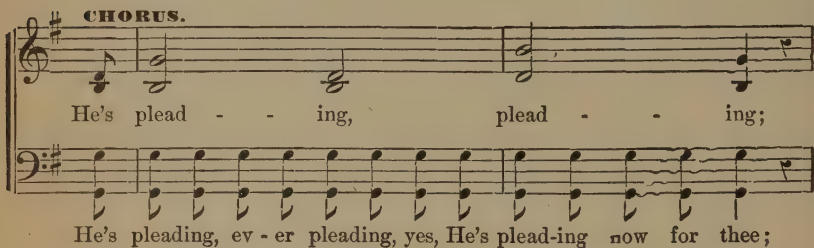


1. Christ, the sin - ner's friend, is come, Seek - ing for the lost;
 2. Dost thou think He will not hear, If you to Him cry?
 3. When poor blind Bar - ti - me - us Cried a - loud to Him,
 4. If He would a beg - gar hear, Who was blind, op-pressed,

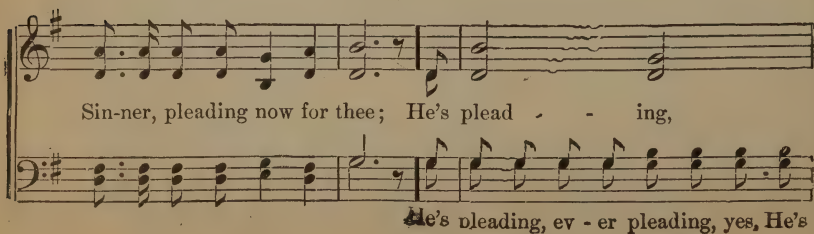


Bring - ing par - don, full and free, To the tem - pest-tossed.
 Now, dear sin - ner, come and see, As He pass - es by.
 Je - sus stopped, re-stored his sight, Par-doned all His sin.
 Sin - ner, will He not hear you, Give you peace and rest?

CHORUS.



He's plead - - ing, plead - - ing;
 He's pleading, ev - er pleading, yes, He's plead-ing now for thee;



Sin-ner, pleading now for thee; He's plead - - ing,
 He's pleading, ev - er pleading, yes, He's

THE SINNER'S FRIEND. Concluded.

plead - - - ing; Sin - ner plead - ing now for thee.
plead - ing now for thee;

WE SHALL MEET.

G. R. STREET.

No 129

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

This tune is adapted to "Shall We Meet."

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er In the hap - py climes a - bove.
2. There we'll meet our bless - ed Sav - ior, Who hath bought us with His blood;
3. There no death shall ev - er en - ter, Nei - ther sor - row nor dis - may;

Where, in all the blest for - ev - er, We shall sing re - deem - ing love.
Then we'll sing His praise for - ev - er Round the shin - ing throne of God.
But the Lord will gen - tly lead us, And will wipe all tears a - way.

D. S. We shall meet be yond the riv - er, We shall meet each oth - er there.

REFRAIN.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet each oth - er there.

HE HATH HEARD MY CRY.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.—Psa. 40 : 2.

MES. T. M. GRIFFIN.

No 130

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Hushed is ev-'ry sob of anguish, Peace hath stilled each troubled sigh;
 2. Up to joy from deep con-tri-tion, Out of dark-ness in - to day;
 3. Let me tell the Savior's pow - er O - ver death and woe and sin;

And no more in doubt I languish, For the Lord hath heard my cry.
 To the Rock of my sal - va - tion, God hath led me all the way.
 How He sends the dark-est hour, All in love, the soul to win.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing . . . the won - drous sto - ry! Je - sus
 Sing, oh, sing the won - drous sto - ry!

was . . . my on - ly plea; Sing, oh, sing! . . . give
 Je - sus is my on - ly plea; Sing, oh, sing! give


Christ the glo - ry, My Re-deem - er's made me free.
 Christ the glo - ry, My Re-deem - er's made me free.

WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

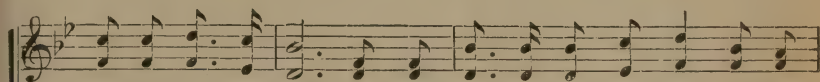
Words adapted.

No 131 Col. 1:3

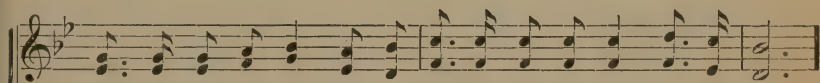
I. BALTZEL.



1. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; You are not a-lone, my
2. We will pray for one an-oth-er, we will pray; Tho' we meet with ma-ny




broth-er, in the way; For the Sav-ior's by your side, And the
tri-als on our way; If we sit at Je-sus' feet, When He

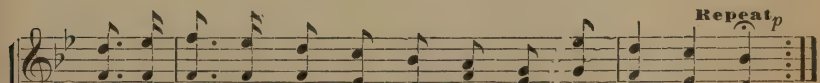


Bi-ble is your guide, If you live by faith and prayer ev-'ry day.
comes our souls to greet, We will find His promise sure ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.



We will pray, We will pray,
We will pray for one an-oth-er, We will pray for one an-oth-er,



We will pray for one an-oth-er Till we all get home.

MAGNIFY HIS NAME.

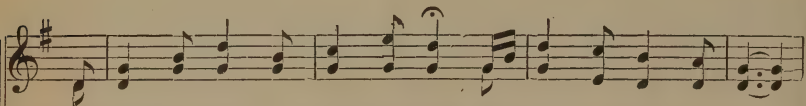
J. M. HUNT.

No 132 Read Psa. 117.

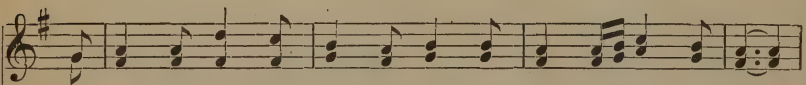
J. M. HUNT,



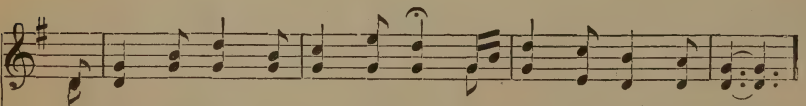
1. Oh, praise the Lord, who, to this world, Has brought sal-va - tion free;
2. His kind-ness, ev - er great t'ward us, Is from a lov - ing heart
3. His words of truth and acts of love For ev - er - more en - dure,



With thank-ful voic - es shout His name Throughout e - ter - ni - ty;
That ev - er yearns for us to live, And does a Sav-iour's part;
And, to our souls, His arms will be An an - chor, steadfast, sure.



Oh, praise Him, all ye ransomed ones, Loud mag - ni - fy the name
He gave His life to ran - som us, In mer - cy for us pleads;
Praise ye the Lord for all He's done! Send forth your songs of love,

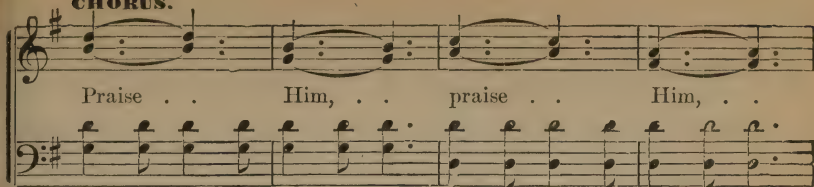


Of Him, who for the na - tions all, So meek and low - ly, came.
That we may live in mansions bright, With God He in - ter - cedes.
And faith-ful lean up - on His arm, And live with Him a - bove.

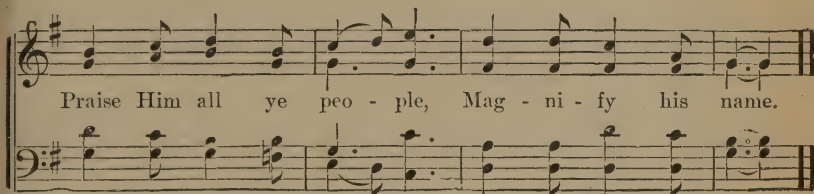


MAGNIFY HIS NAME. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Praise Him all ye na-tions, praise, Praise Him all ye na-tions, praise;



Praise Him all ye peo - ple, Mag - ni - fy his name.

No 133

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

No 134

- 1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort
fraught:
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
- CHO.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
- 5* And when at last the saints shall rise
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
I'll shout and sing through endless day
The Lord hath led me ALL the way.

*The last verse by W. E. PENN.

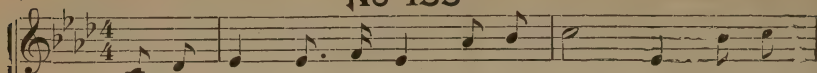
THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

As the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore.—Gen. 22: 17.

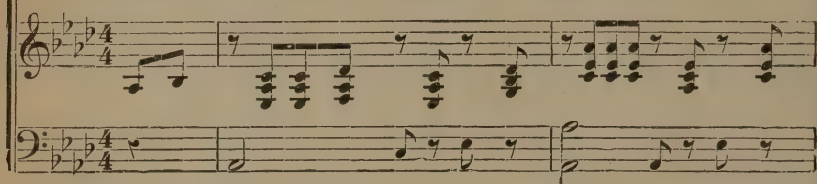
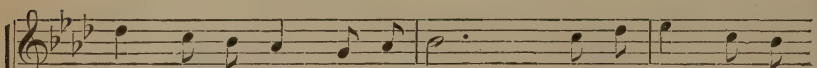
F. A. B.

No 135

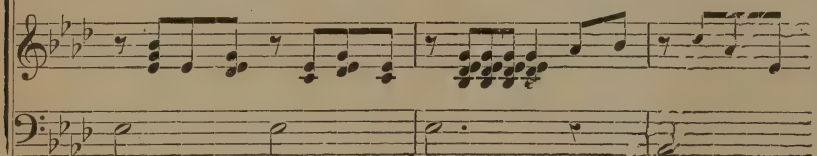
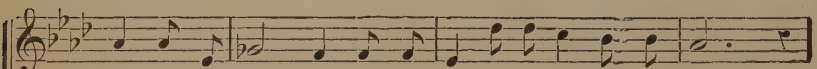
F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



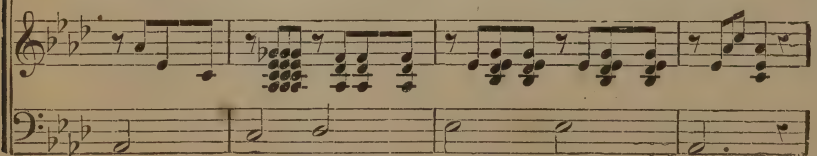
1. When we en - ter the por - tals of glo - ry, And the
 2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from
 3. When we stand by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the
 4. When we look on the form that re-deemed us, And His

great host of ran - somed we see, As the num - ber-less
 cru - el death part - ings are free, Greet-ing there with a
 shade of the life - giv-ing tree, Gaz-ing out o'er the
 glo - ry and ma - jes - ty see, While as King of the

sand of the sea-shore, What a won-derful sight that will be.
 heav-en - ly greet-ing, What a won-derful sight that will be.
 fair land of prom - ise, What a won-derful sight that will be.
 saints He is reign-ing, What a won-derful sight that will be.



THE NUMBERLESS HOST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

of the sea - - shore,

Numberless as the sand Numberless as the sand, Numberless as the

sand, as the sand of the shore, Oh, what a sight 'twill be When the

No 136 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from NAGELI.

1. How sol - emn are the words, And yet to faith how plain,
2. "Ye must be born a - gain!" For so hath God de - creed;
3. "Ye must be born a - gain!" And life in Christ must have;
4. "Ye must be born a - gain!" Or nev - er en - ter heaven;

Which Je - sus ut - tered while on earth—Ye must be born a - gain!
No re - form - a - tion will suf - fice—'Tis life poor sin - ners need.
In vain the soul may else - where go—'Tis He a - lone can save.
'Tis on - ly blood-washed ones are there—The ransomed and for-given.

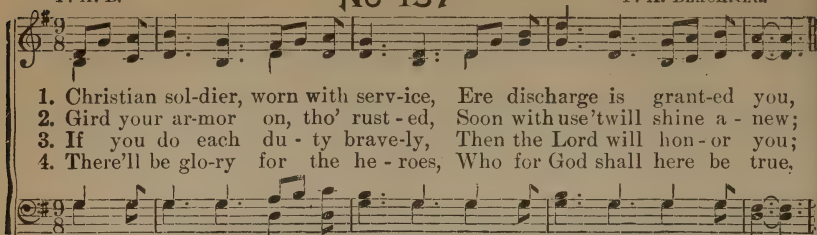
THE GRAND REVIEW.

And before Him shall be gathered all nations.—Matt 25: 32.

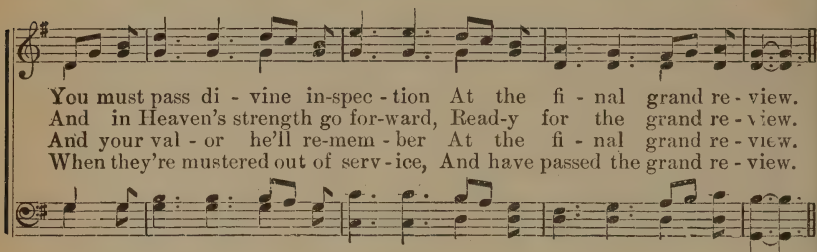
F. A. B.

No 137

F. A. BLACKMER.

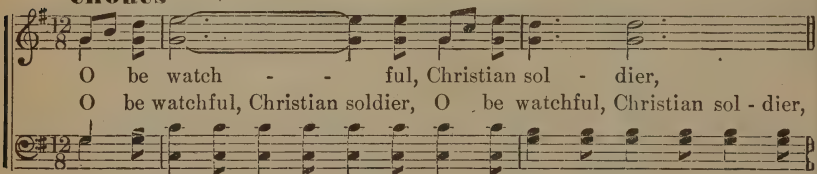


1. Christian sol-dier, worn with serv-ice, Ere discharge is grant-ed you,
 2. Gird your ar-mor on, tho' rust-ed, Soon with use'twill shine a - new;
 3. If you do each du - ty brave-ly, Then the Lord will hon-or you;
 4. There'll be glo-ry for the he - roes, Who for God shall here be true,

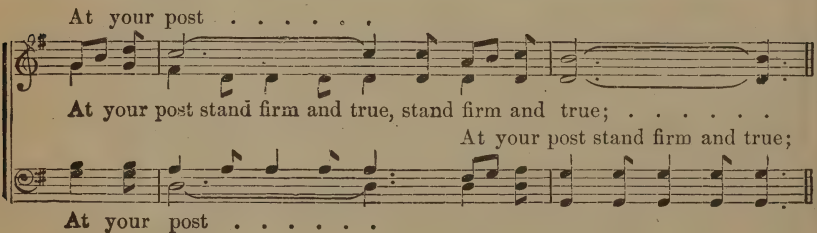


You must pass di - vine in-spec - tion At the fi - nal grand re - view.
 And in Heaven's strength go for-ward, Read-y for the grand re - view.
 And your val - or he'll re-mem - ber At the fi - nal grand re - view.
 When they're mustered out of serv-ice, And have passed the grand re - view.

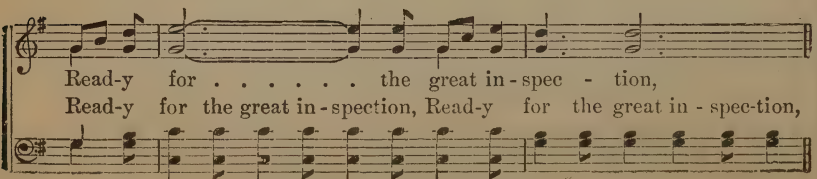
CHORUS



O be watch - - ful, Christian sol - dier,
 O be watchful, Christian soldier, O be watchful, Christian sol - dier,

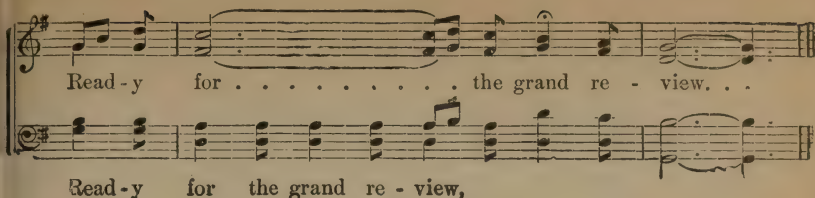


At your post
 At your post stand firm and true, stand firm and true;
 At your post stand firm and true;
 At your post



Read-y for the great in-spec - tion,
 Read-y for the great in-spec-tion, Read-y for the great in - spec-tion,

THE GRAND REVIEW. Concluded.

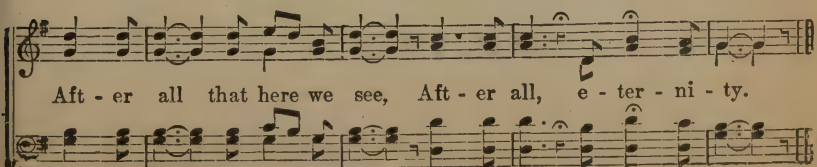
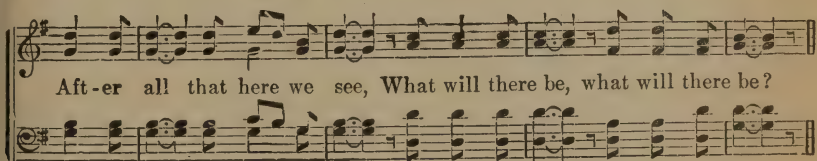
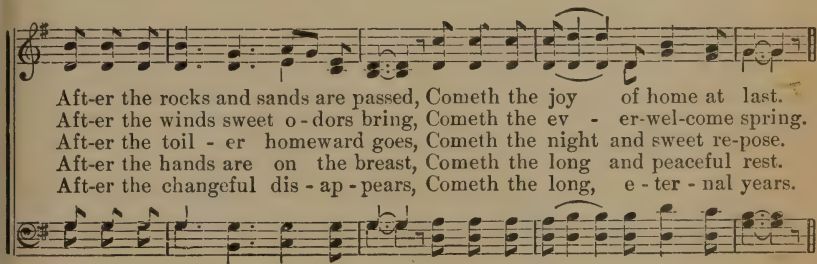
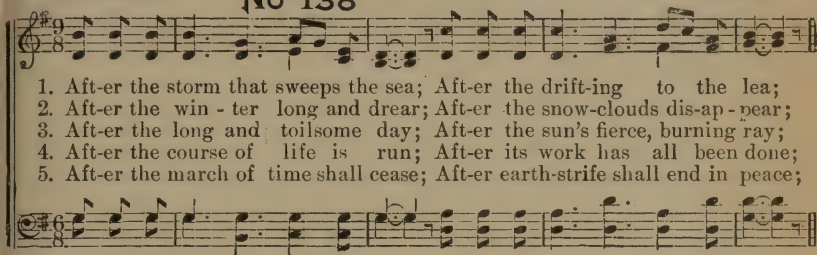


AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE.

No 138

F. A. BLACKMER.



BENEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING.

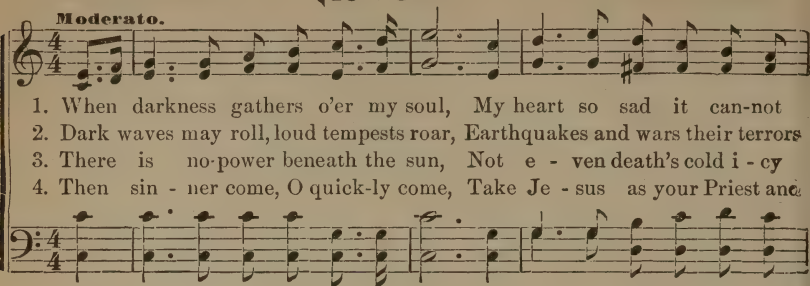
"As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." Matt. 23: 37.

REV. W. E. PENN.

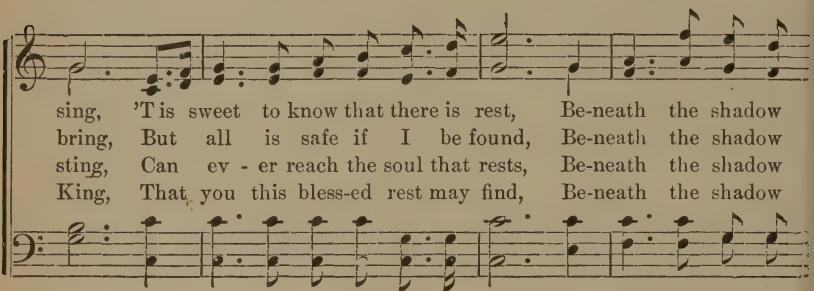
No 139

REV. I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

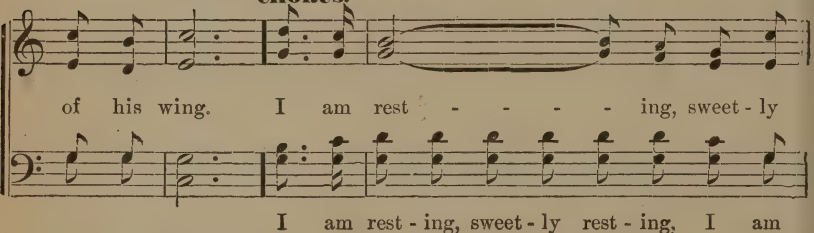


1. When darkness gathers o'er my soul, My heart so sad it can-not
2. Dark waves may roll, loud tempests roar, Earthquakes and wars their terrors
3. There is no-power beneath the sun, Not e - ven death's cold i - cy
4. Then sin - ner come, O quick-ly come, Take Je - sus as your Priest and

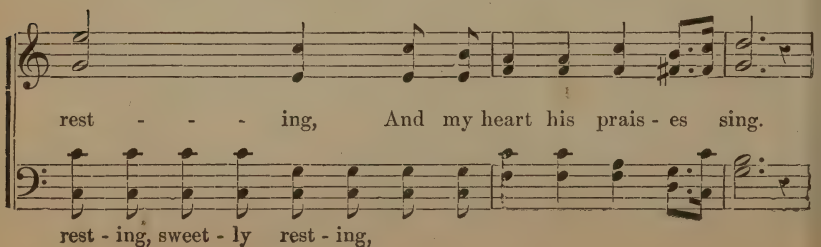


sing, 'Tis sweet to know that there is rest, Be-neath the shadow
bring, But all is safe if I be found, Be-neath the shadow
sting, Can ev - er reach the soul that rests, Be-neath the shadow
King, That you this bless-ed rest may find, Be-neath the shadow

CHORUS.



of his wing. I am rest - - - ing, sweet - ly
I am rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, I am



rest - - - ing, And my heart his prais - es sing.
rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing,

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING. Concluded.

Rest-ing in the love of Je-sus, 'Neath the shadow of his wing.

No. 140. CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring
2. Sinners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, Go
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To
4. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring
spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all; Go
him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all; To
join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all; We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

No 141

By per. O. DITSON & Co.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou lamb of Calvary, Savior divine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior!

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love for thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distress remove, Oh, bear me safe above A ransomed soul!

I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

Central Presbyterian.

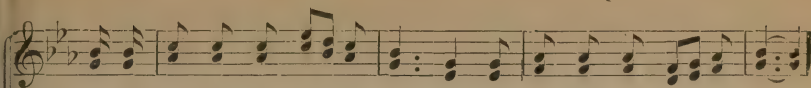
No 142

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I have longed for the bliss of par-don, And sighed to be cleansed from sin;
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in the darkness, And pray till the light I see;
3. I have longed for the bliss of par-don, And sighed to be cleansed from sin;

And I know if I come be-liev-ing, My Sa-vior will let me in;
 For the blood that he cleansed the vil-est, Will sure-ly a-vail for me;
 And I knock at the door be-liev-ing, That Je-sus will let me in;

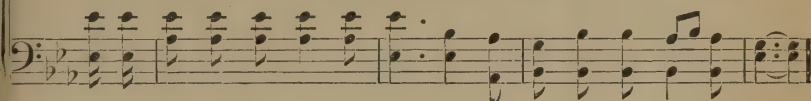
I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.



For the door of his love is o - pen, He wait-eth for those who seek,
I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died,
Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I trem-ble with fear no move,



But I tremble with fear and doubting, Oh, why is my faith so weak.
And with on - ly my heart to give him, I haste to his bless - ed side.
'Tis my Sav - ior that bids me wel - come, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.



I'll en - ter the o - pen door, . I'll en - ter the o - pen door, . 'Tis
o - pen door, o - pen door,



Je - sus in - vites, I'll en - ter in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.



TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

"If I take the wings of the morning."—Psalm 89: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Allegro.

No 143

1. Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight To Je - sus, thy
 2. Fly a - way to thy Sav - ior, He waits to for - give; One look of His
 3. On the wings of the morn - ing fly home to his breast—There only thy

Savior, thy hope and thy light; The fount of His mercy is o - pen for thee,
 love, and thy spirit shall live; Thy faith will secure thee His blessing divine;
 refuge, there on - ly thy rest; The moments are precious, the noontide is near;

REFRAIN.

Go wash and be cleaned in its waters so free.
 Go plead thou His merits, and peace will be thine. Take the wings of the morning and
 Fly home to thy Savior, oh, linger not here.

Dim.

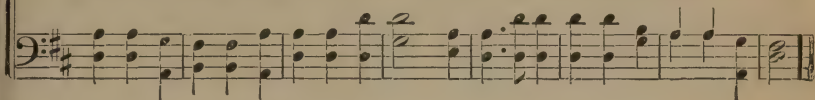
Tempo.

' fly, . . . Ere the darkness shall cover the sky; . . . Fly a -
 homeward now fly, . . . shall cover the sky;

TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING. Concluded.



way from the shadows that o-ver thee roll, And find in thy Savior the home of thy soul.



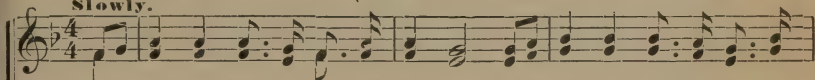
BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

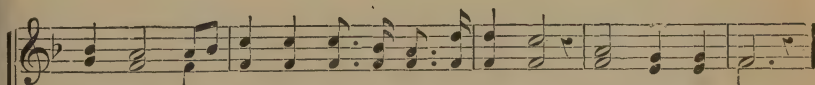
No 144

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

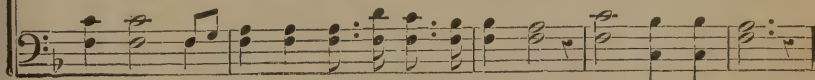
Slowly.



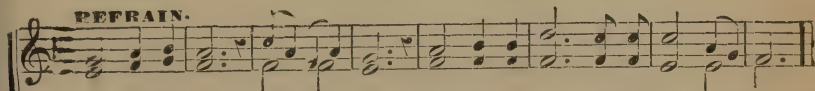
- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Be-yond the smiling and the weep-ing, | Be-yond the wak-ing and the |
| 2. Be-yond the blooming and the fad-ing, | Be-yond the shin-ing and the |
| 3. Be-yond the parting and the meet-ing, | Be-yond the farewell and the |



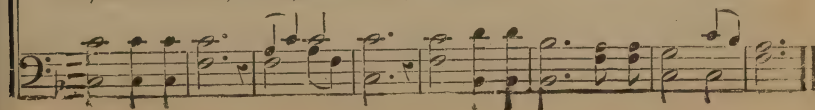
sleep-ing,	Be-yond the sow-ing and the reaping,	I shall be soon.
shad-ing,	Be-yond the hop-ing and the dreading,	I shall be soon.
greet-ing,	Be-yond the pul-ses fe-ver beat-ing,	I shall be soon.



REFRAIN.



Leve, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home, Lord, tarry not, tar-ry not, but come.



HEAR HIM CALLING.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

No 145

DR. A. B. EVERETT. By per.

1. Are you stay-ing, safe-ly stay-ing, In the ten-der Shepherd's
 2. Are you hear-ing, glad-ly hear-ing, How he bids his fold-ed
 3. Are you roam-ing, long-er roaming, In the cold, dark night of

peace-ful fold? No, I'm stray-ing, sad-ly stray-ing, On the
 flock re-joice? No, I'm fear-ing, sad-ly fear-ing, I have
 doubt and sin? No, I'm com-ing, quickly com-ing, O - pen

REFRAIN.

lone-ly mountains, dark and cold.
 fol-lowed far the stranger's voice. On your ear his lov-ing tones are
 Door, make haste to let me in.

fall-ing, For he seeks you, where-so-e'er you roam. Hear him

call-ing, sweet-ly call-ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

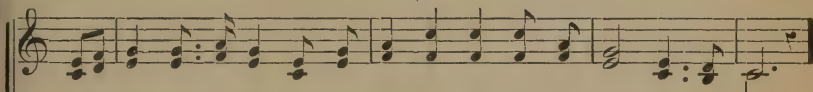
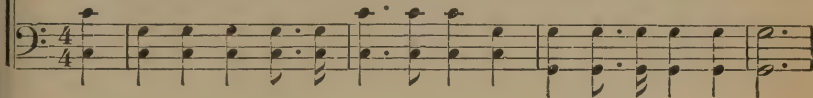
No 146

Who loved me and gave himself for me.—Gal. 2: 20.

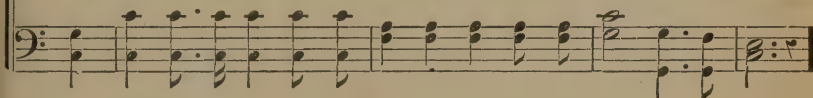
J. M. HUNT:



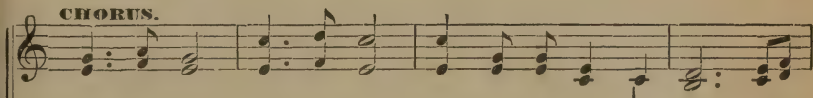
1. There is no love like the love of Je-sus, Nev - er to fade or fall,
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je-sus, Filled with a ten-der love;
3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je-sus; Oh, may we nev - er roam,



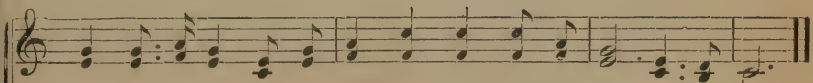
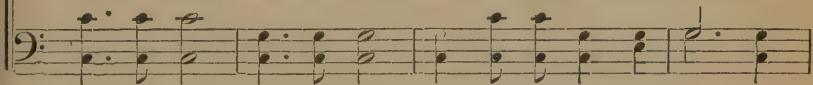
Till in - to the fold of the peace of God, He has gath-ered us all.
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.
Till safe at last on His loving breast, In the dear, heavenly home.



CHORUS.



Je - sus' love, pre-cious love, Boundless and pure and free; Oh,



turn to that love, wea-ry wand'ring soul, Je-sus plead-eth for thee.

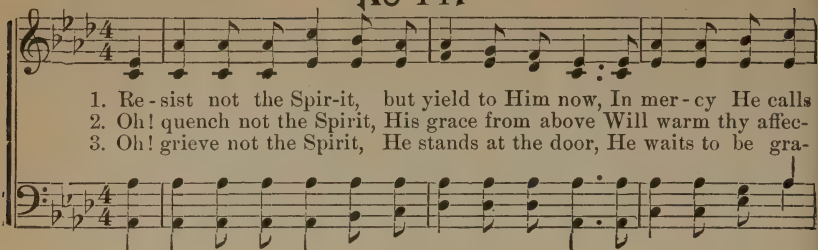


THREE WARNINGS.

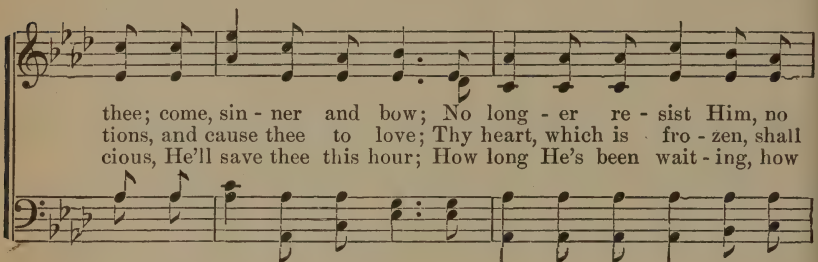
REV. W. T. DALE.

No 147

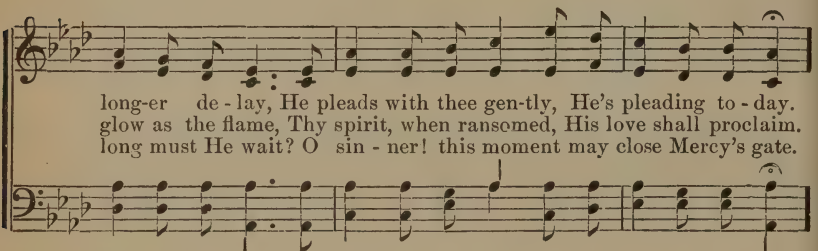
CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



1. Re - sist not the Spir - it, but yield to Him now, In mer - cy He calls
 2. Oh! quench not the Spirit, His grace from above Will warm thy affec -
 3. Oh! grieve not the Spirit, He stands at the door, He waits to be gra -



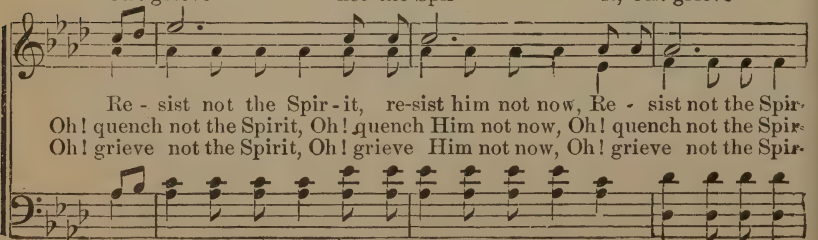
thee; come, sin - ner and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no
 tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is fro - zen, shall
 cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how



long - er de - lay, He pleads with thee gen - tly, He's pleading to - day.
 glow as the flame, Thy spirit, when ransomed, His love shall proclaim.
 long must He wait? O sin - ner! this moment may close Mercy's gate.

CHORUS.

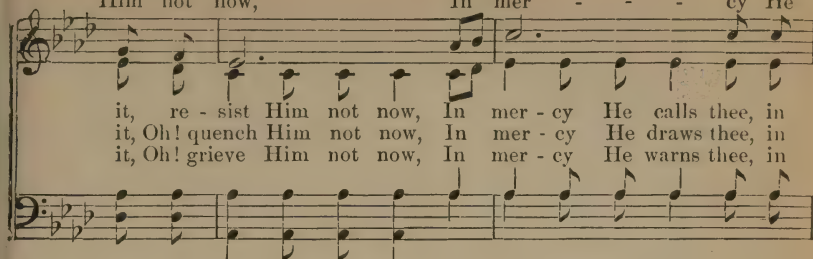
Re - sist	not the Spir	- -	it, re-sist
Oh! quench	not the Spir	- -	it, Oh! quench
Oh! grieve	not the Spir	- -	it, Oh! grieve



Re - sist not the Spir - it, re-sist him not now, Re - sist not the Spir -
 Oh! quench not the Spirit, Oh! quench Him not now, Oh! quench not the Spir -
 Oh! grieve not the Spirit, Oh! grieve Him not now, Oh! grieve not the Spir -

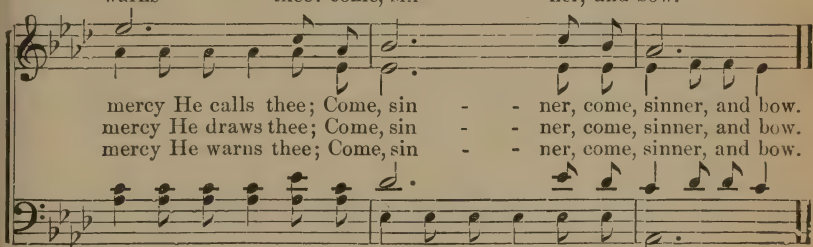
THREE WARNINGS. Concluded.

Him not now,	In mer - - - cy He
Him not now,	In mer - - - cy He
Him not now,	In mer - - - cy He



it, re - sist Him not now,	In mer - cy He calls thee, in
it, Oh! quench Him not now,	In mer - cy He draws thee, in
it, Oh! grieve Him not now,	In mer - cy He warns thee, in

calls	thee; come, sin	- -	ner, and bow.
draws	thee; come, sin	- -	ner, and bow.
warns	thee! come, sin	- -	ner, and bow.



mercy He calls thee; Come, sin	- -	ner, come, sinner, and bow.
mercy He draws thee; Come, sin	- -	ner, come, sinner, and bow.
mercy He warns thee; Come, sin	- -	ner, come, sinner, and bow.

Come, sinner, come, sin-ner, and bow.

No 148

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

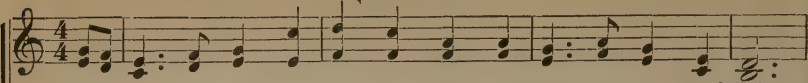
No 149

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

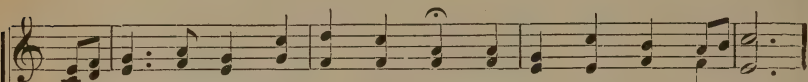
BRIGHT FOR EVERMORE.

No 150

J. M. HUNT.

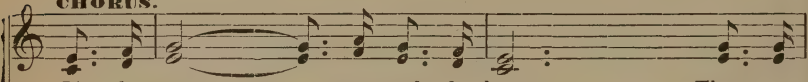


1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
 2. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heavenly man - sion fair,
 3. We soon shall leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by,




Where ev'n - ing shad - ows nev - er fall, The Sav - iour is its light.
 And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
 And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

CHORUS.



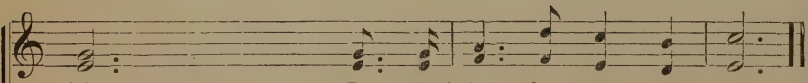
If the cross . . . we meek - ly bear, Then a

If the cross . . . we meek - ly bear,



crown we shall wear, When we dwell . . . among the

Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell



fair, In the bright for ev - er - more.

a - mong the fair,

I AM THE WAY.

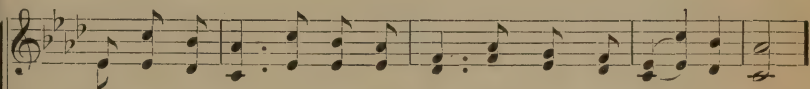
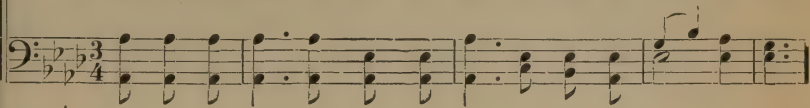
W. E. PENN.

No 151

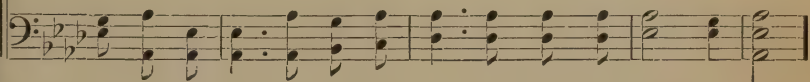
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



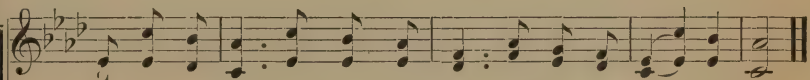
1. Be-hold, the Sav-ior stands to-day, And knocketh at thy heart,
2. O sin-ner, wilt thou now re-fuse To heed his ten-der cry?
3. Once more he cries, "I am the way, The way of life to thee,"



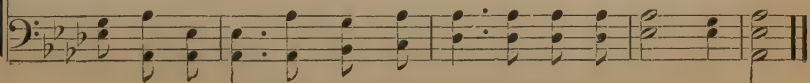
And sweet-ly says, "I am the way. Come choose the bet-ter part."
And wilt thou all his love a-buse? O turn, or thou must die.
Come then, O come, without de-lay, From sin and death be free.



I am the way, the way of life To ev-ery sin-sick soul.



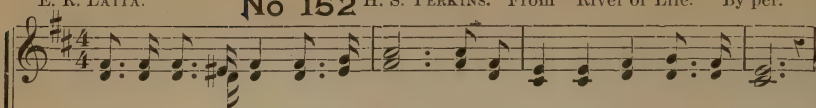
O come, O come, with-out de-lay, And thou shalt be made whole.



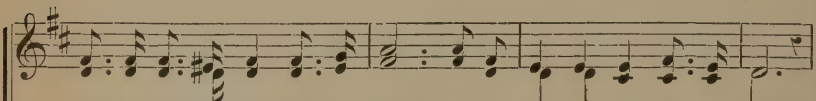
WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTA.

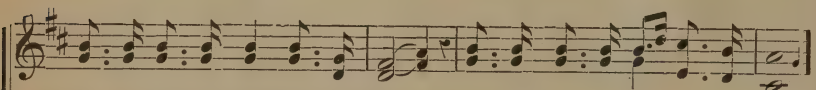
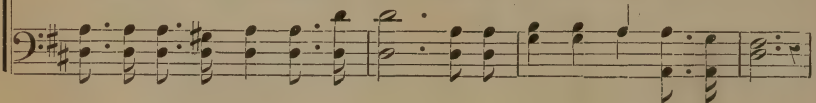
No 152 H. S. PERKINS. From "River of Life." By per.



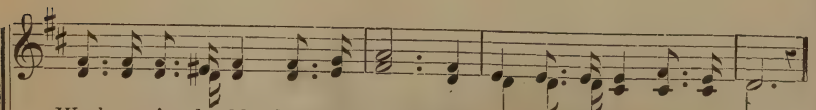
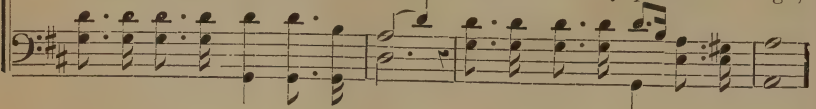
1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod - y o'er-came;
3. Father, I have wandered from thee; Oft - en has my heart gone a-stray;



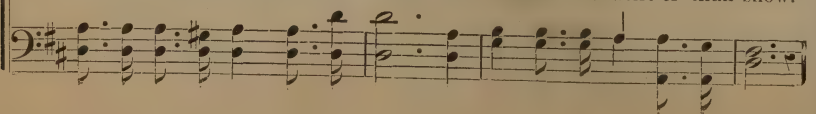
Blessed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by his stripes we are healed;
Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suf-fered not thus in vain;
Crimson do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter can not wash them a-way;



Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe;
May I to the fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je - sus to that fount-ain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I'll go;



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me with thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

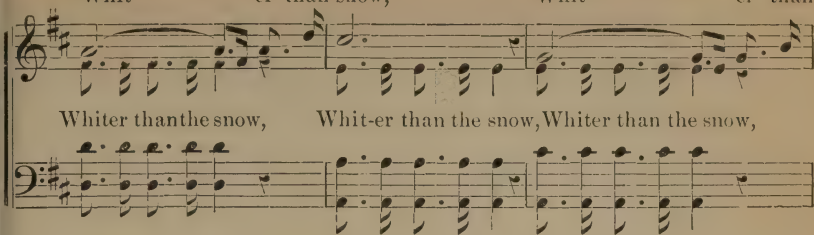


WHITER THAN SNOW. Concluded.

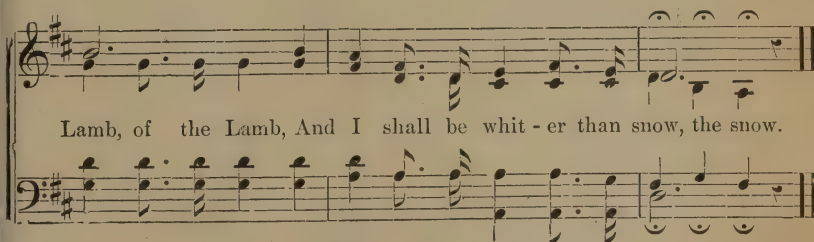
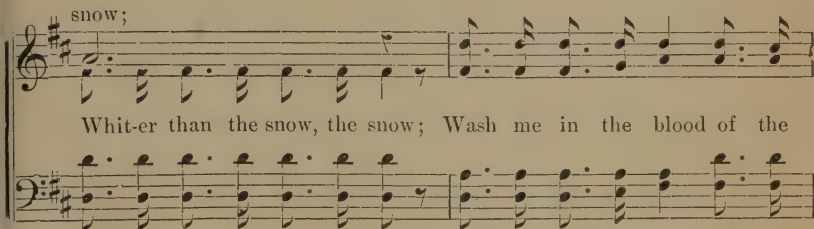
CHORUS.

Whit - - er than snow,

Whit - - er than



snow;



No 153

7s.

Pleasures of Religion.

1

'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2

After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity,
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

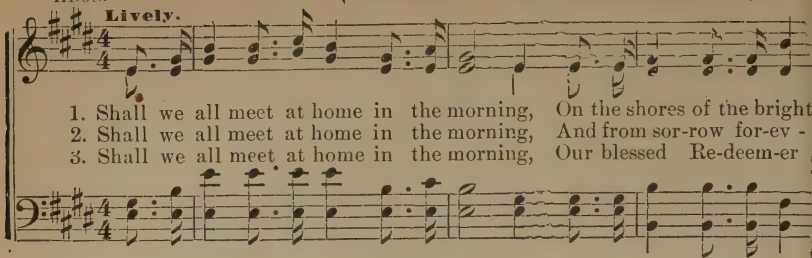
GATHERED HOME.

No 154

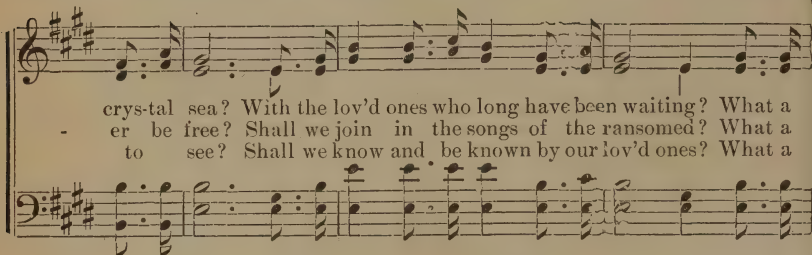
ANON.

CHAS. EDWD. POLLOCK, by per.

Lively.

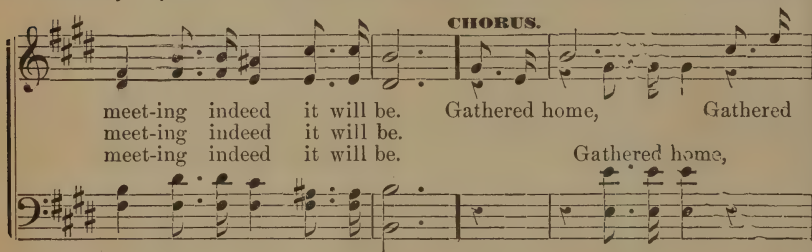


1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, On the shores of the bright
 2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, And from sor-row for-ev-
 3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, Our blessed Re-deem-er

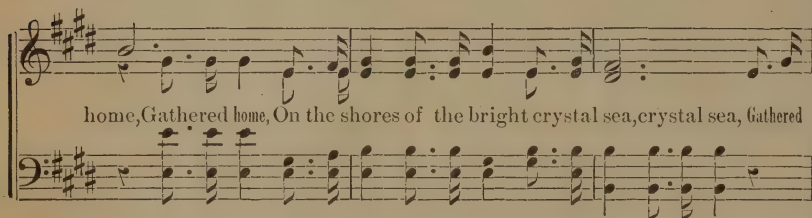


crystal sea? With the lov'd ones who long have been waiting? What a
 er be free? Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed? What a
 to see? Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones? What a

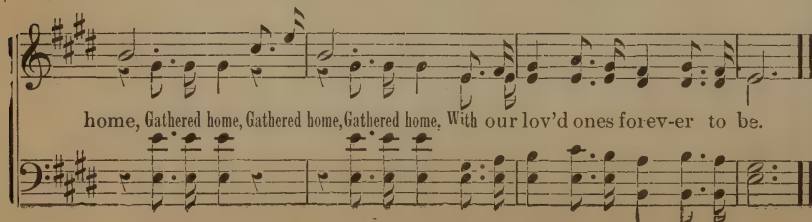
CHORUS.



meet-ing indeed it will be. Gathered home, Gathered
 meet-ing indeed it will be.
 meet-ing indeed it will be. Gathered home,



home, Gathered home, On the shores of the bright crystal sea, crystal sea, Gathered



home, Gathered home, Gathered home, Gathered home, With our lov'd ones forev-er to be.

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

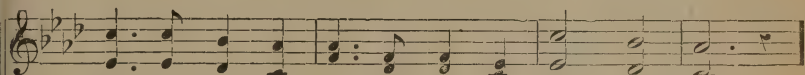
FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

No 155

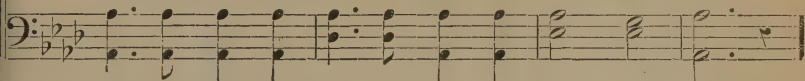
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



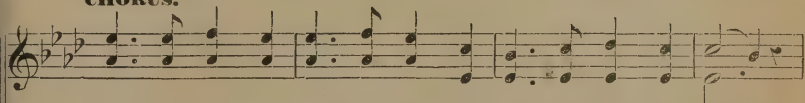
1. Prec-ious, prec-ious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Prec-ious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid,
3. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar - let glow,
4. Now the low - li - est with bold-ness, He may en - ter in,
5. Precious blood! by this we con - quer, In the fair - est fight;
6. Prec-ious, prec-ious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free,
7. Precious blood, whose full a - tone-ment Makes us nigh to God;



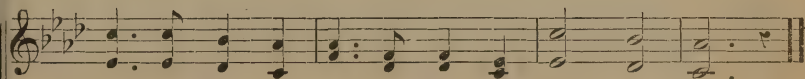
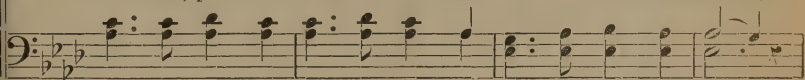
Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
 Je - sus' prec-ious blood can make them White as snow.
 For the o - pen fount - ain clean - eth From all sin.
 Sin and Sa - tan o - ver - com - ing By its might.
 Oh, be - lieve it, Oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee.
 Prec-ious blood, one song of glo - ry, Praise and laud.



CHORUS.



Prec-ious, prec-ious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole ;



Let it flow with might - y cleansing, O'er thy soul.



WHITE AS SNOW.

W. E. PENN:

Isaiah, 1: 15.

No 156

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. "Come now, and let us rea - son To - geth - er," saith the Lord;
2. "Tho' they be red like crim - son, They shall be made as wool;"
3. Did ev - er words so ten - der, E'er fall on mor - tal ear?
4. Then do not tar - ry lon - ger, If Je - sus you would know;

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Re - ly up - on my word.
Come now while time is giv - en, O wait not at the pool.
Such words of love and mer - cy, A sin - ner's heart to cheer?
Although your sins be crimson, He'll make them white as snow.

CHORUS.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow,
They shall be as white, as white as the snow, They shall be as white, as white as the snow.

Though your sins be as scar - let, They shall be white as snow.

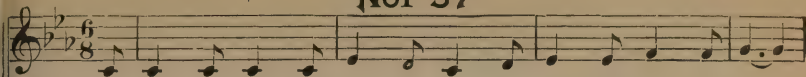
SONG OF THE LOST SOUL.

W. E. PENN.

And in hell he lifted up his eyes.—Luke 16: 23.

J. M. HUNT.

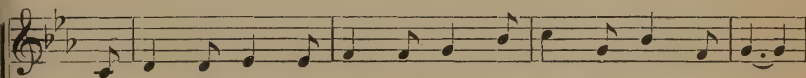
No 1 57



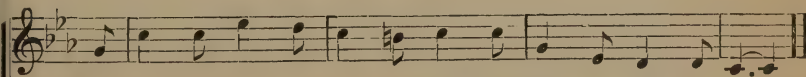
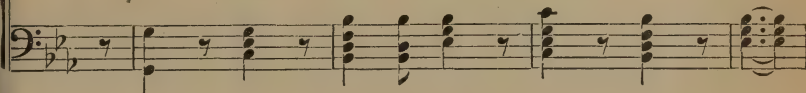
1. A - las, a - las, my day is passed! My day of grace is gone;
2. I can not tell how oft, how well, The warnings have been given;
3. And now I know, ah, yes, I know, That my poor soul is lost! ,



And I am left, sore-ly distressed, A wan-der-er for-lorn!
But this I know, ah, yes, I know That I re-ject-ed heav'n.
No Sav-iour nigh to hear my cry, My soul is tem-pest-tossed!



What can I do, where can I go, Ah! whither can I fly?
Oh, aw-ful thought, it comes unsought, That oft did God in-vite,
My sin-ner friends, there's no amends, No Sav-iour in the grave;



My soul is lost, for-ev-er lost; No God to hear my cry!
And whispered, come, for yet there's room, But I that voice did slight.
I warn you now, to Je-sus bow, That He your souls may save.



THEY ARE GATHERING.

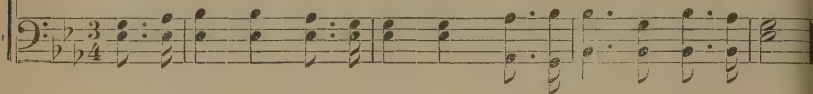
G. F. R.

No 158

G. F. R.



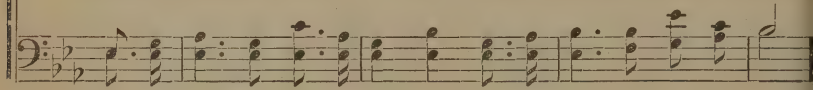
1. They are gath'ring, slow-ly gath'ring In the fair and fadeless land,
2. They are go - ing, slow-ly go - ing, One by one they dis - appear,
3. Still they're near us, ev - er near us, As we walk life's toilsome way,



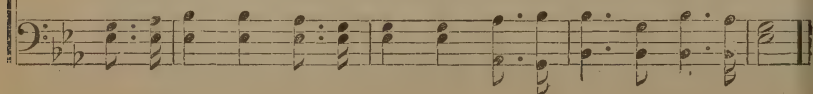
And the num-ber grow-eth larg - er, Wait-ing for us on the strand.
 Kindred, friends, and lit - tle children, To our lov - ing hearts so dear.
 Whisp'ring messa - ges from heav-en, Watching lest our feet should stray.



CHORUS.
 They have ent-ered life e - ter - nal, We shall see them here no more;



One by one we'll join their number, When our pil-grim-age is o'er.

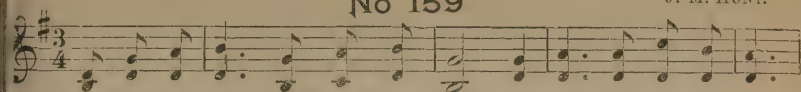


WILL I BE THERE?

And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne.—Rev. 4: 2.

No 159

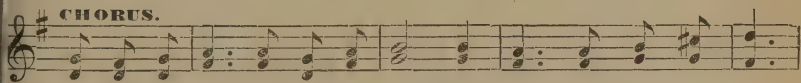
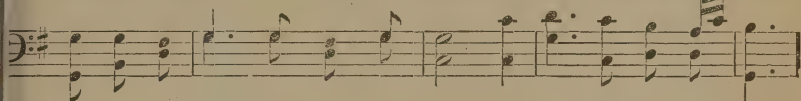
J. M. HUNT.



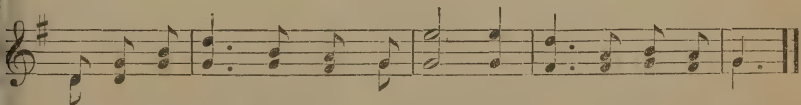
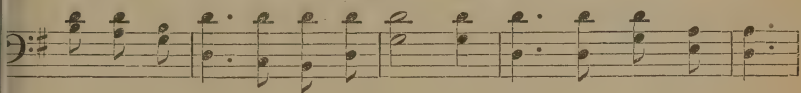
1. Around the great white throne some day, Dear friends shall gathered be,
2. Around the great white throne, sweet tho't, I may be kneeling there,
3. Teach me the way, O Sav-iour, dear; I am so weak in prayer;



Around the great white throne, O God, Will I be there with Thee?
 For Christ has said there is a way—It may be found by pray'r.
 Oh, that I may not go a - stray, I want to meet Thee there.



Will I be there, will you be there, When friends shall gathered be,



Around the great white throne a - bove, Will I be there with Thee?



FROM OVER THE TIDE.

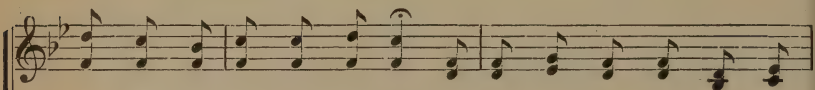
MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

No 160

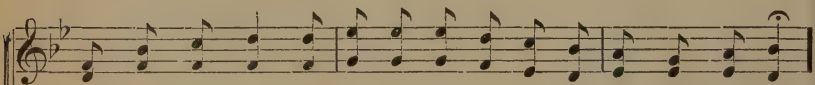
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK..



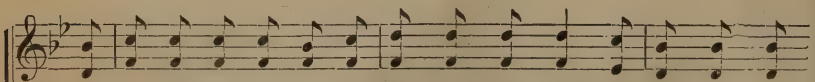
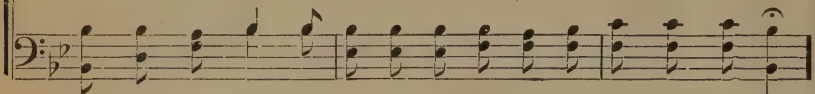
1. The glow of the morning is fa - ded and gone, Its pleasures like
2. The noon with its grandeur, its strength and its pride, Hath vanished like
3. The mes-sage is ten - der with ti - dings of love, Sent o - ver the



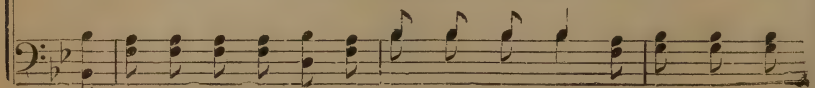
rain - bows of beau-ty are flown, Like birds to a sum - mer land
dew-drops up - on the way-side, The shades of the even - ing are
sea from the pal - ace a - bove, Tho' sor - rows and shad - ows a



dis - tant and bright, Its hopes and am - bi - tion have ta - ken their flight,
chas - ing the light, And mournfully sigh the low winds of the night,
sea - son a - bide, The day-spring is dawning just o - ver the tide,



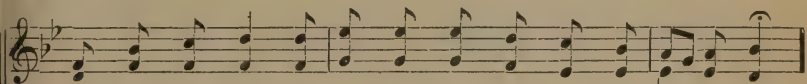
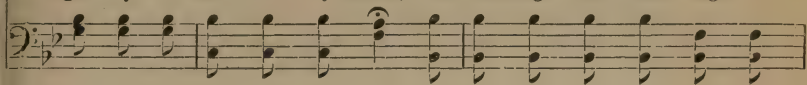
Yet still, for the soul there's a song in the air, And soft - ly 'tis
Yet still, there's a song for the soul in its pain, And sweet - ly 'tis
Yes, o - ver the wave comes the promise of dawn, The o - ri - ent



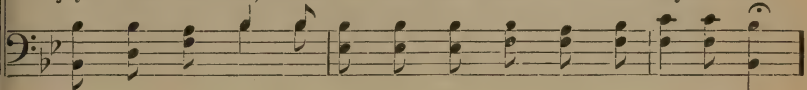
FROM OVER THE TIDE. Concluded.



waft-ed like breathings of pray'r, 'Tis com-ing with mes - sag - es
whispered like an - gel's re - frain, 'Tis com-ing with mes - sage of
glo - ry of God's ho - ly morn, 'Tis com-ing with mes - sage of



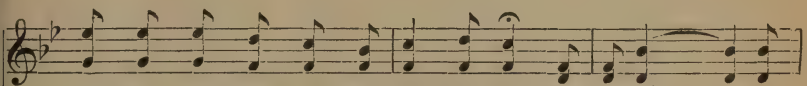
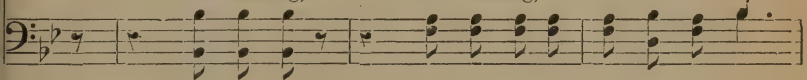
sweet un - to me, From o - ver the tide of the crys-tal sea.
cheer un - to me, From o - ver the tide of the crys-tal sea.
joy un - to me, From o - ver the tide of the crys-tal sea.



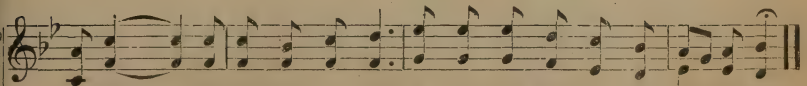
CHORUS.



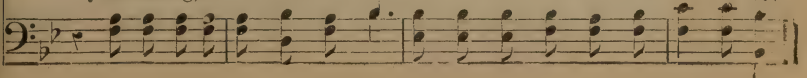
'Tis com - ing. . . 'Tis com - ing, . . . Yes coming to me,
'Tis coming, 'Tis coming,



O - ver the swell of the Jas - per sea, Yes coming, . . . Yes
Yes coming,



com-ing, . 'Tis com-ing to me, O - ver the tide of the crystal sea.
yes coming,



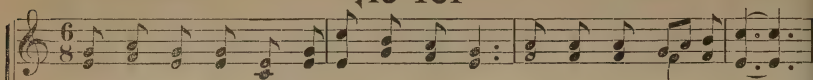
WHAT WILL THE ENDING BE?

In my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14: 2.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

No 161

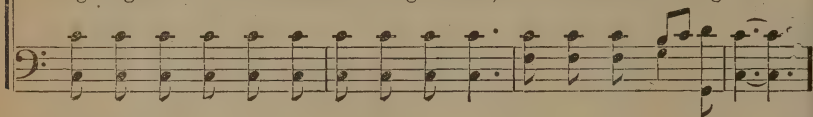
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. Aft-er these tri-als and troubles are past, Sail-ing o'er life's rough sea;
2. Aft-er the la-bor of life has been done, Then shall we plainly see,
3. Aft-er this life with its sor-rows all o'er, Then in e - ter - ni - ty,



Aft - er the sky has been dark-ly o'ercast, What will the ending be?
Prom-ised re-ward if the race we have won, That will the ending be.
Sing - ing with Je-sus on Canaan's bright shore, That will the ending be.



CHORUS.



What will the end - ing be? What will the end - ing be?



Mansions in glo-ry for all who be-lieve, That will the end-ing be.

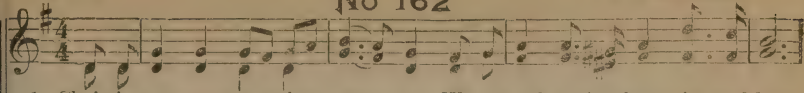


GOING HOME BY AND BY.

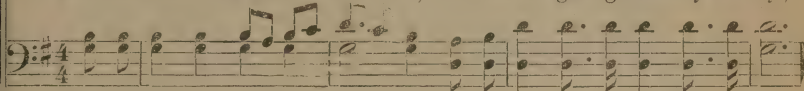
F. A. B.

No 162

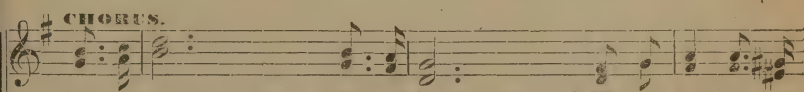
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Christian, are you growing wea - ry? We are all go-ing home by and by;
2. Do the woes of life op - press thee? We are all go-ing home by and by;
3. Journey on a lit - tle long - er, We are all go-ing home by and by;
4. See! the light is growing clear - er, We are all go-ing home by and by;
5. Soon we'll rest with Christ for-ev - er; We are all go-ing home by and by;

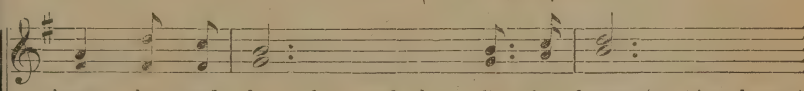
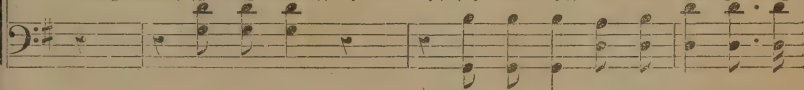


Does the way seem dark and drear - y? We are all go-ing home by and by.
 And its tri - als sore dis - tress thee? We are all go-ing home by and by.
 With a faith a lit - tle stronger, We are all go-ing home by and by.
 And the heav'nly port is near - er; We are all go-ing home by and by.
 In a land where sin comes nev - er; We are all go-ing home by and by.

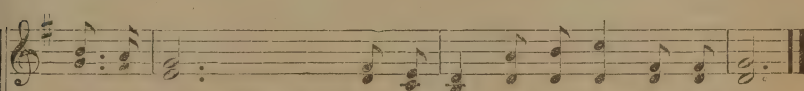


CHORUS.

Going home, (go-ing home,) by and by, (by and by,) We are all go-ing



home, by and by, (by and by,) Go - ing home, (go - ing home,)

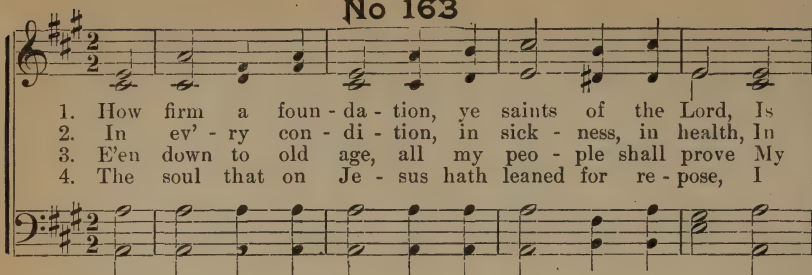


by and by, (by and by,) We are all go-ing home by and by.

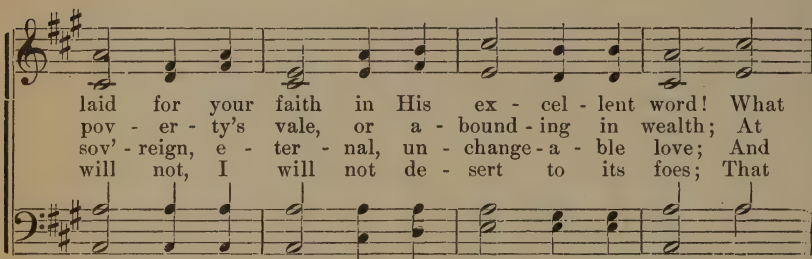


HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

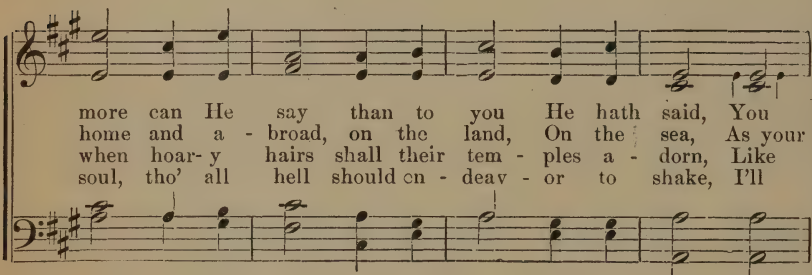
No 163



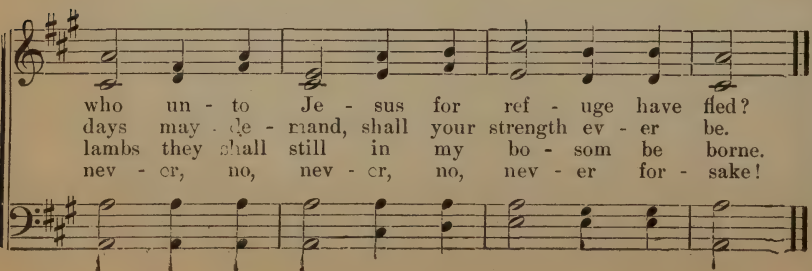
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is
 2. In ev' - ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In
 3. E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My
 4. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I



laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What
 pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth; At
 sov' - reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And
 will not, I will not de - sert to its foes; That



more can He say than to you He hath said, You
 home and a - broad, on the land, On the sea, As your
 when hoar - y hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like
 soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll



who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 days may de - mand, shall your strength ev - er be.
 lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
 nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!

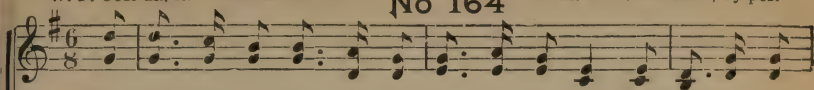
COME HOME.

I will arise and go to my Father.—Luke 15 : 18.

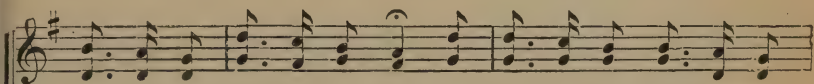
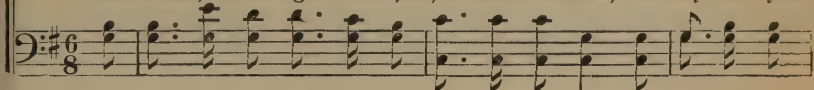
W. F. COSNER, in "Musical Million."

No 164

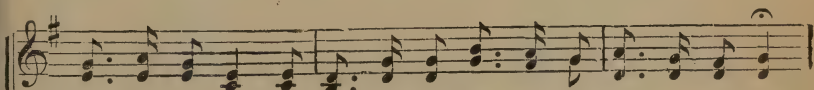
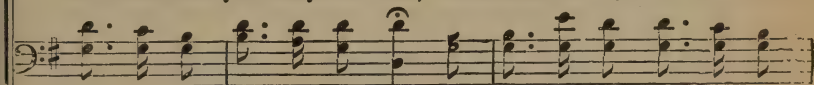
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



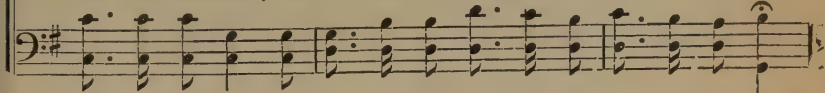
1. The Sav - iour an-vites you, poor wand'rer, to come, The Fa-ther is
2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you
4. Come home, trembling mourner, oh, come and be blest, Here lay down your



wait - ing to welcome you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
per - ish when plen - ty is near? Oh, leave the lone des - ert where
lin - ger still? why will you die? Tho' poor and un - worth-y, with
bur - dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

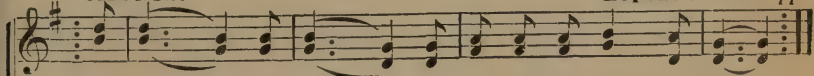


lone - ly and wild; Re-turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
sha-dows are piled! Re-turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
sin all de-filed, The Fa - ther will wel-come His prod - i - gal child!
God re-con-ciled; Re-turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!

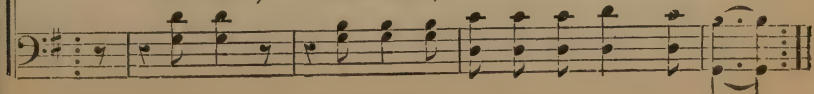


CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus. *pp*



Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Come home, come home,

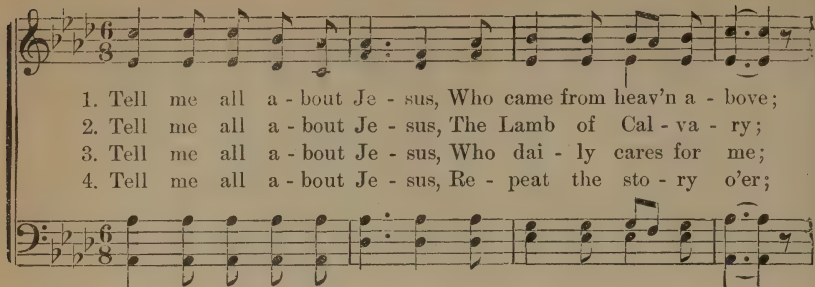


TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

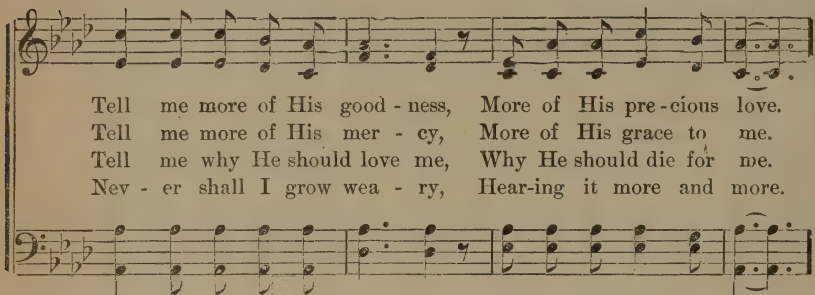
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No 165

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

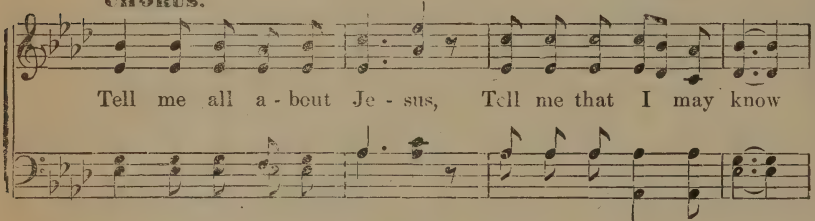


1. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
 2. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 3. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
 4. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;

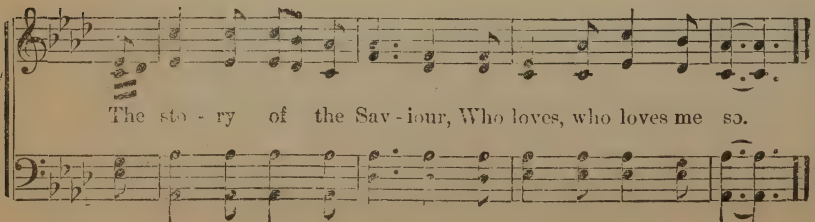


Tell me more of His good - ness, More of His pre - cious love.
 Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.
 Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.
 Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear - ing it more and more.

CHORUS.



Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Tell me that I may know



The sto - ry of the Sav - iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

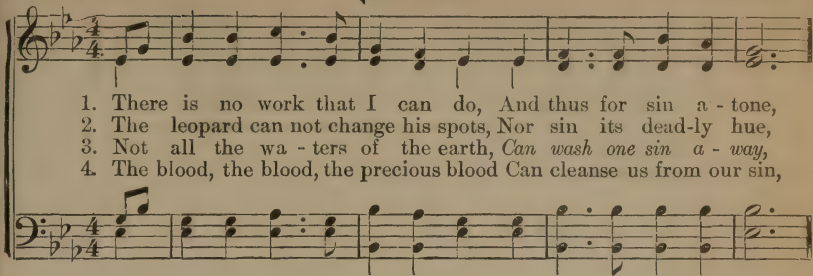
THE BLOOD ALONE.

"Without shedding of blood there's no remission."—Heb. 9, 22.

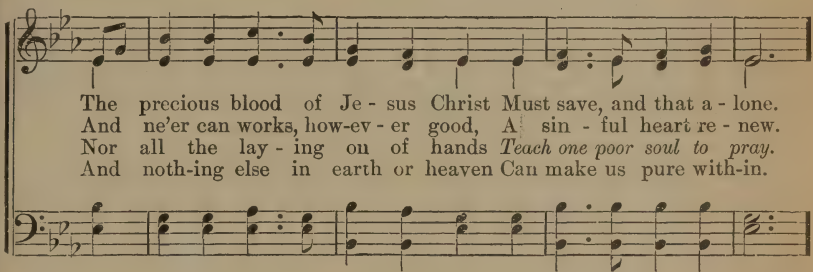
W. E. PENN.

No 166

F. A. BLACKMER.

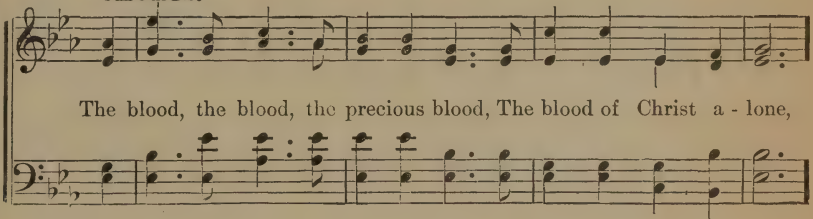


1. There is no work that I can do, And thus for sin a - tone,
 2. The leopard can not change his spots, Nor sin its dead-ly hue,
 3. Not all the wa - ters of the earth, Can wash one sin a - way,
 4. The blood, the blood, the precious blood Can cleanse us from our sin,

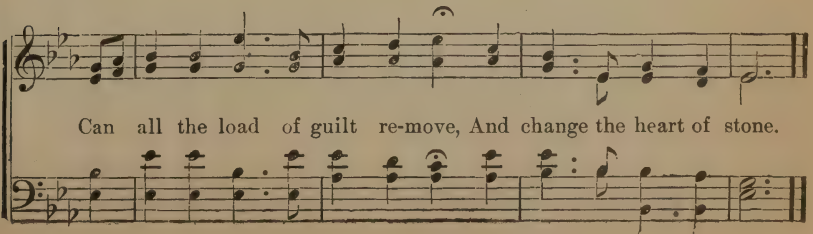


The precious blood of Je - sus Christ Must save, and that a - lone.
 And ne'er can works, how-ev - er good, A sin - ful heart re - new.
 Nor all the lay - ing on of hands Teach one poor soul to pray.
 And noth-ing else in earth or heaven Can make us pure with-in.

CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, the precious blood, The blood of Christ a - lone,



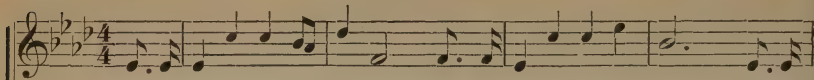
Can all the load of guilt re-move, And change the heart of stone.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

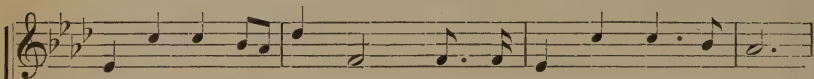
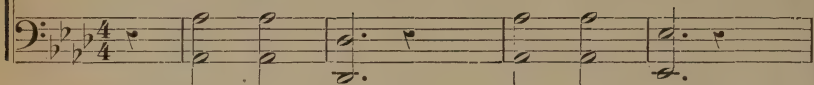
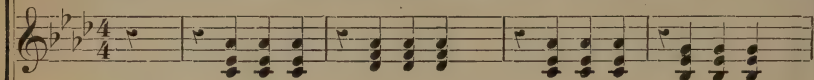
Cho. by WYATT MINCHALL.

No 167

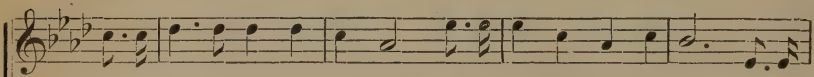
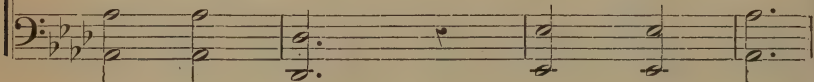
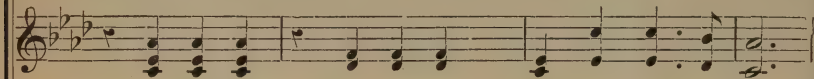
Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



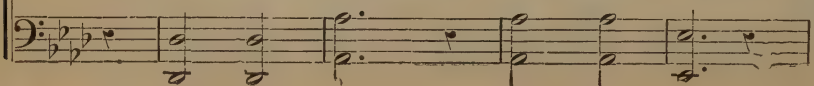
1. I am waiting by the riv-er, And my heart has waited long; Now I
2. Far away beyond the shadows Of this weary vale of tears, There the
3. They are launching on the river, From the calm and quiet shore, And they



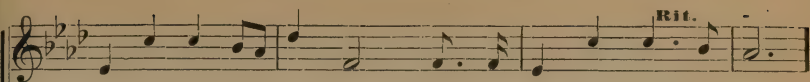
think I hear the cho - rus, Of the an - gels' wel-come song;
tide of bliss is sweep-ing, Thro' the bright and changeless years.
soon will bear the spir - it, Where the wea - ry sigh no more.



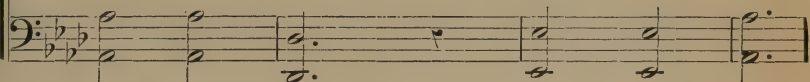
Oh, I see the dawn is break-ing, On the hill-tops of the blest, Where the
Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, In the mansions of the blest, Where the
For the tide is swift-ly flow-ing, And I long to greet the blest, Where the



WAITING BY THE RIVER. Concluded.



wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
 wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
 wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.



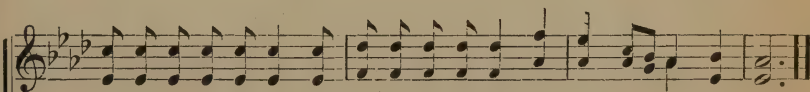
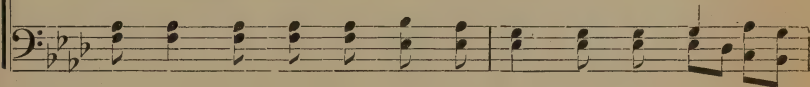
CHORUS.



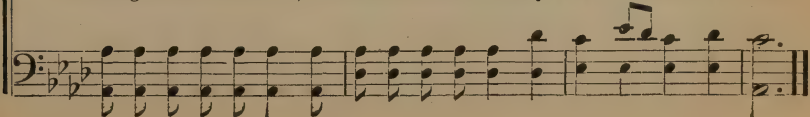
On - ly wait-ing till the summons Shall call us to the shore, Where



sor - row and sigh - ing nev - er come, nev - er come, Yes



waiting for the boatman, He will soon bear us o'er, And land us safe at home.

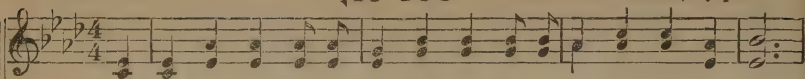


MY HOME ABOVE.

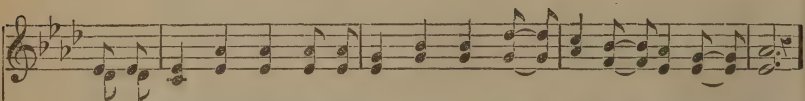
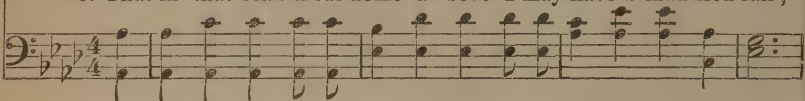
LOUISA E.

No 168

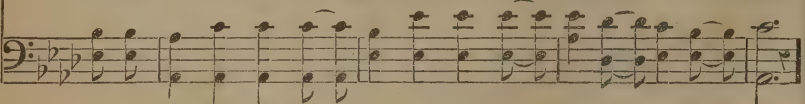
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



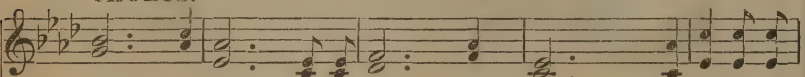
1. I love to think of my home above, In the glorious realms of light,
2. I love to think of my home above, Of that pure and ho-ly clime,
3. I love to think of my home above, Of the an-gel forms so bright,
4. Sweetest of all is the tho't of Him Who did leave His throne on high,
5. That in that beau-ti-ful home a - bove I may have a man-sion fair;



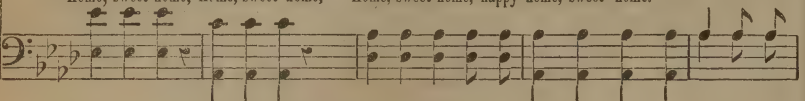
Of the pearly gates and the golden streets, In the land where there is no night.
Where the sorrows of earth can never come, But e-ternal joys will be mine.
Of the blessed ones there around the throne, In the land of pure de-light.
And did come to this sinful world of ours To suffer, and bleed, and die.
And my heart is full of joy and praise, For I know that my treasure is there.



CHORUS.



Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home! Oh, say, will you
Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, happy home, sweet home.



meet me there, In that home above, where all is love, And joys beyond compare.



ONLY WAITING. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

No 169

JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop - ing, when the war-fare's o - ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.

CHORUS.

I am wait . . . ing, on-ly wait-ing, Till this
I am wait-ing, waiting, waiting, on-ly wait-ing, only waiting

wea . . . ry life is o'er; On-ly wait . . . ing
wea-ry, weary, weary—till this weary life is o'er; Only waiting, waiting, waiting

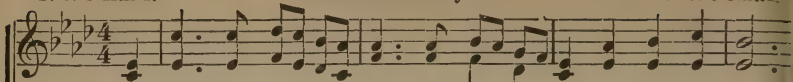
for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.
for my welcome, for my welcome,

No 170 REDEEMED.

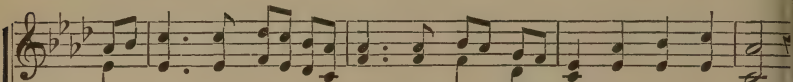
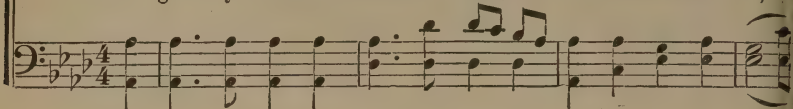
T. C. O'KANE.

Behold the Lamb of God.

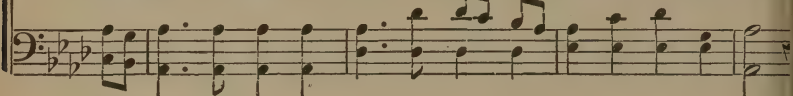
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. Oh, wondrous power of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be;



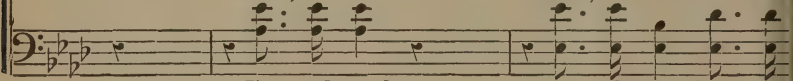
And for a ran - som shed His blood For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all man - kind, Em - bra - ces e - ven me.
He hath re - de - e - m - ed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.



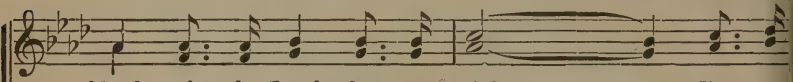
REFRAIN.



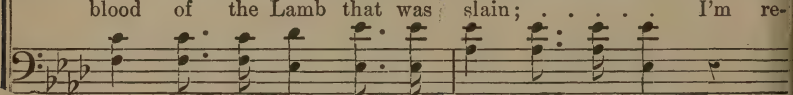
I'm re - de - e - m - ed, . . . I'm re - de - e - m - ed, . . . Thro' the



I'm re - de - e - m - ed, I'm re - de - e - m - ed, Thro' the



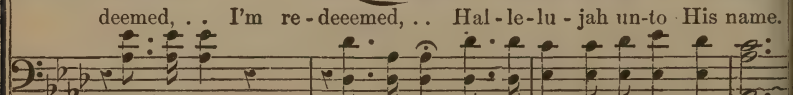
blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . I'm re -



blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;



de - e - m - ed, . . . I'm re - de - e - m - ed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.



I'm re - de - e - m - ed, I'm re - de - e - m - ed,

From "Jasper and Gold." by per.

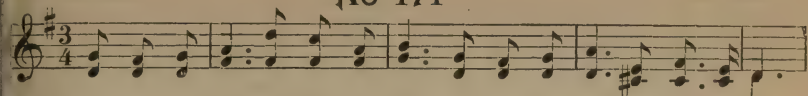
THE GREAT SUPPER.

A certain man made a great supper, and bade many.—Luke 14: 16.

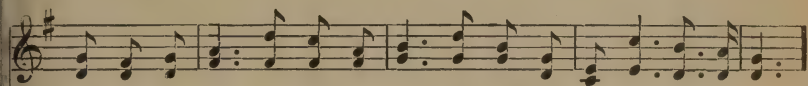
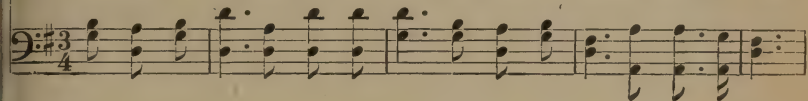
W. E. PENN.

No 171

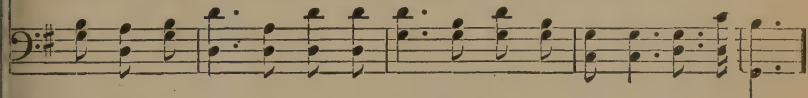
J. M. HUNT.



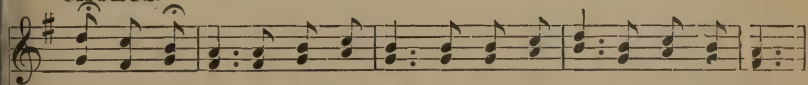
1. 'Tis sup-per time, the feast is spread, All things are ready, Je-sus said;
2. How oft God's love you have abused; How oft you've prayed to be excused;
3. O sin-ner, come, heed mer-cy's call; Sal-vation's free; there's room for all;
4. This call to you may be the last, Your doom be sealed, your lot be cast



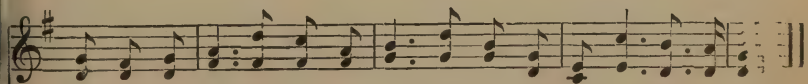
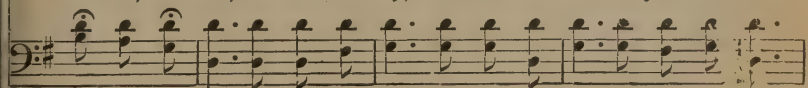
Come to the feast while yet 'tis day, Come now, O sin-ner, why de-lay.
Have passed the gos-pel sup-per by, Starving thy soul, while yet so nigh.
Not one will e'er be turned a-way, Come now, oh, come, without de-lay.
In - to that world of deep des-pair, To weep and wail for - ev - er, there.



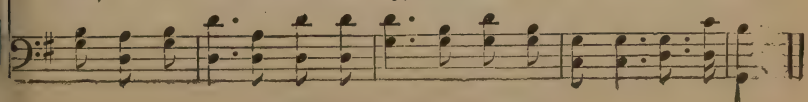
CHORUS.



Too late, too late, has been the cry, Of millions when they came to die!



Now, is the time, this is the day, Come now, O sin-ner, why de-lay?



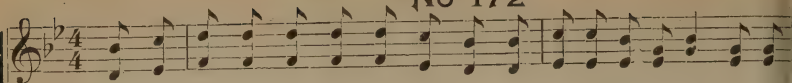
TARRY WITH US.

REV. W. T. DALE.

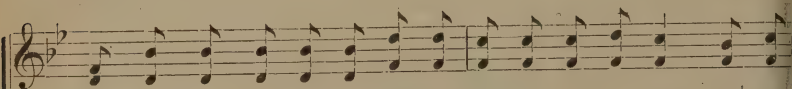
"Abide with us," Luke, 24; 29

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

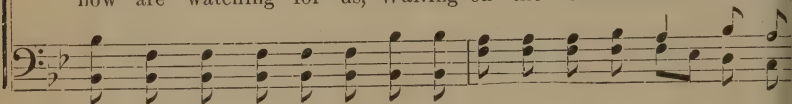
No 172



1. Tar-ry with us, blessed Je-sus, For the evening shadows fall; And the
2. Tar-ry with us, loving Master, Till the morning light appears; For we
3. Here our hearts will pine with sadness, For our kindred gone before; Friends, w



day is fast re - ced-ing, Darkness gathers like a pall. Tar-ry
pil-grims sad and lone-ly; Let thy presence calm our fears. Tar-ry
now are watching for us, Waiting on the oth-er shore. When we



with us, blessed Savior, For we're in a desert drear; See the
with us, for we're pilgrims, Camping on a desert plain; All is
gath - er in the morning, Morning of e - ter - nal rest; Shall we

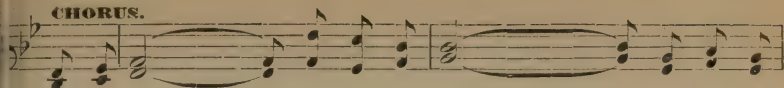


day of life is pass-ing, And the night of death is near.
lone-li-ness without thee; Gracious Mas-ter, here re-main.
meet no more to sever? Shall we be for - ev - er blest?

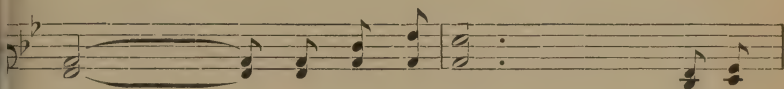
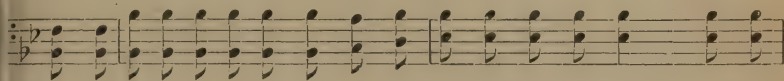


TARRY WITH US. Concluded.

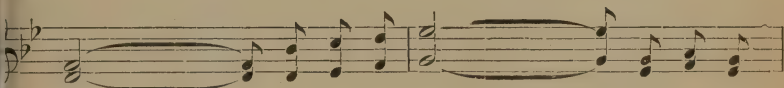
CHORUS.



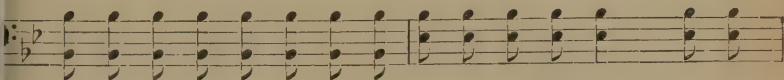
Tar-ry with us, blessed Je - - - sus, Tar-ry
Tar-ry with us, blessed Jesus, Tar-ry with us through the night, Tar-ry



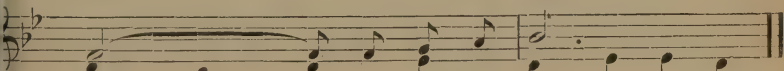
till the morn-ing light; Tar-ry
with us, blessed Je-sus, Tar-ry till the morning light; Tar-ry



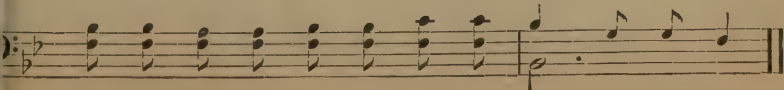
with us through the dark ness, Tar-ry
with us through the darkness, Tarry till the morning light, Tar-ry



with us all the night.



with us all the night, All the night.
with us, blessed Je-sus, All the night.



ALWAYS PRAY.

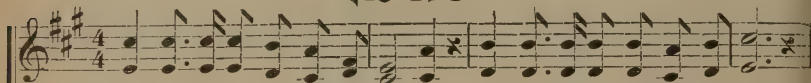
"Men ought always to pray."—LUKE 18: 1.

When I went to Gee Spring, Burleron County, Texas to hold my first camp meeting, I had an organist and singer, but no organ: I sent to Caldwell five miles to get one. A brother said to me if you bring an organ here Judge Broaddas will leave. I feared the result, for he was the head and front in getting up the meeting; I went to him and said, "All I ask is that you will hear us sing one song, and if you then say give up the organ we will do it." He said, "You may as well send it back;" we sung this song and when through he was laughing and shedding tears freely and said, "Bless God, get another organ if you want it."—W. E. P.

K. SHAW.

No 173

KNOWLES SHAW.



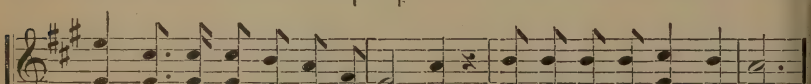
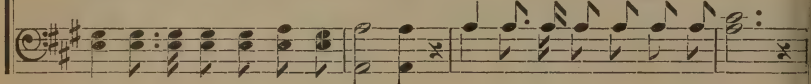
1. Pray when the morning light is dawning; Pray when the noon is shining bright;
2. Pray for the world in sin and darkness; Pray for the church, the blessed bride;
3. Pray for the Spirit's ho - ly guidance; Pray for the grace of Je - sus, too;



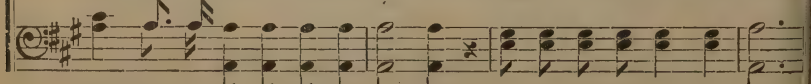
Pray when the evening shadows darken; Pray in the dark and solemn night;
Pray for thyself in hum - ble meekness; Pray, living near the Saviour's side;
Pray for a ho - ly zeal to la - bor; Pray for a life de - vot - ed, true;



Pray when the storm-clouds thickly gather; Pray when the sky is bright and clear;
Pray for the sick and all in sor - row; Pray for the "watchmen on the wall;"
Pray for the lov - ing lambs en fold - ed; Pray for the wand'ring ones a-stray;



Pray in the name of Je - sus ev - er, Ad - vo - cate and friend so dear.
Pray that a bright and golden mor - row Wait - eth for us one and all.
Pray that the feet of all be guid - ed Straight in - to the nar - row way.



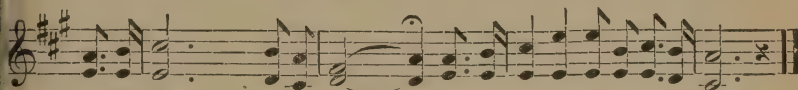
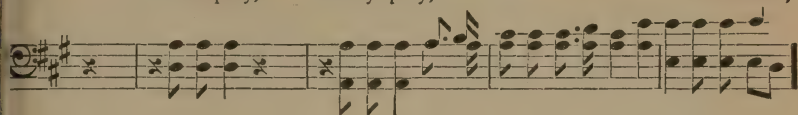
Used by permission of Mrs. KNOWLES SHAW, owner of the Copyright.

ALWAYS PRAY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Let us pray, always pray, While we labor on for ev-ermore.
Let us pray, always pray, ev-er-more,



Let us pray, always pray, 'Till we rest on Canaan's happy shore.
Let us pray, always pray, always pray,



No 174 NO TIME TO PRAY.

Anon.

To Mrs. C. F. PENN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Andante.



1. No time to pray! Oh, who so fraught with ear'ly care As not to give to
2. No time to pray! What heart so clean, so pure within, That needeth not some



hum-ble pray'r Some part of day?
check from sin—Needs not to pray?



- 3 No time to pray!
In every danger, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who need to pray?

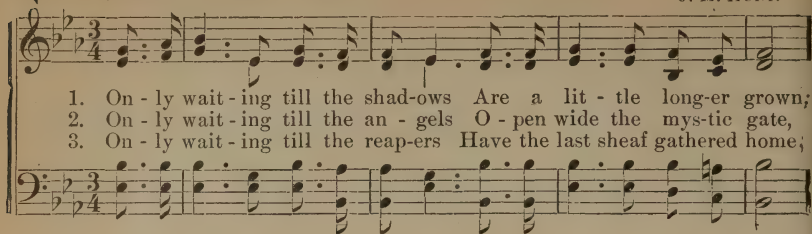
- 4 Cease not to pray!
On Jesus as your all rely.
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

ONLY WAITING TILL THE SHADOWS.

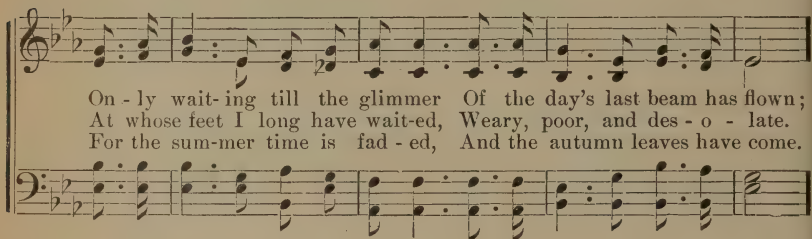
No 175

Waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 1: 7.

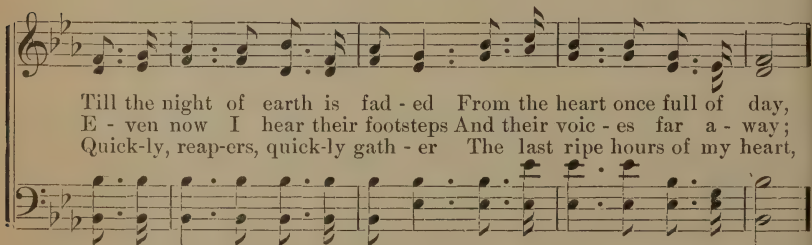
J. M. HUNT.



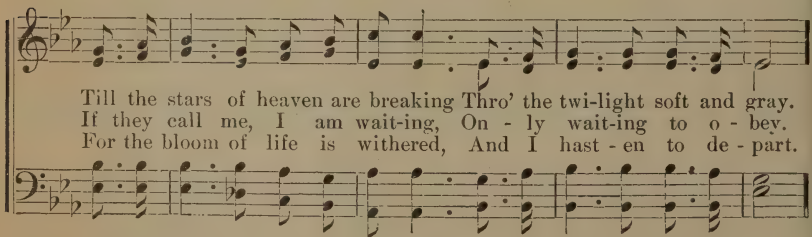
1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate,
 3. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered home;



On - ly wait - ing till the glimmer Of the day's last beam has flown;
 At whose feet I long have wait - ed, Weary, poor, and des - o - late.
 For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the autumn leaves have come.

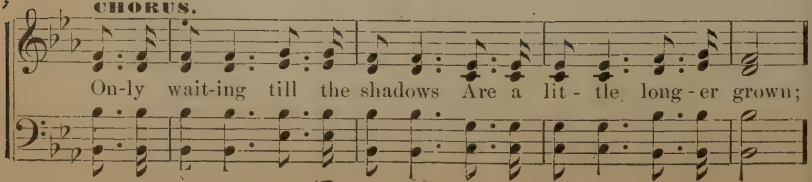


Till the night of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day,
 E - ven now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way;
 Quick - ly, reap - ers, quick - ly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart,



Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.
 If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
 For the bloom of life is withered, And I hast - en to de - part.

CHORUS.

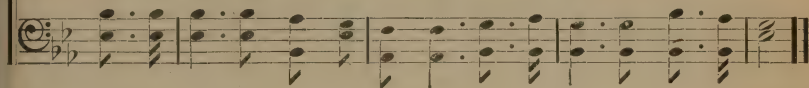


On - ly wait - ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;

ONLY WAITING. Concluded.



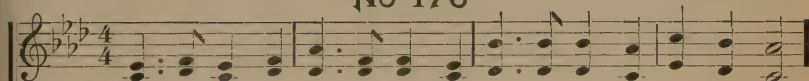
On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.



THAT DAY.

No 176

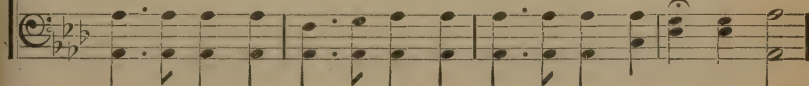
W. E. PENN.



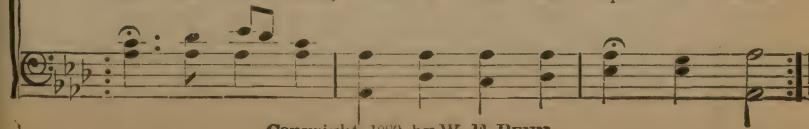
1. See th'e - ter - nal Judge descend - ing, View him seat - ed on his throne!
2. Lo! the last long sep - a - ra - tion, As the cleav - ing crowds di - vide;
3. "Yon - der sits my slight - ed Sav - iour, With the marks of dy - ing love;



Now, poor sin - ner, now la - ment - ing, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom!
Words of life or con - dem - na - tion, Send each soul to eith - er side!
Oh! that I had sought his fa - vor, When I felt his Spir - it move—



Trum - pets call thee, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom.
Lord of mer - cy, How shall I that day a - bide?
Gold - en mo - ments, When I felt his Spir - it move."

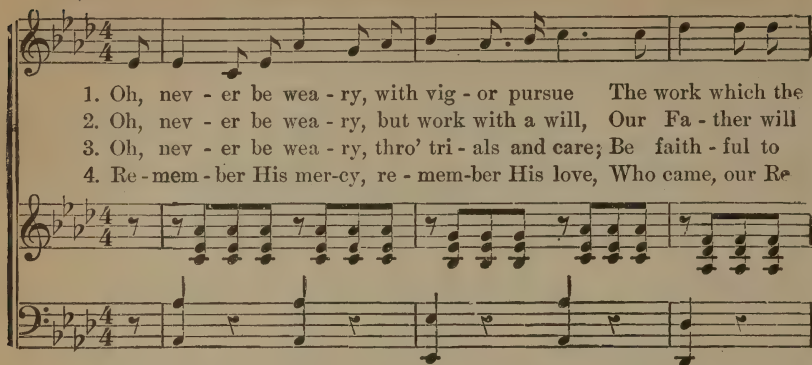


WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY.

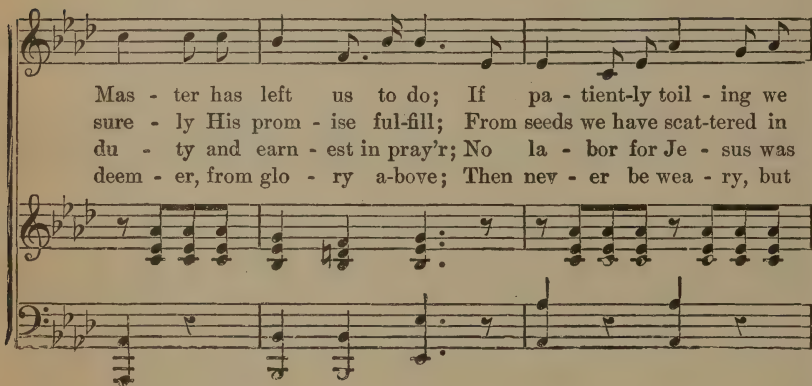
No 177

Let us not be weary in well doing.—Gal. 6: 9.

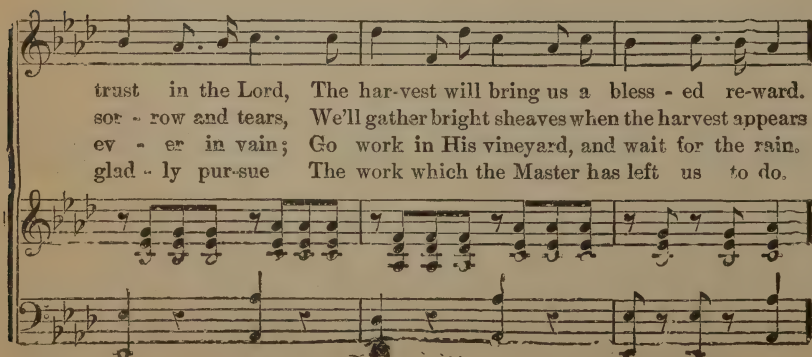
J. M. HUNT.



1. Oh, nev - er be wea - ry, with vig - or pursue The work which the
 2. Oh, nev - er be wea - ry, but work with a will, Our Fa - ther will
 3. Oh, nev - er be wea - ry, thro' tri - als and care; Be faith - ful to
 4. Re - mem - ber His mer - cy, re - mem - ber His love, Who came, our Re



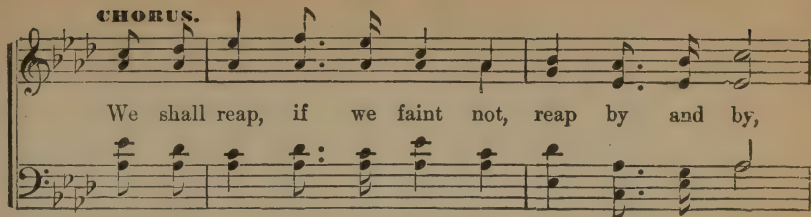
Mas - ter has left us to do; If pa - tient - ly toil - ing we
 sure - ly His prom - ise ful - fill; From seeds we have scat - tered in
 du - ty and earn - est in pray'r; No la - bor for Je - sus was
 deem - er, from glo - ry a - bove; Then nev - er be wea - ry, but



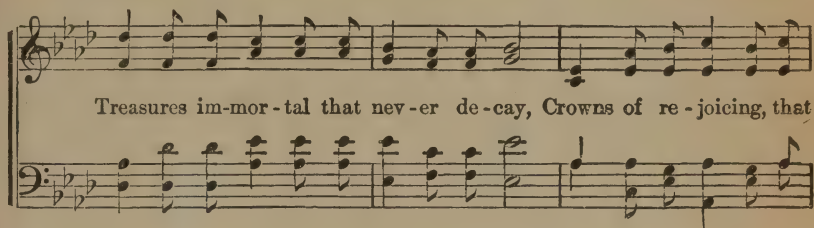
trust in the Lord, The har - vest will bring us a bless - ed re - ward.
 sor - row and tears, We'll gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears
 ev - er in vain; Go work in His vineyard, and wait for the rain.
 glad - ly pur - sue The work which the Master has left us to do.

WE SHALL REAP. Concluded.

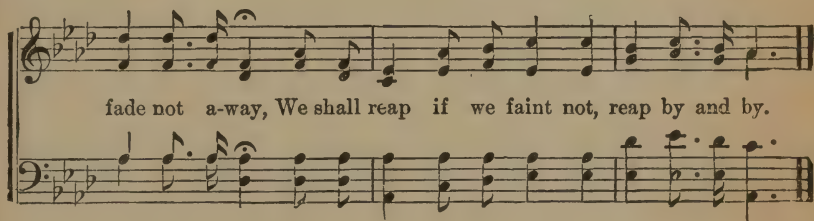
CHORUS.



We shall reap, if we faint not, reap by and by,



Treasures im-mor-tal that nev-er de-cay, Crowns of re-joicing, that



fade not a-way, We shall reap if we faint not, reap by and by.

No 178

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since He bids me seek His face.
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

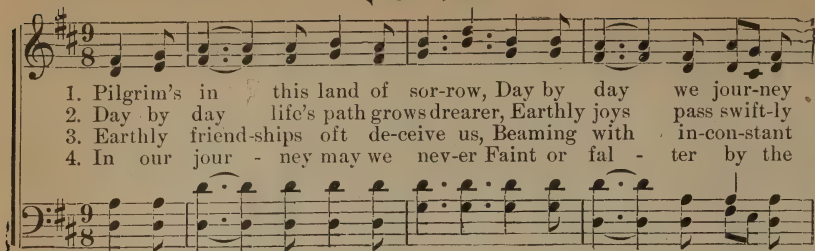
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize; [air,
And shout while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer

NEARER HOME.

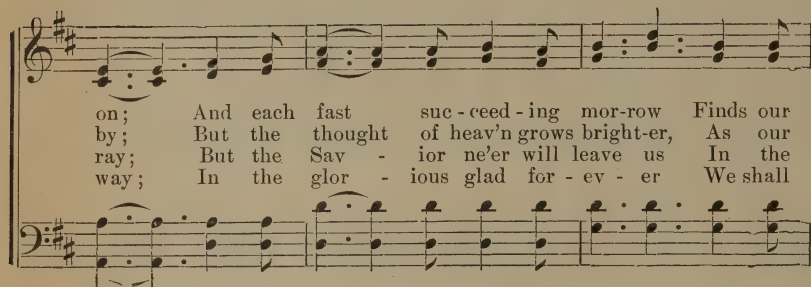
ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

No 179

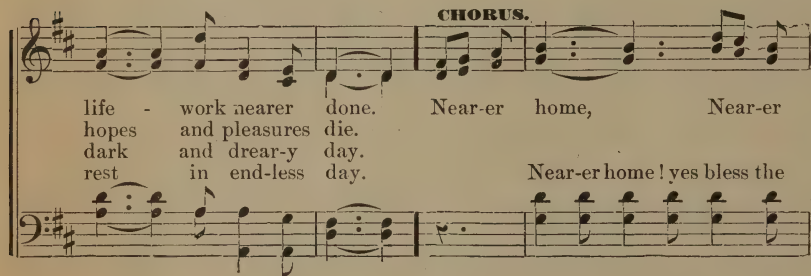


1. Pilgrim's in this land of sor-row, Day by day we jour-ney
 2. Day by day life's path grows drearer, Earthly joys pass swift-ly
 3. Earthly friend-ships oft de-ceive us, Beaming with in-con-stant
 4. In our jour - ney may we nev-er Faint or fal - ter by the

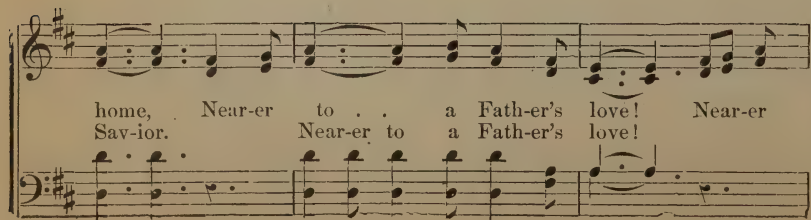


on; And each fast suc-ceed-ing mor-row Finds our
 by; But the thought of heav'n grows bright-er, As our
 ray; But the Sav-ior ne'er will leave us In the
 way; In the glor-ious glad for-ev-er We shall

CHORUS.



life - work nearer done. Near-er home, Near-er
 hopes and pleasures die.
 dark and drear-y day.
 rest in end-less day. Near-er home! yes bless the



home, Near-er to a Fath-er's love! Near-er
 Sav-ior. Near-er to a Fath-er's love!

NEARER HOME. Concluded.

Ritard.

heav'n's e - ter - nal portal! Nearer to . . the home a-bove!
Nearer heav'n's e-ter-nal portal! Nearer to the home a-bove!

No 180 THIS IS THE WAY.

W. E. PENN.

"This is the way; walk ye in it." Bible.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1st. 2d.

1. { If the Sav-ior you would know, Search the scriptures ev'ry day.
As you read them you will hear, Hither soul, I am the way. }

CHORUS.

This is the way, This is the way; Walk ye in it day by day,

Fear not, faint not, soon he'll say, Hith-er soul I am the way.

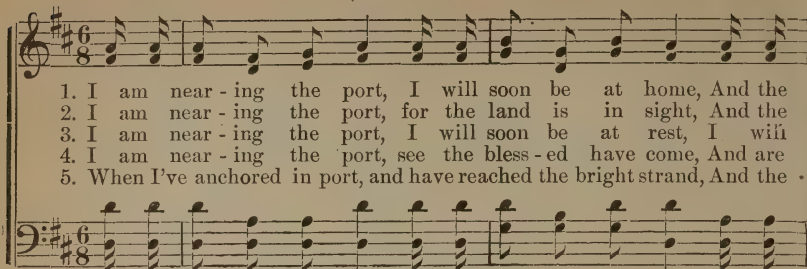
2. If the Savior you would find
You must seek him night and day,
Casting all your sins behind,
Then you'll hear the same voice say. Cho.
3. Would you have a Savior's love?
Tenderly I hear him say:
"Weary wand'r'er come to me,
Take my yoke and learn the way. Cho.

NEARING THE PORT.

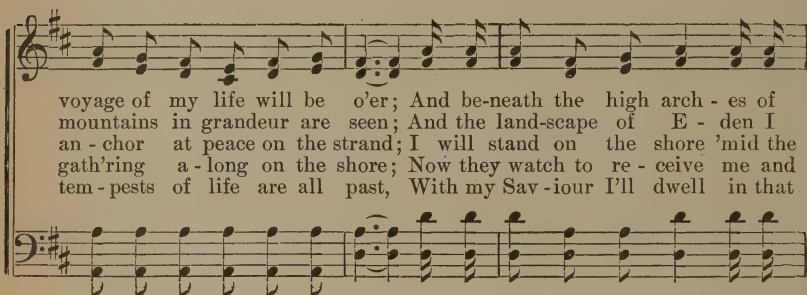
REV. W. S. DALE.

No 181

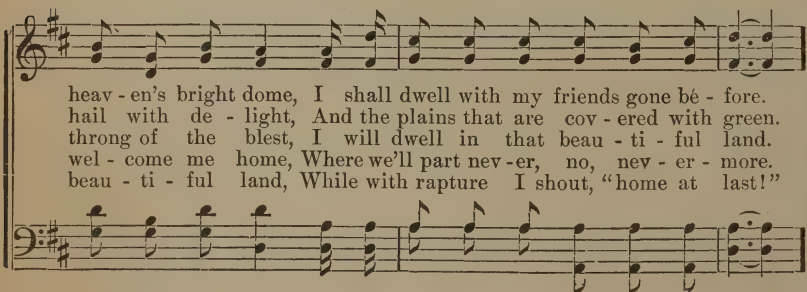
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. I am near - ing the port, I will soon be at home, And the
 2. I am near - ing the port, for the land is in sight, And the
 3. I am near - ing the port, I will soon be at rest, I will
 4. I am near - ing the port, see the bless - ed have come, And are
 5. When I've anchored in port, and have reached the bright strand, And the

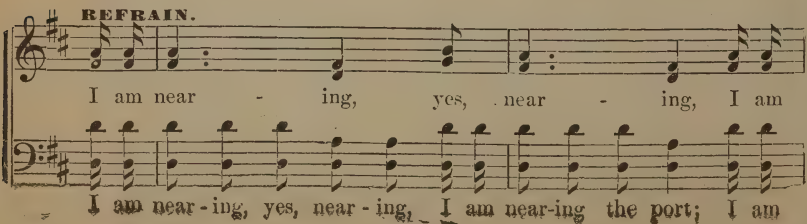


voyage of my life will be o'er; And be-neath the high arch - es of
 mountains in grandeur are seen; And the land-scape of E - den I
 an - chor at peace on the strand; I will stand on the shore 'mid the
 gath'ring a - long on the shore; Now they watch to re - ceive me and
 tem - pests of life are all past, With my Sav - iour I'll dwell in that



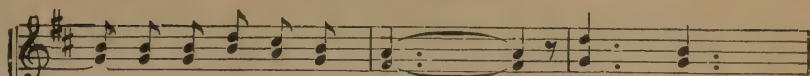
heav - en's bright dome, I shall dwell with my friends gone be - fore.
 hail with de - light, And the plains that are cov - ered with green.
 throng of the blest, I will dwell in that beau - ti - ful land.
 wel - come me home, Where we'll part nev - er, no, nev - er more.
 beau - ti - ful land, While with rapture I shout, "home at last!"

REFRAIN.



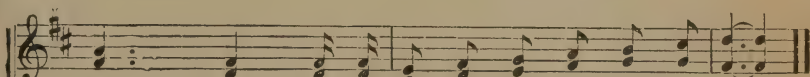
I am near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am
 I am near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am near - ing the port; I am

NEARING THE PORT. Concluded,



near-ing, yes, near-ing the port; . . . Near - ing,

near-ing, yes, near-ing, I am nearing the port; Nearing, yes, nearing, I am



near - ing, I am near-ing, yes, near-ing the port.

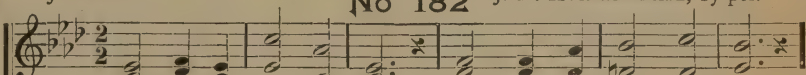
near-ing, yes, near-ing,

REST SWEETLY, DARLING ONE!

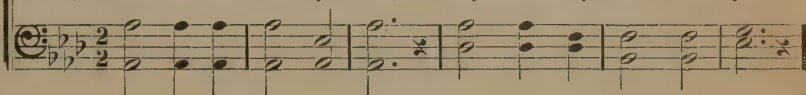
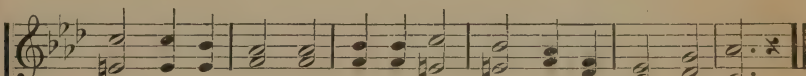
(In memory of our Darling Willie.)

J. H. K.

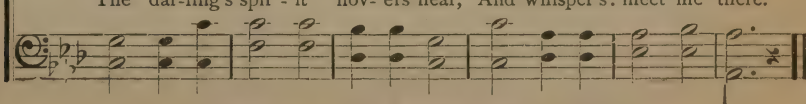
No 182 J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



1. Rest sweet-ly, dar-ling one, Naught shall dis-turb thy sleep;
2. Though scarce life's bloom had come, The Fa-ther thought it best,
3. Thine is a man-sion fair, There in Im-man-uel's land,
4. Shed not a ho-ly tear, Why should thy heart de-spair?

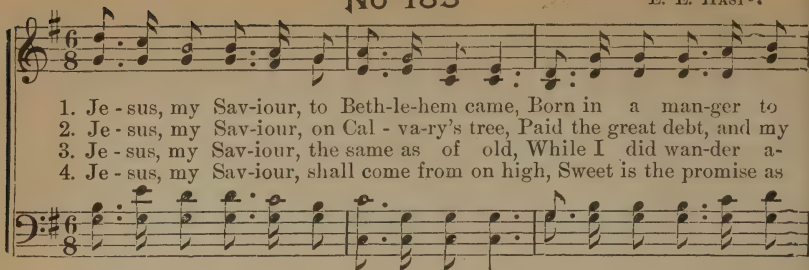
The Fa-ther's ho-ly will be done, Though we be left to weep.
To take thee to His heav'nly home, To lean on Je-sus' breast.
Where all the ho-ly an-gels are, With the re-deem-ed band.
The dar-ling's spir-it hov-ers near, And whisper's: meet me there.



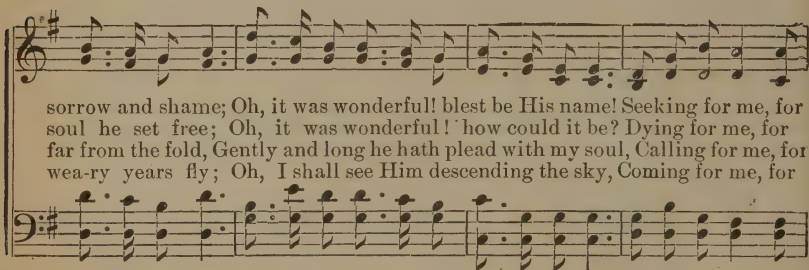
SEEKING FOR ME.

No 183

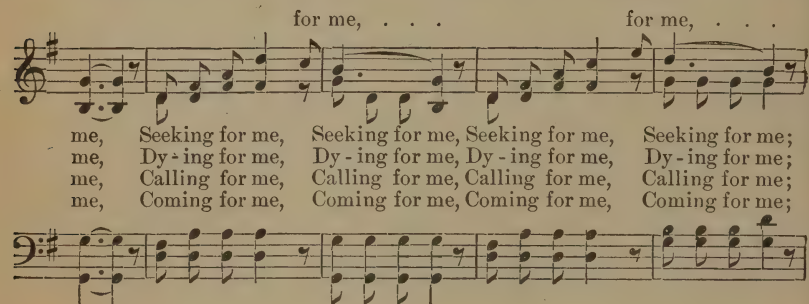
E. E. HAST.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I did wan-der a-
 4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as

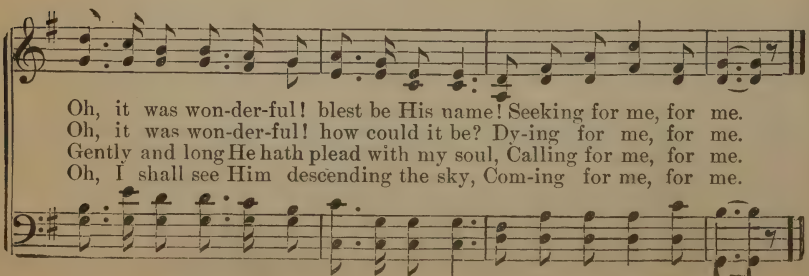


sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
 soul he set free; Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dying for me, for
 far from the fold, Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
 wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for



for me, for me,

me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me;
me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me;
me,	Calling for me,	Calling for me,	Calling for me,	Calling for me;
me,	Coming for me,	Coming for me,	Coming for me,	Coming for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful! how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

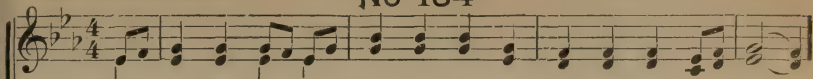
WE'LL BE GATHERED HOME.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

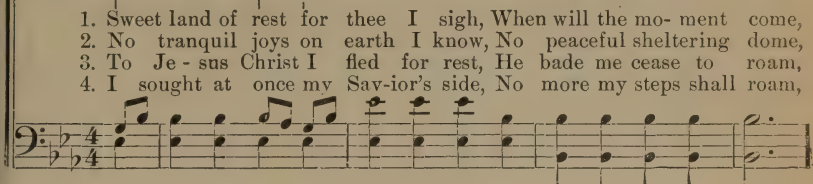
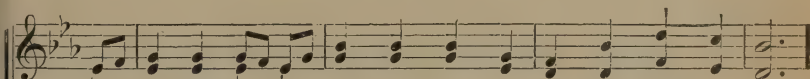
Thy work shall be rewarded.—Jer. 32; 16.

No 184

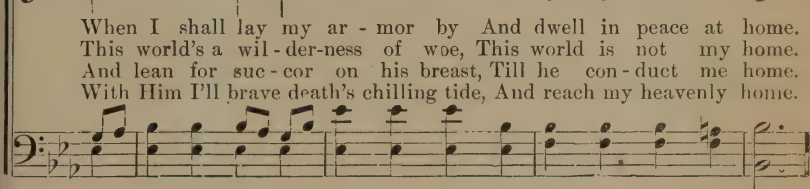
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



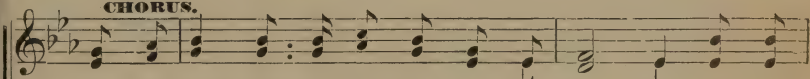
1. Sweet land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome,
 3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam,

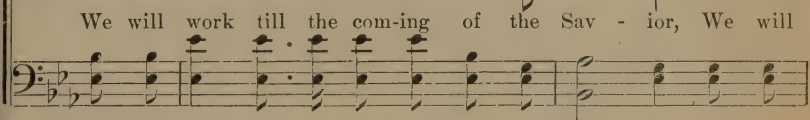
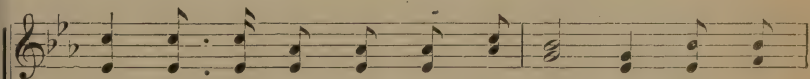
When I shall lay my ar-mor by And dwell in peace at home.
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on his breast, Till he con-duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.



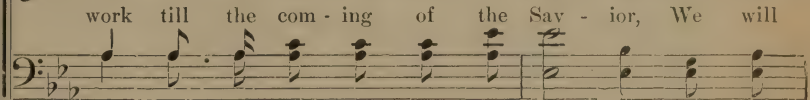
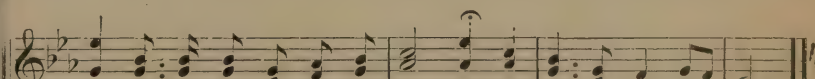
CHORUS.



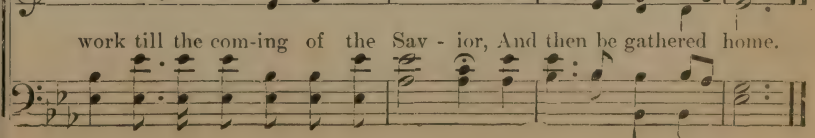
We will work till the com-ing of the Sav-ior, We will

work till the com-ing of the Sav-ior, We will

work till the com-ing of the Sav-ior, And then be gathered home.

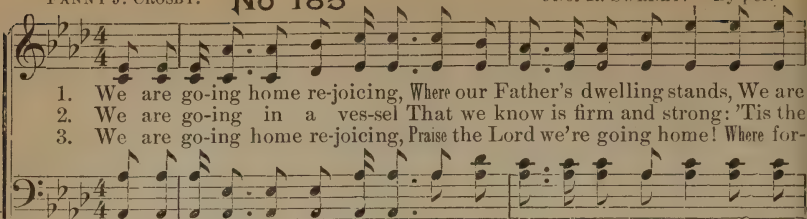


GOING HOME REJOICING.

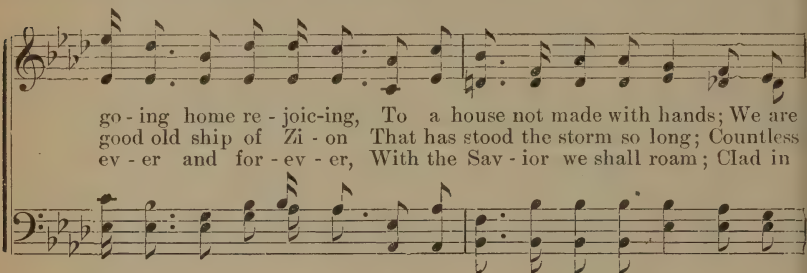
FANNY J. CROSBY.

No 185

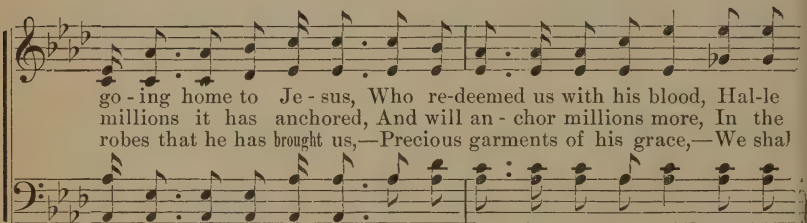
JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



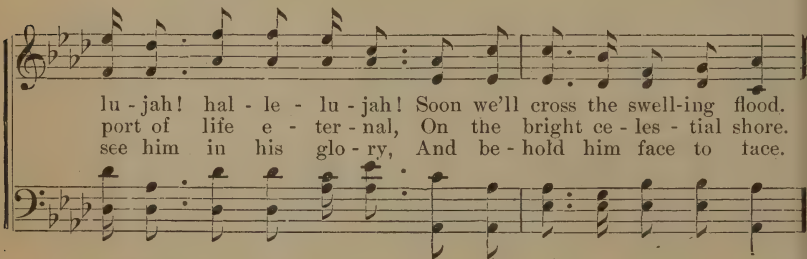
1. We are go-ing home re-joicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are
2. We are go-ing in a ves-sel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the
3. We are go-ing home re-joicing, Praise the Lord we're going home! Where for-



go-ing home re-joic-ing, To a house not made with hands; We are
good old ship of Zi-on That has stood the storm so long; Countless
ev-er and for-ev-er, With the Sav-ior we shall roam; Clad in

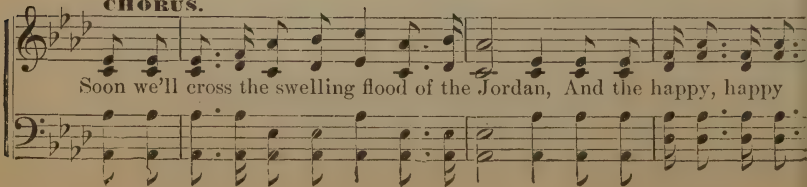


go-ing home to Je-sus, Who re-deemed us with his blood, Hal-le
millions it has anchored, And will an-chor millions more, In the
robes that he has brought us,—Precious garments of his grace,—We shal



lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Soon we'll cross the swell-ing flood.
port of life e-ter-nal, On the bright ce-les-tial shore.
see him in his glo-ry, And be-hold him face to face.

CHORUS.



Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jordan, And the happy, happy

GOING HOME REJOICING. Concluded.

time is drawing nigh; In the gold-en fields of rest, o-ver
drawing nigh;

Jor-dan, We shall gath-er, we shall gath-er by and by.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The first system has two lines of lyrics. The second system also has two lines of lyrics. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with many whole and half notes.

No 186

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

No 187

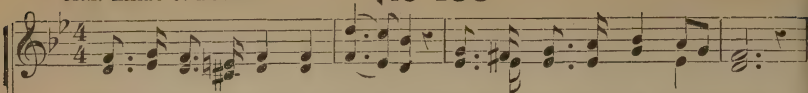
- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE!

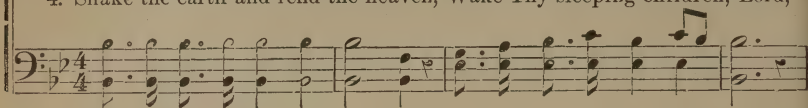
MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

No 188

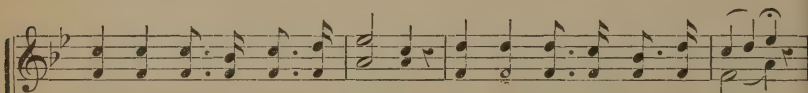
T. C. O'KANE.



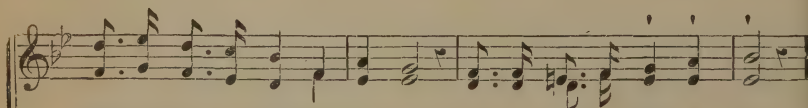
1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float along the glorious years,
2. In your costly tem-ples praying, "Let Thy kingdom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in plac-es fair;
4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,



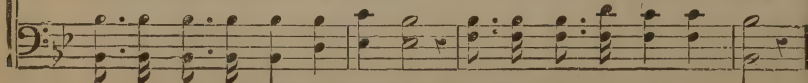
Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er - ty and tears:
Are but words of i - dle meaning, If with these we turn a - way.
Scat - ter blessings now, He bids you, O'er His green earth everywhere,
Till the measure full and e - ven Has been rendered at Thy word.



On-ward press, the cross is bending Far to-ward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,
Till the mil-lions in the twilight Of the far-off O-rient land,
Then from out her chrism of sorrow Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,



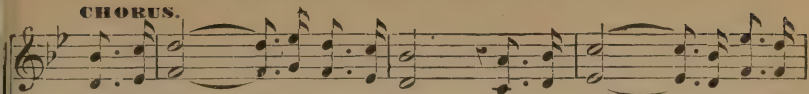
Speedy dawn of light por-tend-ing: Church of God, a-wake! a - rise!
And His eye be-holds in heav - en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gracious morning splendor Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal tint-ed skies.



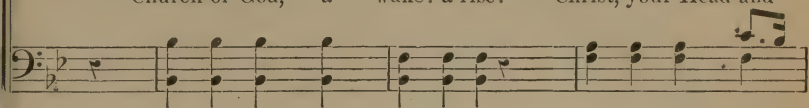
From "Missionary Advocate."

CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE!

CHORUS.



Church of God, . . . awake! a-rise! Christ, your Head . . . and Master,
Church of God, a - wake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and



cries, Send the Gos - pel's joyful sound Unto earth's remotest bound.
Master cries, Oh, send the Gos - pel's joyful sound



No 189 L. M.

Pardon penitently implored.

- 1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, can not sur-
pass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace,
Lord, should Thy judgment grow se-
vere,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
'Thy righteous law approves it well.

WATER.

No 190 C. M.

Prayer for strong faith.

- 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear.
In darkness feels no doubt—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

BATH COL

No 191 SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

EDNA L. PARK.

Then I shall know.—1 Cor. 13: 11.

W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by ; We shall
 2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by ; We shall
 3. O these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by ; We shall

press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by ; O the loved ones
 find each broken link, Some sweet day, by and by ; Then the star that,
 gather friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by ; There be - fore our

watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their
 fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so dear, We shall see more
 Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as

REFRAIN.

joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by,
 bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
 we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by,

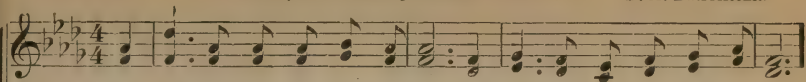
Some sweet day, We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

No 192 I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

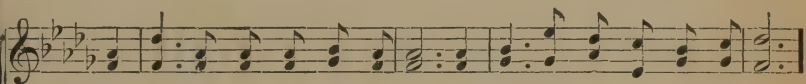
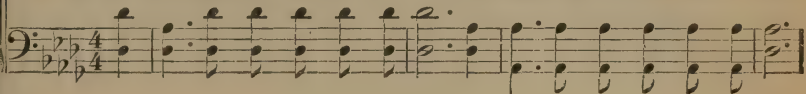
F. A. B.

Ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. 2; 29.

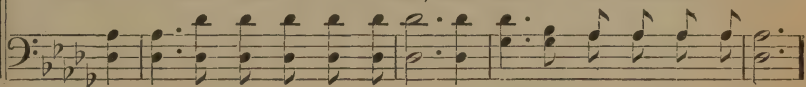
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. The Cru-ci-fied of Cal-va-ry Has ta-ken all my load of sin.
2. Wea-ry and sad I wandered long, Oppressed with burdens hard to bear;
3. Oh, what a rest-ing place is this, And ref-uge for the weary soul,
4. Se-cure from ev'-ry foe am I While rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied;



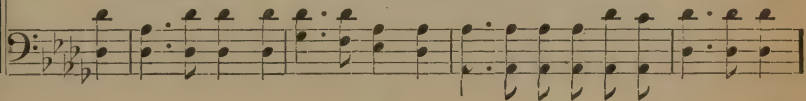
Has cleansed my heart from every stain, And brought the glorious fullness in.
But when the Cru-ci-fied I sought, I found sweet rest and sol-ace there.
Where sin's wild o-cean can not drown, Tho' near its threat'ning billows roll!
Here is a calm and safe re-treat, And here I ev-er would a-bide.



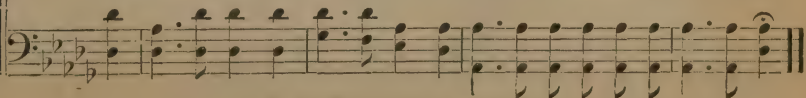
CHORUS.



The Cru-ci-fied, of Cal-va-ry, I'm sweetly resting in the Cru-ci-fied;



He saves me now, and all the time I'm sweetly resting in the Crucified.



BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

KNOWLES SHAW.

No 193

KNOWLES SHAW.

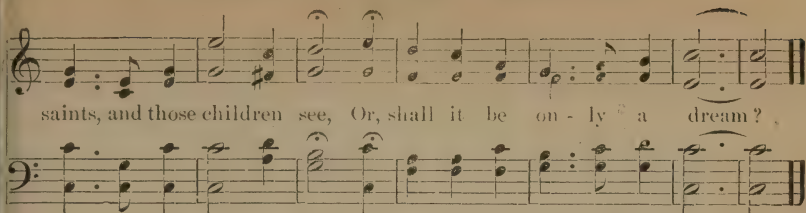
1. I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The cit-y of God, the
 2. I dreamed that the tri - als of life were o'er, And the saints were walking
 3. I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white; With crowns on their brow of

saint's de-light, And the saints of all ag-es and children were there, That
 the golden shore; Where they ate of the fruit of life's ev-er-green tree, O!
 gold-en light; I looked as they wandered life's riv-er a-long, I

CHORUS.
 cit - y of God and that home to share.
 beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful dream to me. O! that beau-ti - ful
 listened and heard a most beauti - ful song.

dream; O! that beau-ti-ful dream; Shall I the
 Beautiful dream. Beautiful dream.

BEAUTIFUL DREAM. - Concluded.



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ALL FOR ME.

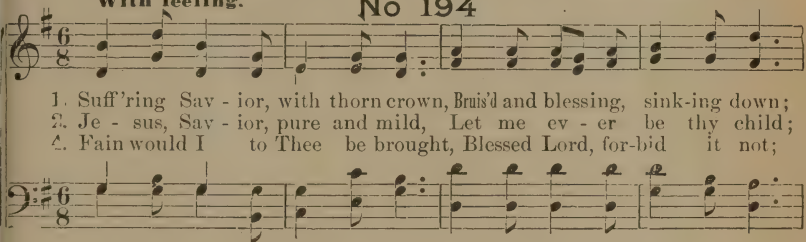
ANON.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

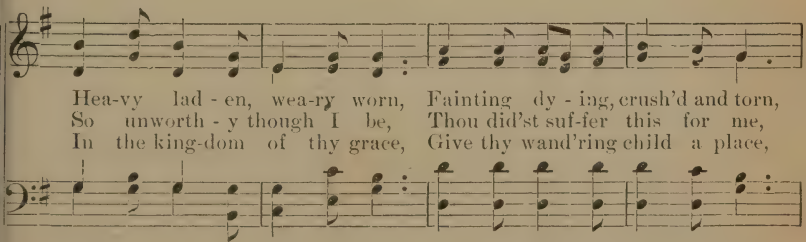
"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head." — Matt. 27 : 29.

With feeling.

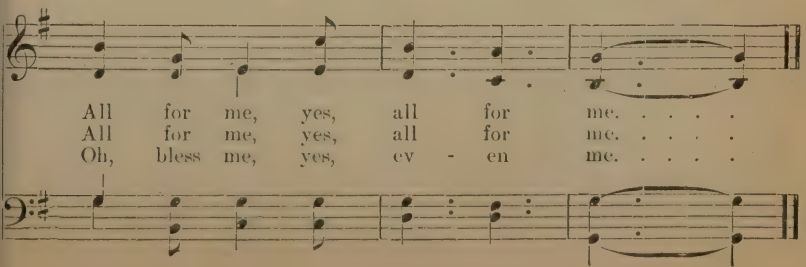
No 194



1. Suff'ring Sav - ior, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and blessing, sink-ing down;
2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pure and mild, Let me ev - er be thy child;
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord, for-bid it not;



Hea-vy lad - en, wea-ry worn, Fainting dy - ing, crush'd and torn,
So un-worth - y though I be, Thou did'st suf-fer this for me,
In the king-dom of thy grace, Give thy wand'ring child a place,



All for me, yes, all for me.
All for me, yes, all for me.
Oh, bless me, yes, ev - en me.

CITY OF LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFER.

No 195

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. There's a cit - y of light, 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they
2. Broth - er dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri - umph at last, If we
3. Sis - ter dear, nev - er fear, for the Sav - iour is near, With His
4. Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di - vine, Let us

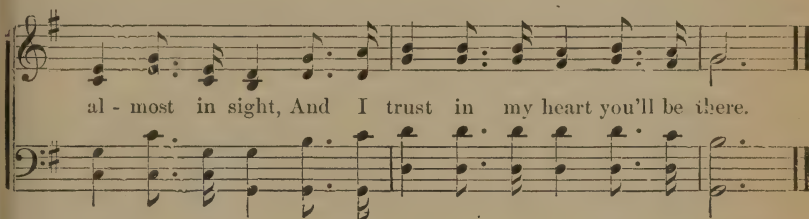
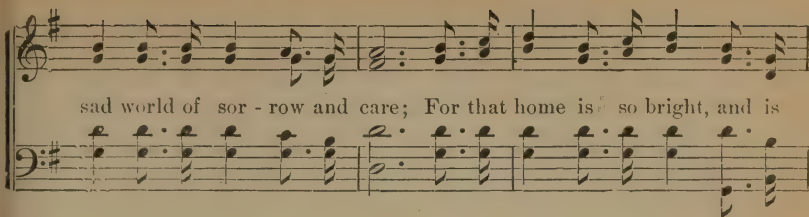
know not a sor - row or care; Where the gates are of pearl and the
trust in the word He has given; When our tri - als and toils, and our
hand He will lead us a - long; And the way that was dark Christ will
ev - er keep near to the cross; Let us love, watch and pray in our

streets are of gold, And the build - ings ex - ceed - ing ly fair.
weep - ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heaven.
gra - cious - ly clear, And your mourning be turned to a song.
pil - gri - mage here, Let us count all things else but as dross.

CHORUS.

Let us pray for each oth - er, Nor faint by the way, In this

CITY OF LIGHT. Concluded.



No 196

What a Friend we have in Jesus!
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
 Oh, what needless pain we bear!
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

REV. H. BONAR

No 197

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

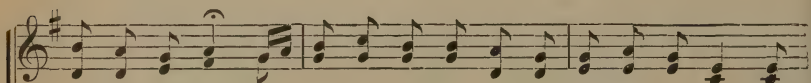
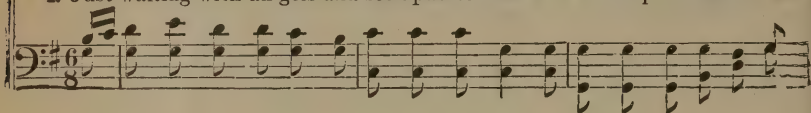
2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

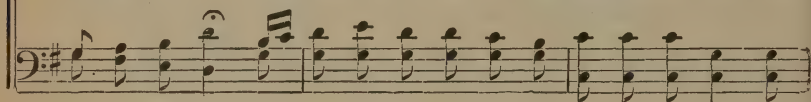
Rev. W. T. DALE. Behold the Bridegroom cometh, -Matt, 25: 6, CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



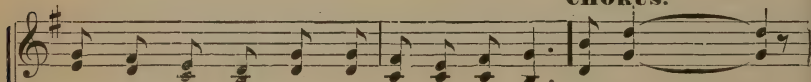
1. Just waiting the summons to welcome me home, Just waiting the time when my
2. Just waiting to step from the borders of time, Just waiting to enter the
3. Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore, With kindred and friends who have
4. Just waiting with an-gels and ser-aphs to fall And worship the Savi-or as



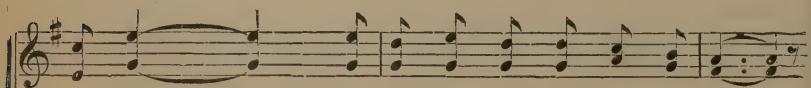
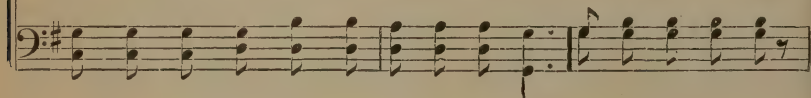
Sav-i-or shall come To take me a-way to his pal-ace on high, And
 heav-en-ly clime, Just wait-ing the fi-nal a-dieu here be-low, Just
 gone on be-fore, Just wait-ing to sing with the an-gels a-bove, Just
 Sov'reign of all, Just wait-ing to tell of his triumphs and fame, And



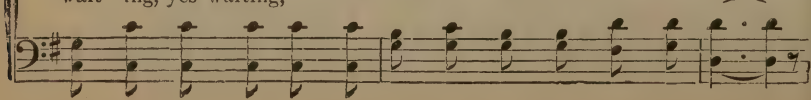
CHORUS.



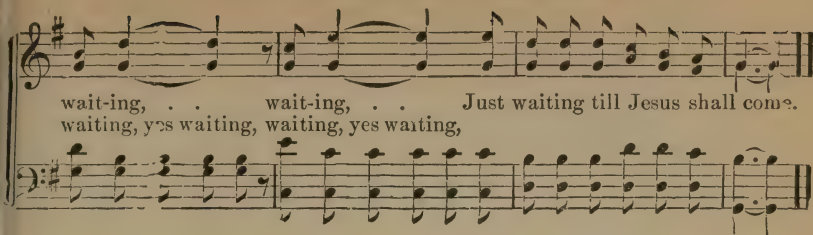
give me a place with the saints in the sky. Wait-ing
 wait-ing with Je-sus my Sav-i-or to go.
 wait-ing to chant the sweet anthems of love.
 shout in my ec-sta-cy, "worth-y the Lamb." Waiting, yes waiting,



wait-ing . Just wait-ing till Je-sus shall come;
 wait-ing, yes waiting,



JUST WAITING. Concluded.



No 199

C. P. M.

Excellency of Christ.

1 OH, could we speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood He spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When the dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see His face;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No 200—

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
While this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No 201 8s, 7s, & 4.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.

A. S. KEIFER.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

No 202

1. Shout for gladness, sons of Zi - on! Lo! the morning light appears,
2. Shout for gladness, Christ is com - ing From the re-gions of the blest,
3. Glo - rious day, so long ex - pect - ed, Flood your tide of bliss a - long!

Ris - ing o'er time's dreary mountains, Breaking thro' the mist of years;
 Countless millions rise to meet Him From the North, South, East and West.
 Brooks and vales, and seas and mountains, Join the ev-er-last - ing song;

Je-sus comes with thronging an-gels, From the shin-ing courts a - bove,
 Lo! the reign of sin is o - ver, Death no more can ter-ror bring;
 Zi-on, from the heavens de-scend-ing, O'er the earth her radiance flings,

And the banner streaming o'er Him Is the ban-ner of His love.
 Shout a-loud and sing for gladness, Christ, the King of kings, is King!
 Saints and an gels, join the cho-rus, Shout, for Christ is King of kings!

CHORUS.

Shout for gladness, O ye peo - ple! Let your songs of triumph ring!

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS. Concluded.

Lo! the morn of Zi-on's glo - ry! Christ, the King of kings, is King!

No 203 TAKE ME AS I AM.

Melody by the late REV. J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,
 4. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vict'ry won,

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D. S. bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

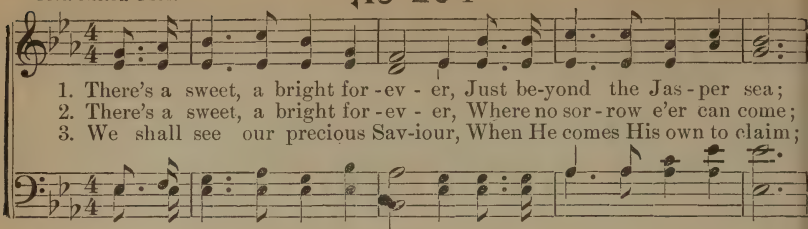
Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 take me as I am, take me as I am;

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

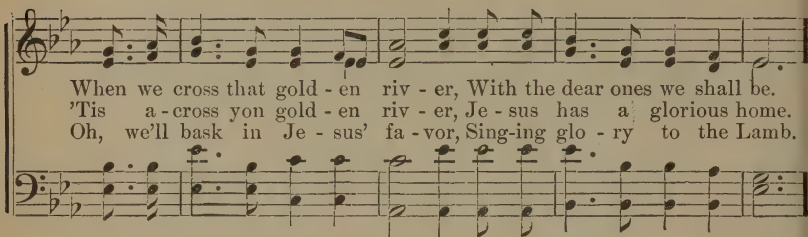
Mrs. EMMA PITT.

No 204

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

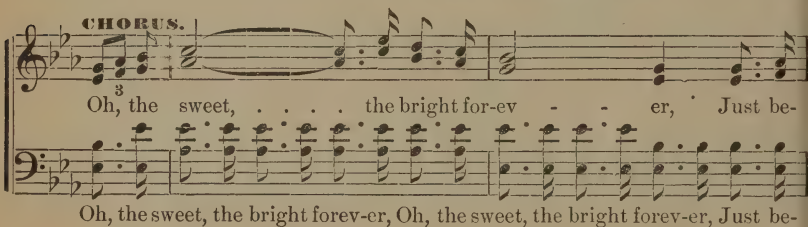


1. There's a sweet, a bright for-ev - er, Just be-yond the Jas-per sea;
 2. There's a sweet, a bright for-ev - er, Where no sor-row e'er can come;
 3. We shall see our pre-cious Sav-iour, When He comes His own to claim;



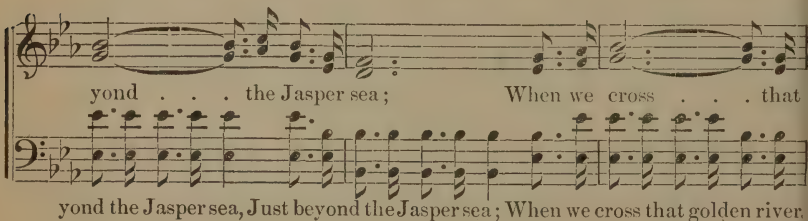
When we cross that gold - en riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
 'Tis a-cross yon gold - en riv - er, Je - sus has a glorious home.
 Oh, we'll bask in Je - sus' fa - vor, Sing-ing glo - ry to the Lamb.

CHORUS.



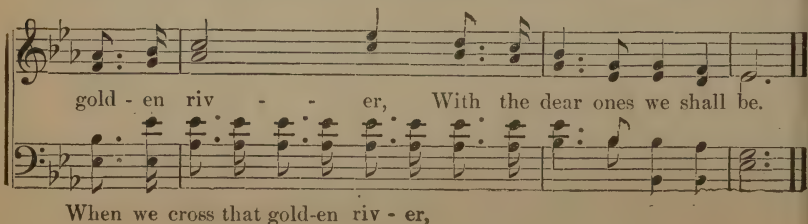
Oh, the sweet, . . . the bright for-ev - er, Just be-

Oh, the sweet, the bright forev-er, Oh, the sweet, the bright forev-er, Just be-



yond . . . the Jasper sea; When we cross . . . that

yond the Jasper sea, Just beyond the Jasper sea; When we cross that golden river,



gold - en riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be.

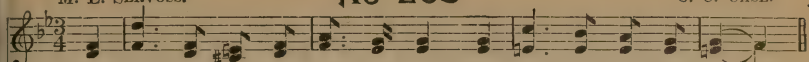
When we cross that gold-en riv - er,

JESUS ALL THE WAY.

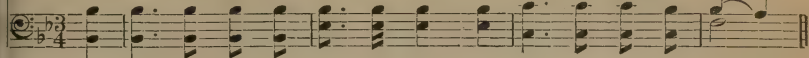
M. E. SERVOS.

No 205

C. C. CASE.



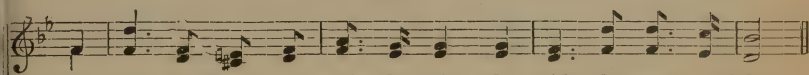
1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burdened heart Is sink - ing 'neath its load;
2. 'Tis Je - sus when the in - fant tongue Can hard - ly lisp the name;
3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea - ry, sad and lone;



And Je - sus when the trem - bling steps Can hard - ly keep the road;
And when the form is bent with age, 'Tis Je - sus just the same;
And Je - sus for the sin - ner's hope To change the heart of stone;



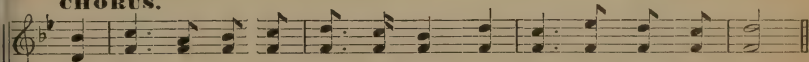
And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sor - row's night;
For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from Him should stray,
And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream;



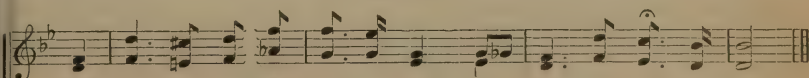
For He a - lone can soothe the pain Or guide the steps a - right.
Our Shep - herd walks be - fore His sheep, And leads them all the way.
Then Je - sus, Je - sus ev - er - more Shall be our new song's theme.



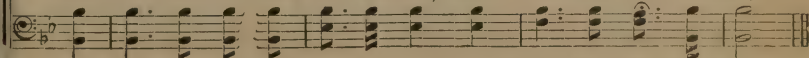
CHORUS.



'Tis Je - sus in the morn - ing hours, And Je - sus thro' the day,



And Je - sus in life's ev - en - time, And Je - sus all the way.

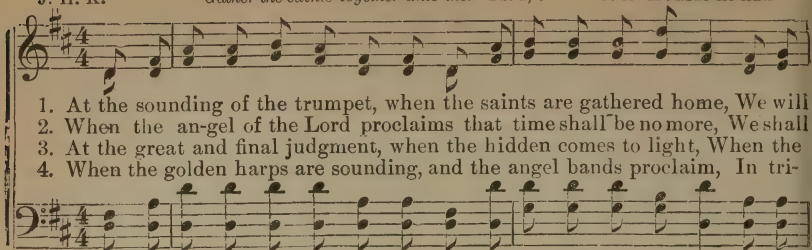


WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE. No 206

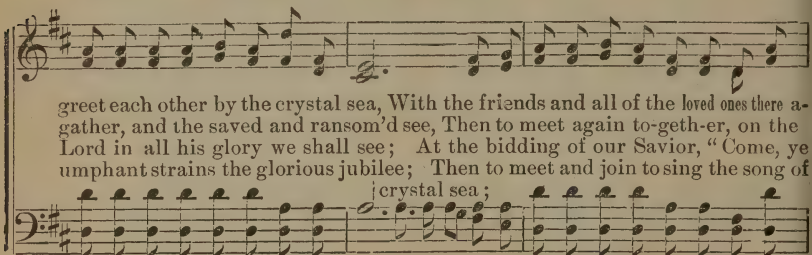
J. H. K.

Gather the saints together unto me.—Ps. 1, 5.

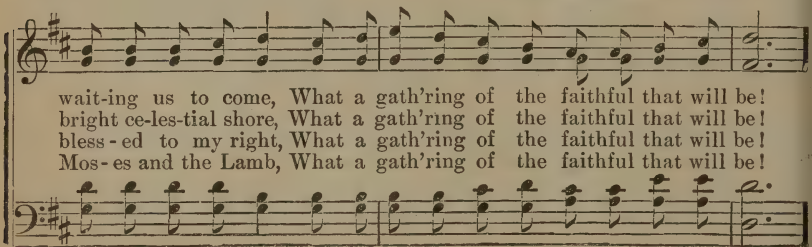
J. A. KURZENKNABE.



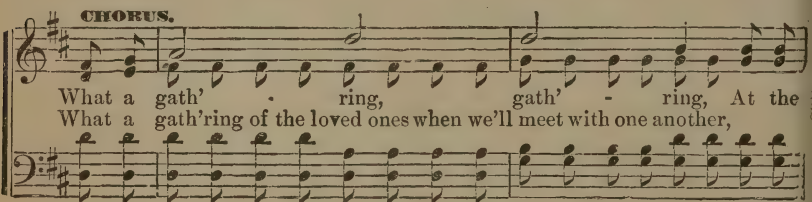
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-



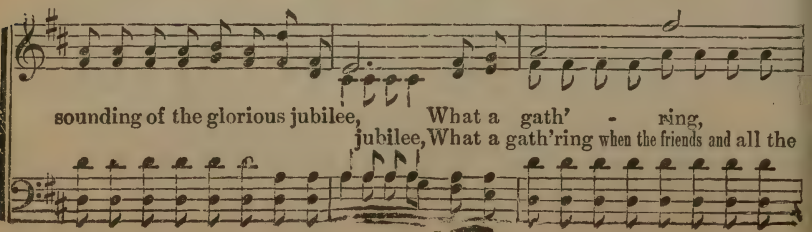
greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all of the loved ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-geth-er, on the
Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Savior, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
| crystal sea;



wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bless-ed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!



CHORUS.
What a gath'ring, ring, gath'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,



sounding of the glorious jubilee, What a gath'ring,
jubilee, What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

WHAT A GATH'RING, Etc. Concluded.

gath' - - ing, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be.
 dear ones meet each other,

BRIGHT LAND.

C. E. P.

No 207

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

1. { Be - yond this sad and sin - ful life A land by faith I see, }
 { Where free from sor - row, care and strife, We'll ev - er hap - py be. }
 2. { No night is there but end - less day, No tear-drops dim the eye }
 { For God shall wipe them all a - way, In that "sweet by and by." }
 3. { No sad fare - well in that dear land, No lov'd ones borne away, }
 { But a u - nit - ed, hap - py band, Thro' an e - ter - nal day. }

CHORUS.

Bright land, bright land, From sin and sor - row ev - er free.
 bright land, bright land,

I shall soon be there its glories all to share, And Jesus my Savior to see.

THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

No 208

W. E. PENN.

John 4: 35.

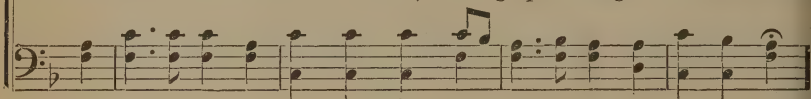
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



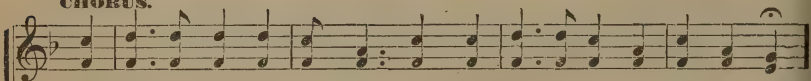
1. Lift up your eyes be-hold and see, The fields are white as white can be ;
2. For want of men to preach the truth, In ev'-ry land to age and youth
3. For want of men and wom-en too, To do what'er they find to do,
4. For want of men both young and old, Who love their Savior more than gold,



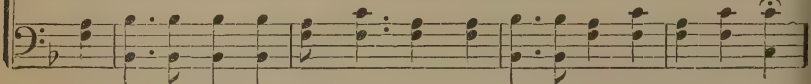
And much we're loosing ev' - ry day, For want of men to work and pray.
 For Je - sus'sake to give up all, And humbly at his feet to fall.
 For - sake the fol-lies of the day, And toil and la-bor, watch and pray.
 For want of lib' - ral heart - ed men, The gospel through the earth to send.



CHORUS.



The har-vest fields, O broth - er see, Are just as white as white can be,



And much we're loosing ev'-ry day, For want of men to work and pray.



C. M.

No 209 *Amazing grace.*

1 Amazing grace—how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;

His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,

And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,

The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No 210

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've born it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1859.

No 211 8s & 7s.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

No 212

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me? for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation—
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

REFRAIN.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may
frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

REFRAIN.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

REFRAIN.

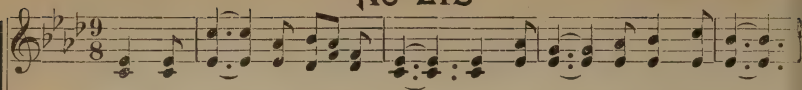
MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

YET THERE'S ROOM.

W. E. PENN.

No 213

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. In our Fa-ther's home a - bove, There is room for ev-'ry one;
2. Can you pray to be ex-cused? Can you wait an-oth-er day?
3. Will you say, "I will not go?" Dare you an - y long-er wait?
4. Mercy's door still stands a - jar, And the spir - it whispers come;



Boundless room in his great love, For the sin - ner who will come.
While the fie - ry bil-lows roll, That may sweep your soul a - way?
While the cry is "yet there's room," And one hour may be too late?
Cries to rich and poor the same, Say - ing yet there's boundless room.



CHORUS.



Yes, there's room, boundless room For the sin - ner who will come;



Yes, there's room, boundless room, For the sin - ner who will come.

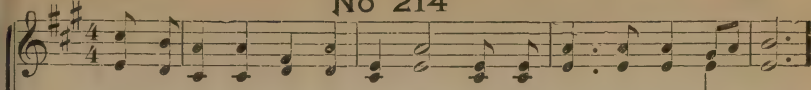


I AM WAITING.

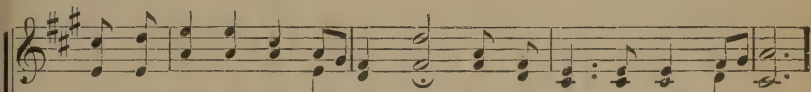
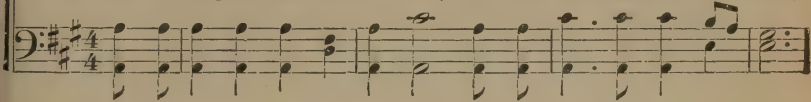
W. O. CURLING.

No 214

REN. W. M. WEEKLY, by per.



1. I am wait-ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait-ed long;
2. Far a-way be-yond the shadows Of this wea-ry vale of tears,
3. Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, In the man-sions of the blest,



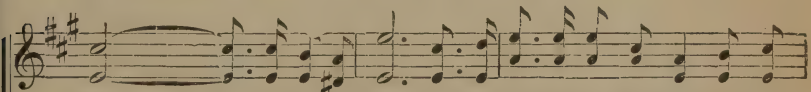
Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gel's wel-come song.
There the tide of bliss is sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years.
Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.



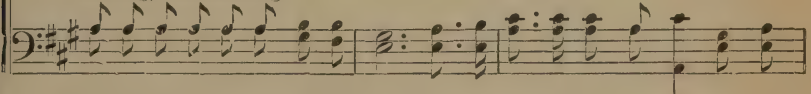
CHORUS.



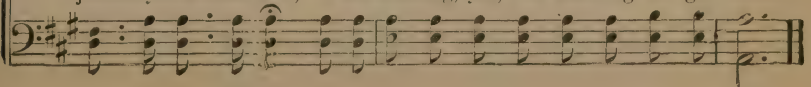
I'm wait - - - ing for the boat-man, I am
I'm wait - ing, I am wait - ing for the boat-man, I am



wait - - - ing till he comes; I am waiting on the shore, For my
waiting, I am waiting



jour-ney's al-most o'er, I am waiting, yes, I'm wait-ing to go home.



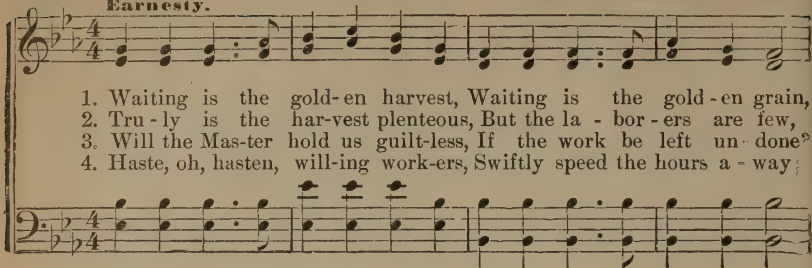
WHO IS READY.

No 215

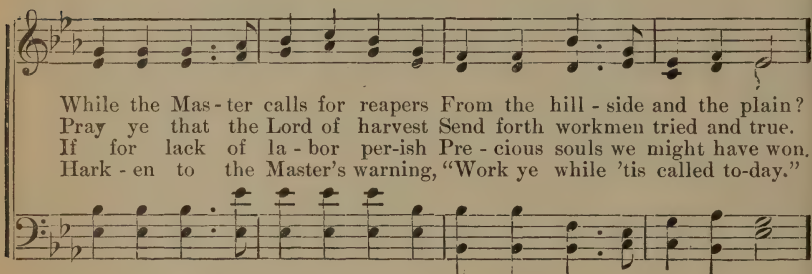
"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—Matt. 21: 28.

ANNIE CUMMINGS,
Earnestly.

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

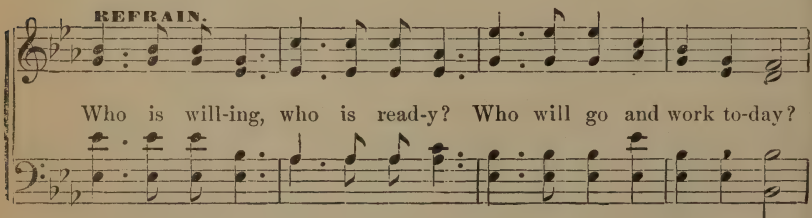


1. Waiting is the gold-en harvest, Waiting is the gold-en grain,
2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plenteous, But the la - bor - ers are few,
3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guilt-less, If the work be left un-done?
4. Haste, oh, hasten, will-ing work-ers, Swiftly speed the hours a - way;

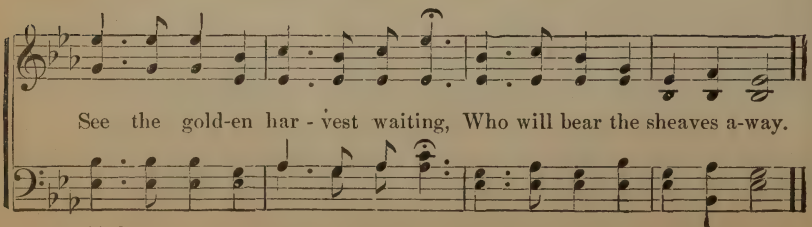


While the Mas-ter calls for reapers From the hill - side and the plain?
Pray ye that the Lord of harvest Send forth workmen tried and true.
If for lack of la - bor per-ish Pre - cious souls we might have won.
Hark - en to the Master's warning, "Work ye while 'tis called to-day."

REFRAIN.



Who is will-ing, who is read-y? Who will go and work to-day?



See the gold-en har - vest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way.

SIN NO MORE.

No 216

C. C. M'CABRE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,
 2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
 3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;
 4. O the fight! I've learned to love it, For the vic - to - ry is mine;
 5. Oh, the King who dwells among them In his beau - ty I shall see;

As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 All the boads of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."
 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tri - umph - ing in love di - vine.
 Heav'n shall ring with loud ho - san - nas Un - to him who died for me.

Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mer - cy's door,
 "Rise, forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light has come;
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;
 O the dawn of heav - en's glo - ry! O the day that has no night!
 But, 'mid all the joys of heav - en, I will ne'er for - get the hour

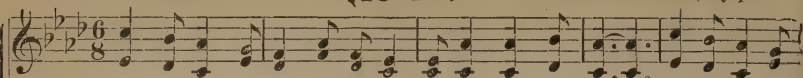
Burdened with my sin and sor - row,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 Put thy beauteous gar - ments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home."
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."
 O the sun that finds no ze - nith! O the host in raiment bright.
 When my Sav - ior said "For - giv - en! Go thy way, and sin no more."

WAITING AT THE POOL.

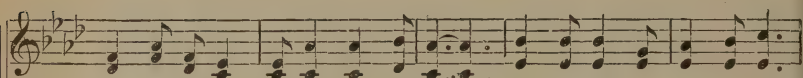
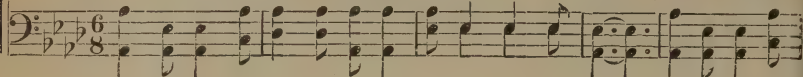
REV. A. J. HOUGH.

NO 217

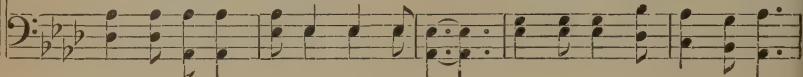
WM. G. FISCHER, by per



1. Thousands stand today in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je-sus may no



wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth-ers step in left and right,
bur-den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev-er heard,
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's happy shore,
cross the wa-ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev-er more embrace
more invite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,



Wash their stain-ed garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
Je - sus long a - go hath stirred The waters with his mighty word,
Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
Moth - er, or be-hold her face, If you keep the lep-er's place,
Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no long - er doubting stand,



Waiting at the pool, Waiting; wait-ing, waiting at the pool



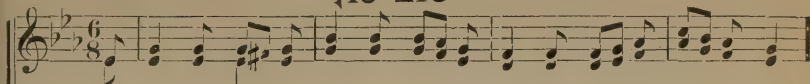
TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.

"The chiefest among ten thousand."—1 Cant. 5: 10.

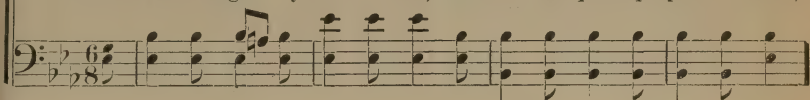
P. P. BLISS.

No 218

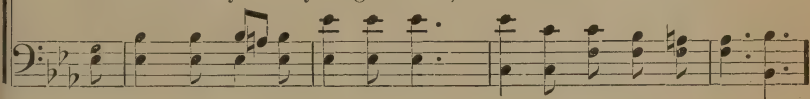
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. 'Tis known on earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me because its true;
2. Earth's fairest flow'rs will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky,
3. When overwhelmed with un-belief, When burdened with the blinding grief,
4. And when the glo - ry-land I see, And take the place prepared for me,



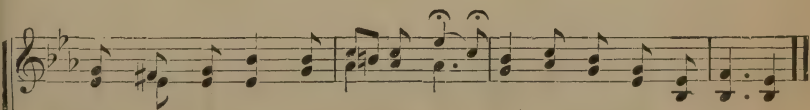
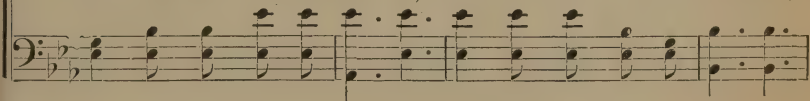
The old, old, sto - ry is e'er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 Life's dear - est joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 Come kind - ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 Thro' end - less years my song shall be; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.



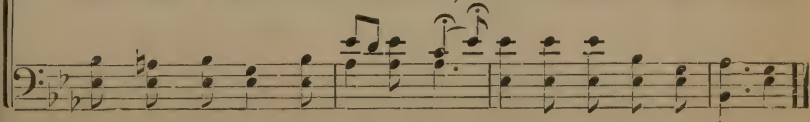
CHORUS.



Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus;



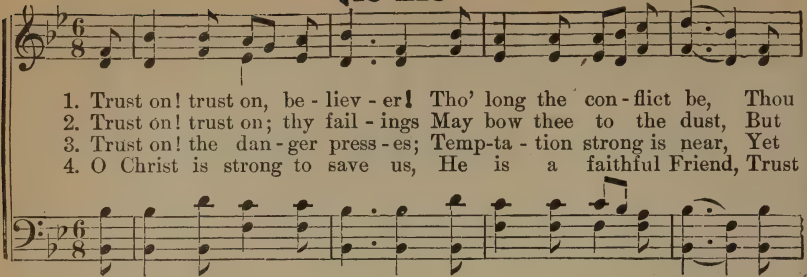
Him would I know who loved me so, 'Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.



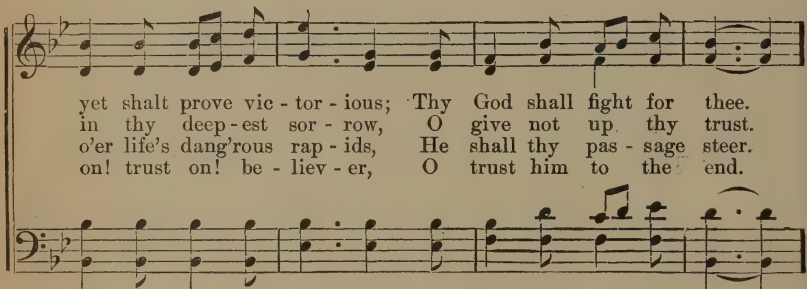
TRUST ON.

No 219

L. B. SHOOK, by per.



1. Trust on! trust on, be - liev - er! Tho' long the con - flict be, Thou
 2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust, But
 3. Trust on! the dan - ger press - es; Temp - ta - tion strong is near, Yet
 4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faithful Friend, Trust

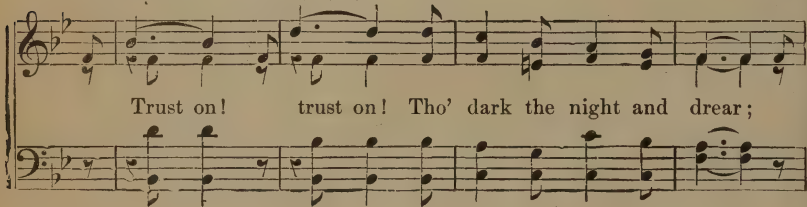


yet shalt prove vic - tor - ious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
 in thy deep - est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
 o'er life's dang'rous rap - ids, He shall thy pas - sage steer.
 on! trust on! be - liev - er, O trust him to the end.

CHORUS.

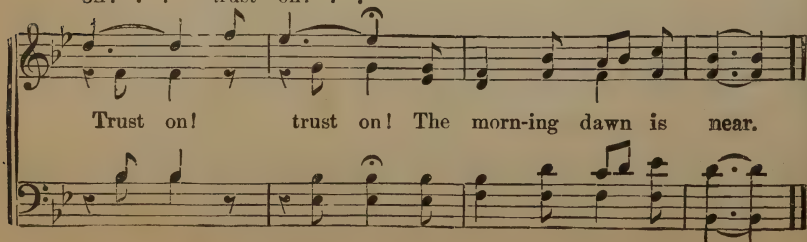
Trust on! . . . Trust on! . . .

Trust



Trust on! trust on! Tho' dark the night and drear;

on! . . . trust on! . . .

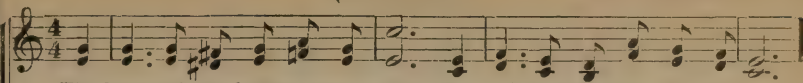


Trust on! trust on! The morn - ing dawn is near.

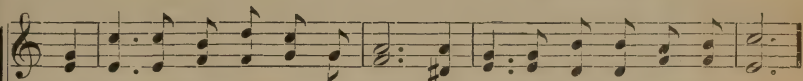
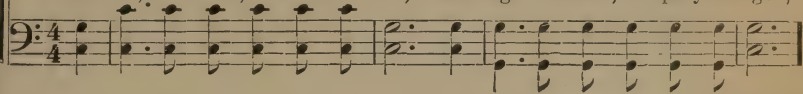
WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

No 220

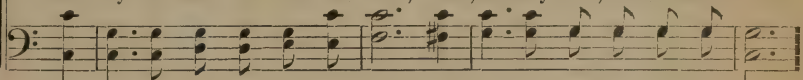
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



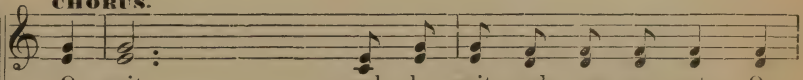
1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load, By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;



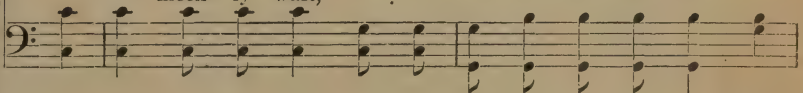
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.



CHORUS.



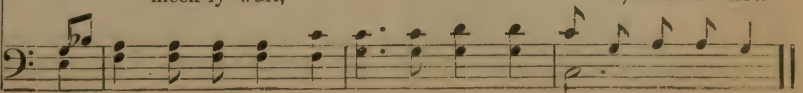
O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,



wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait,



O, wait, meek - ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

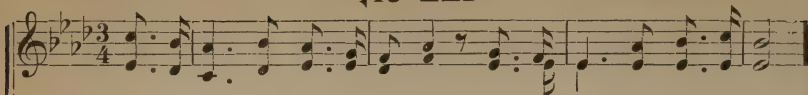


"FOLLOW ME."

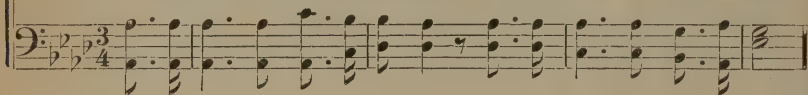
T. C. O'K.

No 221

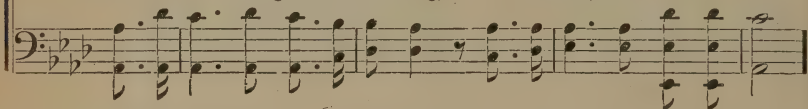
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



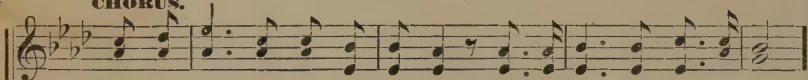
1. Hear you not the Sav-ior call-ing, Call-ing you so earn-est-ly?
2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, per-ish-ing 'twill be;
3. In my Fa-ther's house in heav-en, Let your hearts untroubled be,
4. Be thy pathway bright or drea-ry Whither du - ty lead-eth thee,
5. When thy days on earth are end-ing, And the close of life you see,



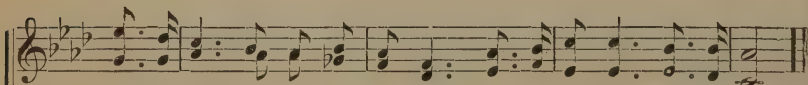
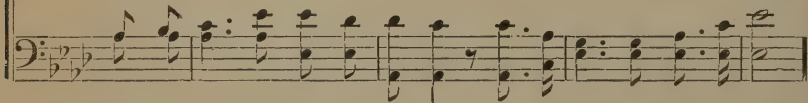
Gent-ly, too, the tones are falling, "Come, oh, come and fol-low me."
 Rath-er seek e - ter - nal pleasure; Would you find it? fol-low me.
 Glorious man-sion will be giv - en, On - ly come and fol-low me.
 Strong thy steps, or faint and wea-ry, I will guide thee, — follow me.
 E - ven to the grave descending, Nev-er fear, but fol-low me.



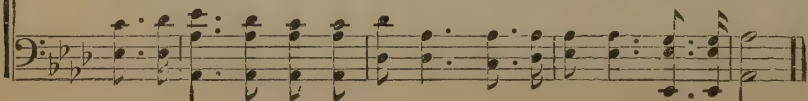
CHORUS.



Let us round our Lead-er ral - ly, Je - sus bids us each to come;



He will lead us thro' life's val-ley, O'er the riv - er, safe - ly home.



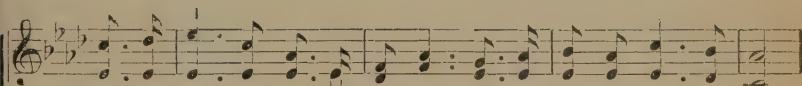
MORE LIKE THEE.

No 222

Words and Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



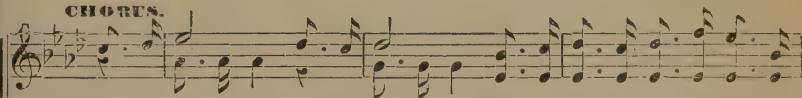
1. Je - sus, Savior, great Ex-am - ple, Pat-tern of all pu - ri - ty,
2. Lest I, wan-der from thy pathway, Or my feet move wea-ri - ly,
3. When temptations fiercely low - er, And my shrieking soul would flee,
4. When around me all is darkness, And thy beauties none may see
5. When death's cold, repulsive finger, Leaves its impress on my brow,



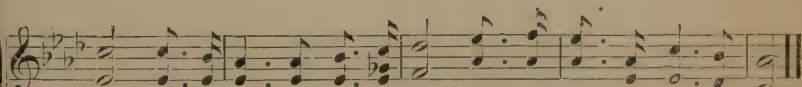
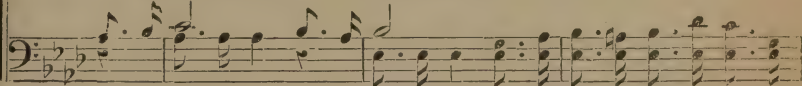
I would fol - low in thy foot-steps, Dai-ly growing more like thee.
 Sav-ior, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast, more like thee.
 Change each weakness into pow - er, Keep me spotless, more like thee.
 May thy beams, O glorious brightness, In effulgence shine through me.
 May thy life, with-in me swell-ing, Keep me singing then as now.



CHORUS.



More like thee, more like thee, Savior, this my constant pray'r shall
 More like thee, More like thee,

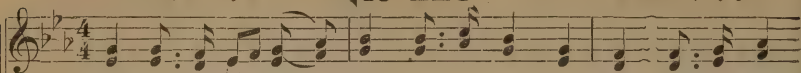


be, — Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like thee.

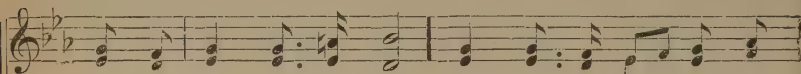


REMEMBERED.

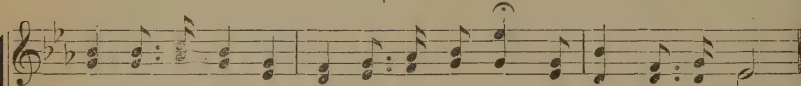
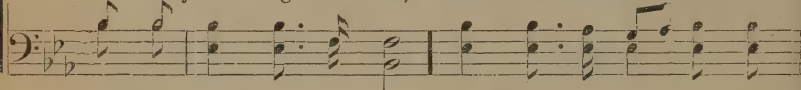
REV. DR. BONAR, aut. by W. E. PENN. No 223 WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



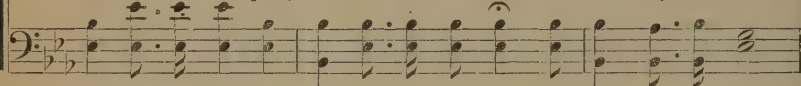
1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morn-ing, Soar-ing from earth
2. Shall we be missed if oth - ers succeed us, Reap-ing the fields
3. On - ly the truths that in life we have spo-ken, On - ly the songs
4. Oh, when the Savior shall make up his Jew - els, When the bright crowns



to its home in the sun, Thus would we pass from the
we in Spring-time have sown? No for the sow - ers may
that on earth we have sung, These shall pass on - ward when
of re-joic - ing are won, Then will his faith - ful and



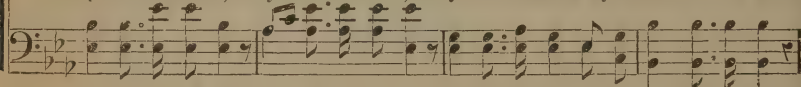
earth and its toil-ing, On - ly re-mem-bered by what we have done.
pass from their la-bors, On - ly re-mem-bered by what they have done.
we are for - got-ten, Fruits of our la - bor and work we have done.
wea - ry dis - ci - ples, All be re-mem-bered for what they have done.



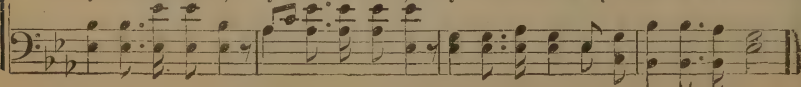
CHORUS.



Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what we have done.



Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what we have done



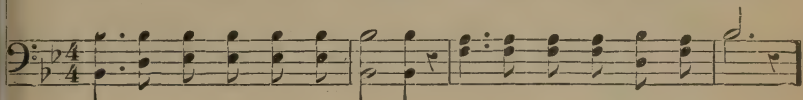
HAIL, THOU EVER ROLLING OCEAN.

No 224

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Hail, thou ev - er roll - ing o - cean, Hail, thou ev - er heav - ing sea,
2. See the glo - ry, friends of Je - sus, On this o - cean deep and wide,
3. Gaze not sim - ply on this o - cean, Walk not on - ly on the shore,



Sunlight on thy bos - om gleameth, Light and shade al - ter - nate - ly.
But a glo - ry, clear - er, bright - er, Lies be - yond this swelling tide.
Launch ye bold - ly on its bos - om, Trust your Pi - lot ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows, Lies a cit - y, bright and fair,



Glo - ry to our skill - ful Pi - lot, Soon he'll bring our spir - its there.



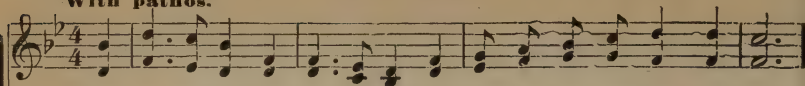
GETHSEMANE.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

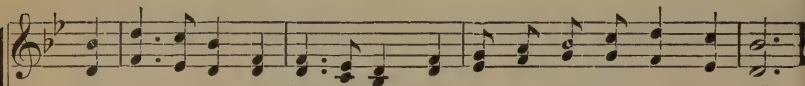
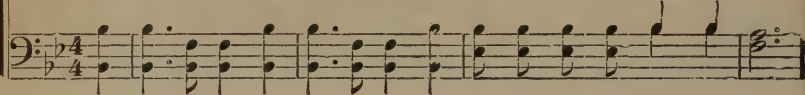
No 225

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With pathos.



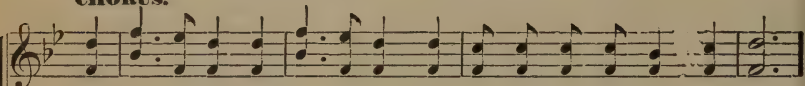
1. Geth-se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! The Lord once bore my grief in thee,
- 2 I hear my Savior's pleading tone, As-cend-ing to his Father's throne.
3. Thus thrice in tears and groans he cries, While ho-ly an-gels sym-path-ize;
4. Geth-se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! How sac-red in my mem - o - ry,



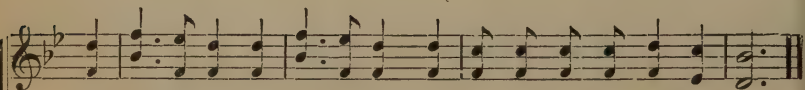
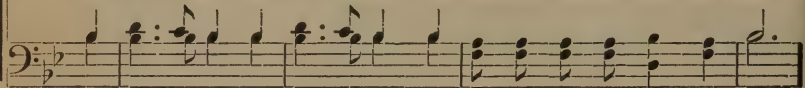
In bloody sweat he groaned in prayer, Till angels came to soothe him there.
 "Remove the suff'ring now begun, Yet, not my will, but thine be done."
 O! Je-sus, in thy lone re-treat I'd come and bathe with tears thy feet.
 The grief of Je-sus lingers yet, His love my soul can ne'er for - get.



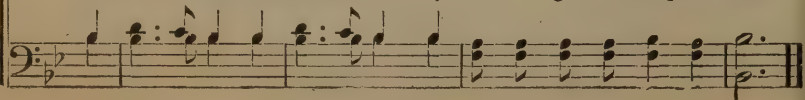
CHORUS.



Geth - se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! The Lord once bore my grief in thee;



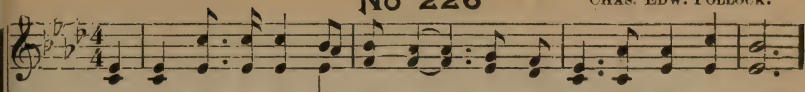
Geth - se - ma-ne! Geth-se - ma-ne! By faith I go and weep in thee.



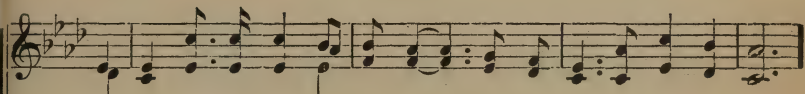
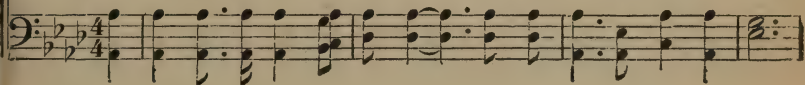
THE WICKET GATE.

No 226

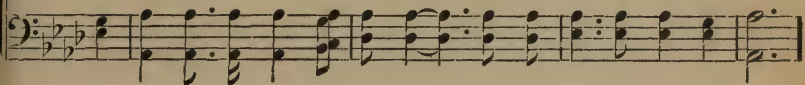
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



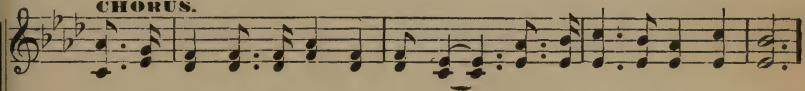
1. There's nev-er a day so sun - ny, But a lit - tle cloud appears;
2. There's nev-er a cup so pleas-ant, But has bit - ter with the sweet;
3. There's nev-er a dream that's hap-py, But the wak-ing makes us sad;
4. There's nev-er a way so nar - row, But the entrance is made straight,



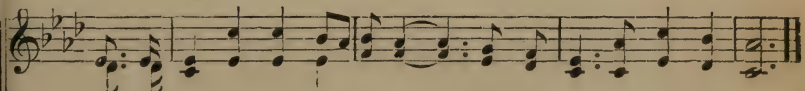
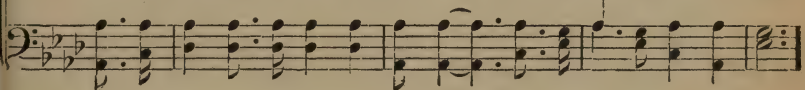
There's nev-er a life so hap - py, But has had its time of tears.
 There's nev-er a path so rug - ged, That bears not the print of feet.
 There's nev-er a dream of sor - row, But the waking makes us glad.
 There's al-ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick-et gate.



CHORUS.



There is al-ways a guide to point us, To the lit - tle wick-et gate,



And the an - gels will be near-er, To the soul that's des-o - late.



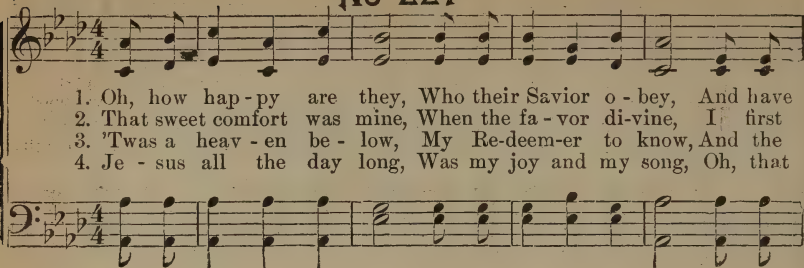
HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. 2; 5.

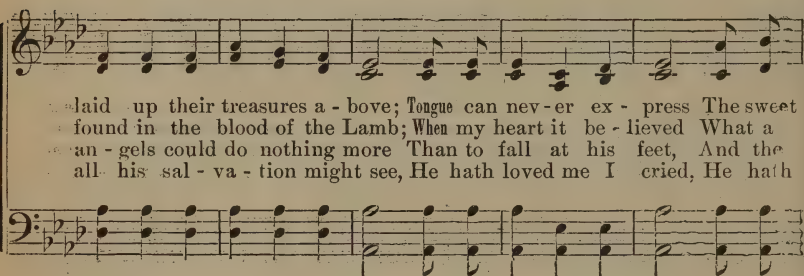
CHAS. WESLEY.

No 227

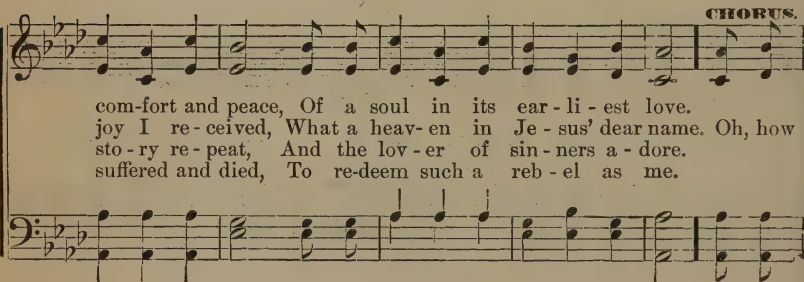
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



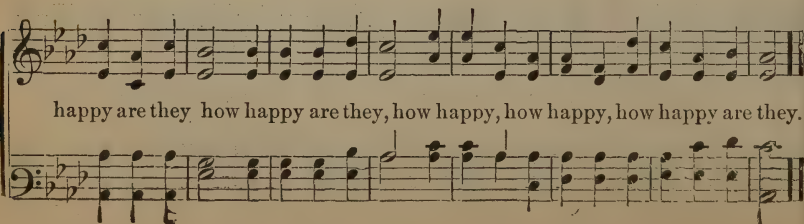
1. Oh, how hap-py are they, Who their Savior o-bey, And have
 2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa-vor di-vine, I first
 3. 'Twas a heav-en be-low, My Re-deem-er to know, And the
 4. Je-sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song, Oh, that



laid up their treasures a-bove; Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet
 found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be-lieved What a
 an-gels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet, And the
 all his sal-va-tion might see, He hath loved me I cried, He hath



CHORUS.
 com-fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
 joy I re-ceived, What a heav-en in Je-sus' dear name. Oh, how
 sto-ry re-peat, And the lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.
 suffered and died, To re-deem such a reb-el as me.

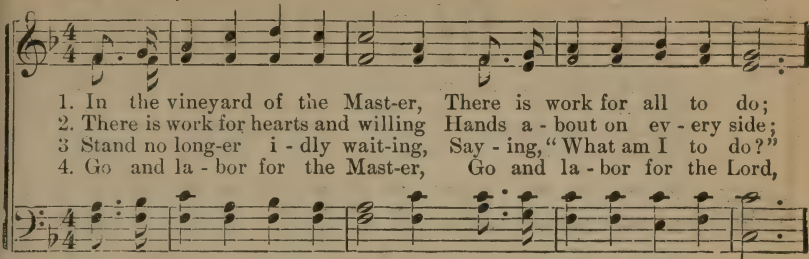


happy are they how happy are they, how happy, how happy, how happy are they.

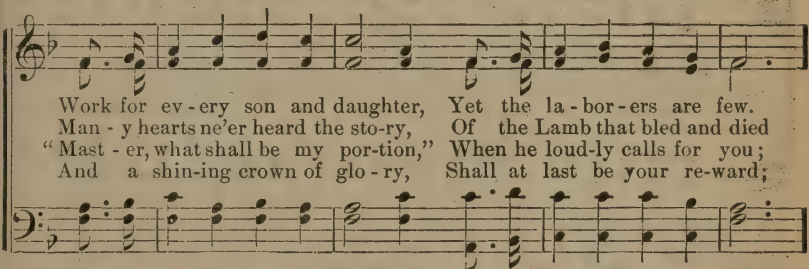
GO AND LABOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, In the "News." No 228

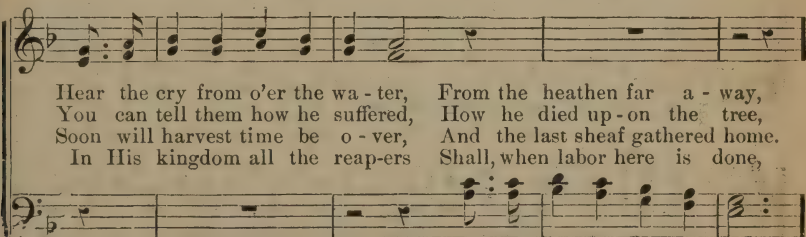
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



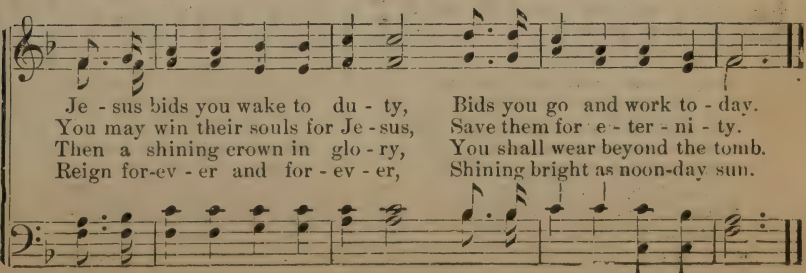
1. In the vineyard of the Mast-er, There is work for all to do;
 2. There is work for hearts and willing Hands a - bout on ev - ery side;
 3 Stand no long-er i - dly wait-ing, Say - ing, "What am I to do?"
 4. Go and la - bor for the Mast-er, Go and la - bor for the Lord,



Work for ev - ery son and daughter, Yet the la - bor - ers are few.
 Man - y hearts ne'er heard the sto-ry, Of the Lamb that bled and died
 "Mast - er, what shall be my por-tion," When he loud-ly calls for you;
 And a shin-ing crown of glo - ry, Shall at last be your re-ward;



Hear the cry from o'er the wa - ter, From the heathen far a - way,
 You can tell them how he suffered, How he died up - on the tree,
 Soon will harvest time be o - ver, And the last sheaf gathered home.
 In His kingdom all the reap-ers Shall, when labor here is done,

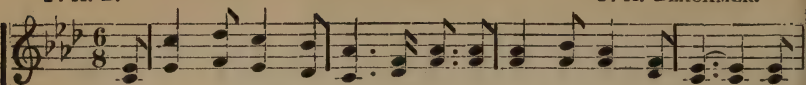


Je - sus bids you wake to du - ty, Bids you go and work to - day.
 You may win their souls for Je - sus, Save them for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Then a shining crown in glo - ry, You shall wear beyond the tomb.
 Reign for-ev - er and for - ev - er, Shining bright as noon-day sun.

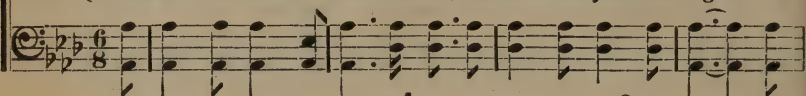
No. 228 $\frac{1}{2}$. OH, DECIDE TO-NIGHT.

F. A. B.

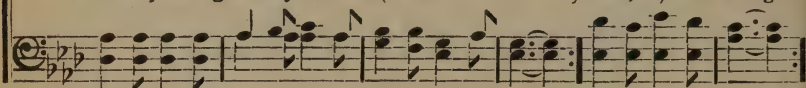
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. { Up - on the broad highway, brother, So long you now have been; So
You're tir - ed of the way, brother, You feel it is not right; Choose
2. { Most grate - ful should you be, brother, That you are spared so long: Why
When oth - ers are cut off, brother, Who have re - ject - ed light? It



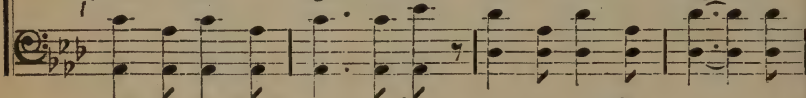
long have sought but found it not, true happiness in sin,
now, I pray, the bet - ter way, Oh, (*Omit.*) yes, decide, to - night.
should God save you from the grave, While yielding to the wrong,
is that you a - gain may view His (*Omit.*) love, oh, come to-night.



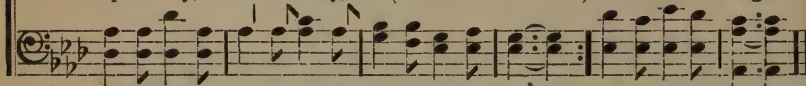
CHORUS.



{ Oh, de - cide to - night, broth - er, Oh, de - cide to - night; To
{ Oh, de - cide to - night, broth - er, Oh, de - cide to - night; The



Jesus bow, your conscience now Is whisp'ring, "This is right;"
Spirit may, ere break of day, For- (*Omit.*) ev - er take his flight.



- 3 This call may be the last, brother,
Your chance may soon be o'er;
And here be sealed, unless you yield,
Your doom for evermore;
Sufficient is the thought, brother,
The strongest to affright;
Risk not to stay another day,
Oh, haste, decide to-night.

- 4 Most happy will you be, brother,
If Christ shall be your choice;
Your heart shall be from sin made free,
While heaven and earth rejoice,
Oh, naste and seek Him now, brother,
Who is the Truth, the Light,
Who is the way to endless day,
Oh, yes, decide to-night.

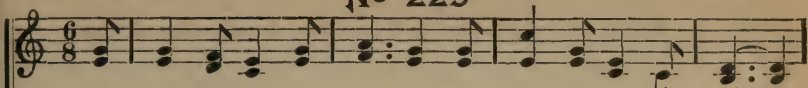
HARVEST BELLS. No. 3.

John 4:35.

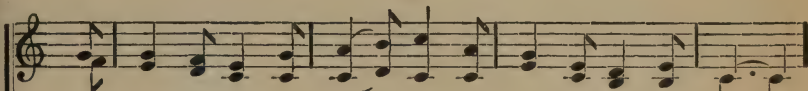
W. E. PENN.

No 229

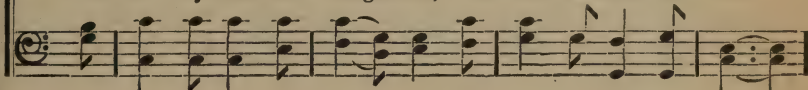
H. N. LINCOLN.



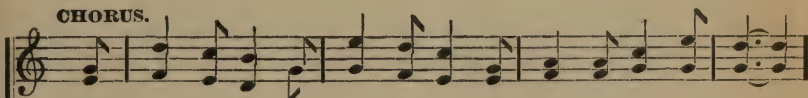
1. The fields are white to har - vest, The grain is fall - ing fast,
2. "Come o - ver then and help us," The HARVEST BELLS do say,
3. Then do not tar - ry lon - ger, "Make haste" the BELLS do say,
4. Then let us pray and la - bor Un - til the end we see,



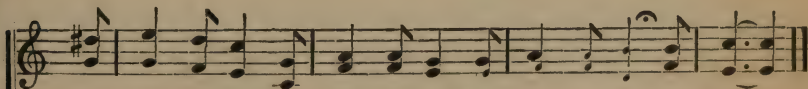
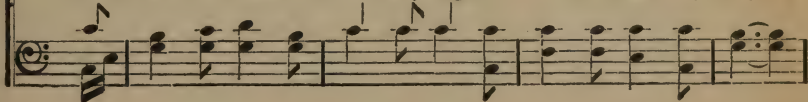
And soon the time of reap - ing For - ev - er will be past.
 "Come quick - ly to the res - cue," This call we must o - bey.
 As ev - 'ry-where they're ring - ing, "WORK while 'tis called to - day."
 'Till ev - 'ry friend and neigh - bor, From Sa - tan shall be free.



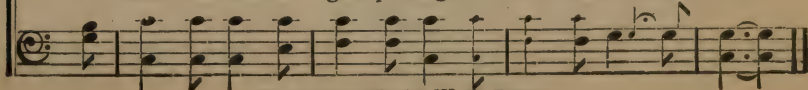
CHORUS.



The HARVEST BELLS! oh, how they ring, To one and all they say,



"O come the bless - ed gos - pel sing, Come WORK and WATCH and PRAY."

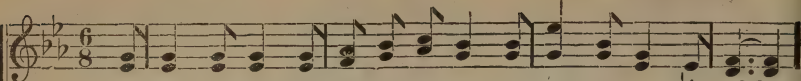


WONDERFUL GRACE.

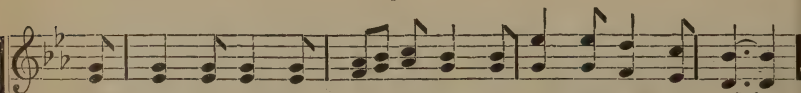
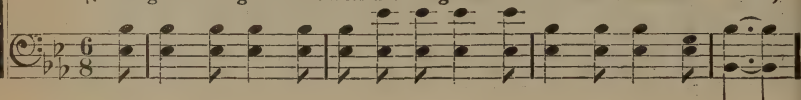
Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

No 230

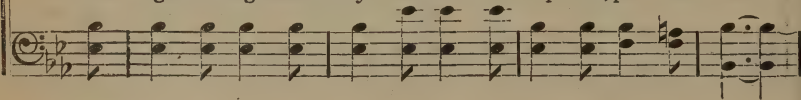
Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.



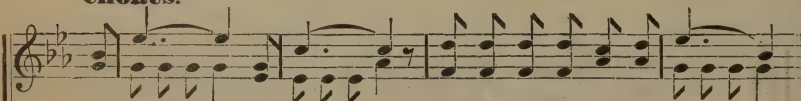
1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! This great sal-va-tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Its streams are full and free,
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove;



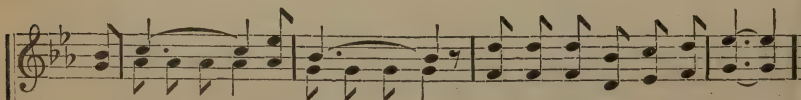
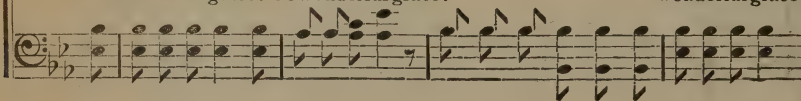
The soul de-liv-ered of its load In sweet-est rapt-ure sings.
 The pow'r of ris-ing e-vil slays, And reigns su-preme with-in.
 Are flow-ing now for all the race, They e-ven flow for me.
 The light which gleams from Je-sus' face Is rapt-ure, peace and love.



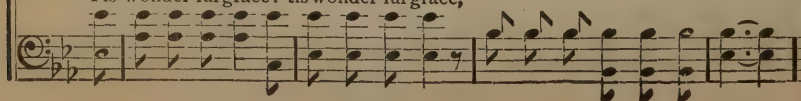
CHORUS.



'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!..... Wonder-ful, won-der-ful grace!
 'Tis wonder-ful grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace! wonderful grace!



'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace! Flow-ing still, free-ly for me.
 'Tis wonder-ful grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace,



OH! THE JOY OF FULL SALVATION.

"Justified by his grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ."—Rom. 3: 24.

No 231

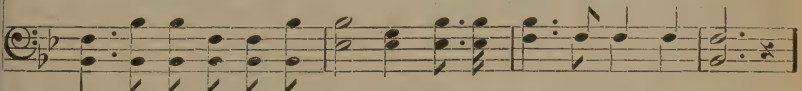
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Je - sus now is my sal - va - tion, He has saved me from all sin;
2. By His roy - al proc - la - ma - tion Sin's do - min - ion now is o'er;
3. Oh, the love of my Re-deem - er; Oh! the won - ders of His grace;



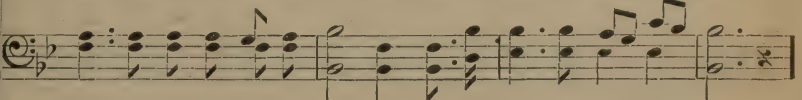
Thro' His blood I have re - demp - tion, And I rest complete in Him.
And in conscious, full sal - va - tion, I may sing for - ev - er - more.
I will praise His name for - ev - er, And re - joice be - fore His face.



CHORUS.



Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion, How it thrills my in - most soul;



Spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Je - sus' blood has made me whole.



SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING.

W. L. T.

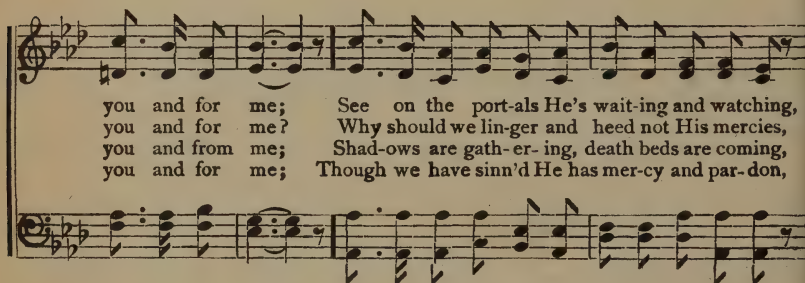
No 232

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp*



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - is'd, Prom - is'd for

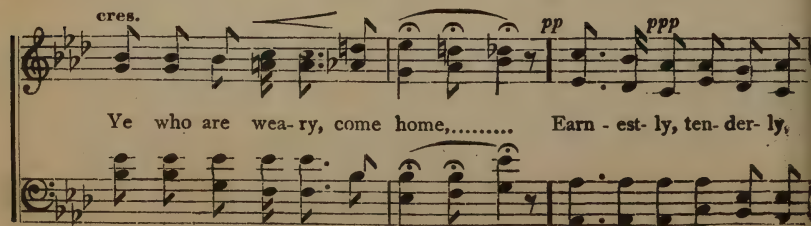


you and for me; See on the port - als He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me; Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are coming,
 you and for me; Though we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don,



CHORUS. *m*

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home, Come home;
 Mer - cies for you and for me? }
 Com - ing for you and for me. } Come home, Come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.



cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home,..... Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

SOFTLY AND TENDERLY, Etc. Concluded.

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

rit. *pp*

JESUS BIDS YOU COME.

W. L. T.

No 233

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 2. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 3. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 4. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,

Earn - est - ly for you He's call - ing, Gen - tly at thy
 Wea - ry trav - 'ler, do not tar - ry, Je - sus will thy
 Voic - es may not al - ways call you, "Late, too late," may
 Where 'tis love and joy for - ev - er, Where we'll meet to

heart He's plead - ing, "Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me."
 bur - dens car - ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
 yet be - fall you, "Why will ye die? Why will ye die?"
 part, no, nev - er, Sin - ner, come home. Oh, come, come home.

pp

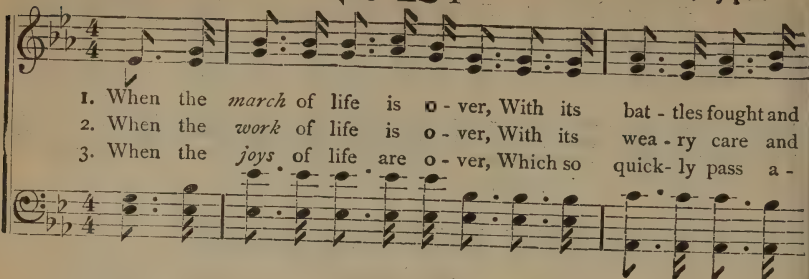
"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

T. C. O'K.

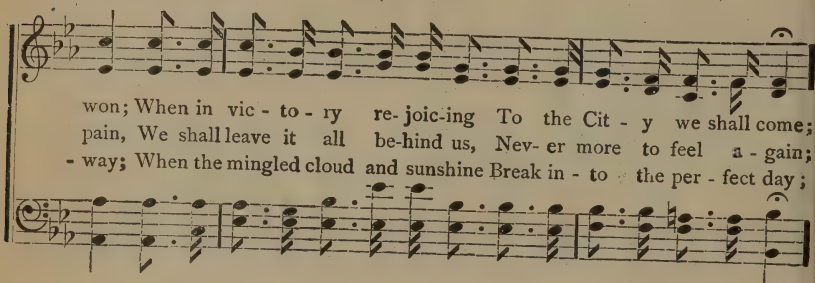
1 John 3: 2.

No 234

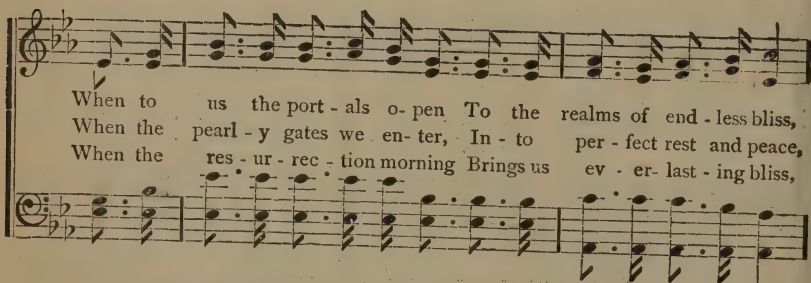
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



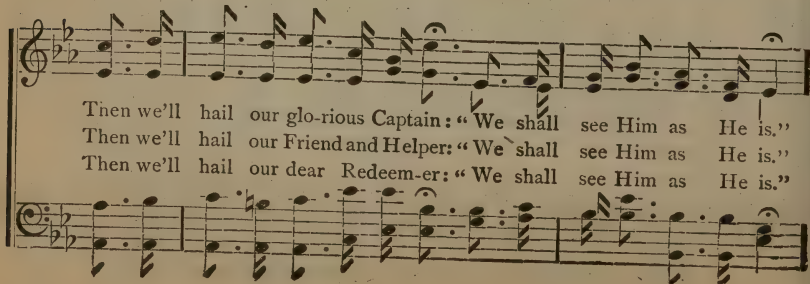
1. When the *march* of life is o - ver, With its bat - tles fought and
 2. When the *work* of life is o - ver, With its wea - ry care and
 3. When the *joys* of life are o - ver, Which so quick - ly pass a -



won; When in vic - to - ry re - joicing To the Cit - y we shall come;
 pain, We shall leave it all be - hind us, Nev - er more to feel a - gain;
 - way; When the mingled cloud and sunshine Break in - to the per - fect day;



When to us the port - als o - pen To the realms of end - less bliss,
 When the pearl - y gates we en - ter, In - to per - fect rest and peace,
 When the res - ur - rec - tion morning Brings us ev - er - last - ing bliss,



Then we'll hail our glo - rious Captain: "We shall see Him as He is."
 Then we'll hail our Friend and Helper: "We shall see Him as He is."
 Then we'll hail our dear Redeem - er: "We shall see Him as He is."

"WE SHALL SEE HIM, Etc." Concluded.

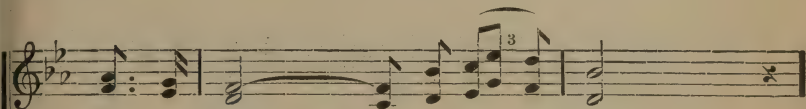
CHORUS.



We shall know..... our Sav - iour there,

We shall know

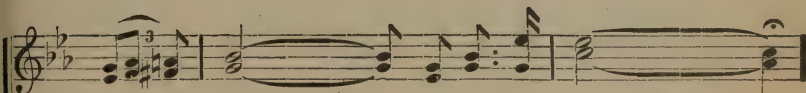
our Sav- iour there,



In the realms..... of end - less bliss,

In the realms

of end- less bliss,



Like Him we..... shall ev - er be,.....

Like Him we

shall ev - er be,



“For we'll see..... Him as He is.”

For we'll see Him as He is.”

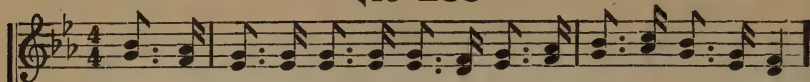


WE SHALL KNOW.

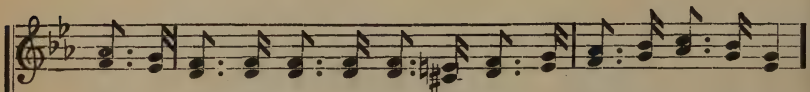
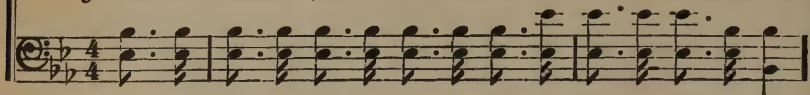
ANNIE HERBERT.

No 235

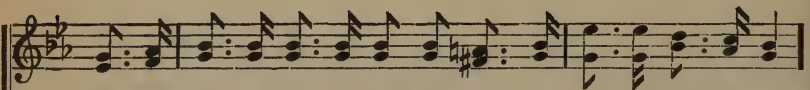
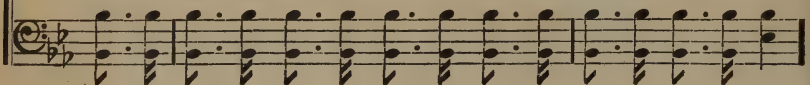
J. H. ANDERSON.



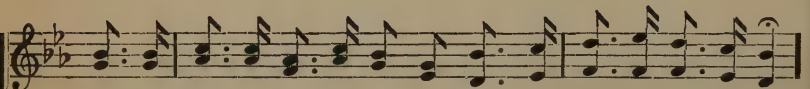
1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,



And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills;
If we miss the law of kind-ness, When we strug-gle to be just;
Face to face with those that love us *We shall know as we are known,*



We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides a-way,
Love, be-yond the o-rient meadows, Floats the gold-en fringe of day;



We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
Heart to heart, we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a-way.



WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er -
We shall know as we are known,

more..... to walk a - lone, In the
Nev - er - more to walk a - lone,

dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists,..... have cleared a -
In the dawn - ing When the mists

way; In the dawn - ing of the
have cleared a - way; In the dawn - ing

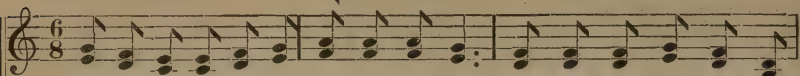
morn - ing, When the mists..... have cleared a - way.
When the mists have cleared a - way.

ONE OF THE PROMISES.

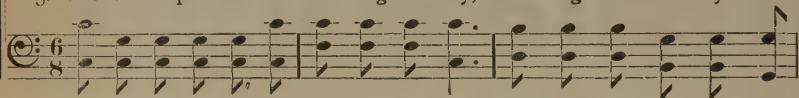
EBEN E. REXFORD.

No 236

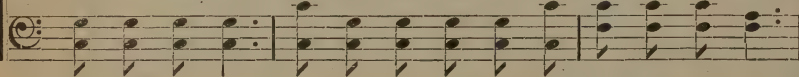
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Onward toward heaven our footsteps shall press, Know-ing our Fa-ther will
2. Trusting the promise which nev-er has failed, Ma-ny o'er sor-row and
3. Safe on His promise I'm lean-ing to-day, Trust-ing Him whol-ly for-



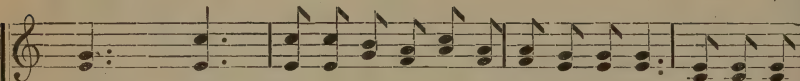
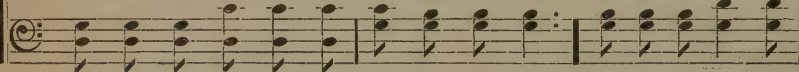
com-fort and bless; And if the path-way seem lone-some and long,
earth have pre-ailed; Kept by the Fa-ther who lov-eth His own,
ev-er and aye; Oh, lov-ing Fa-ther, the prom-ise is sweet;



CHORUS.



Bright-en it sing-ing a lit-tle trust song. } Love Him,
We shall be with Him at last by the throne. }
Staff for the wea-ry, and stay for the feet. } Love Him and trust Him,



trust Him, He is near ev-er our foot-steps to guide; Safe thro' the
Love Him and trust Him,



val-ley at last to the throne, This is the promise of God to His own.



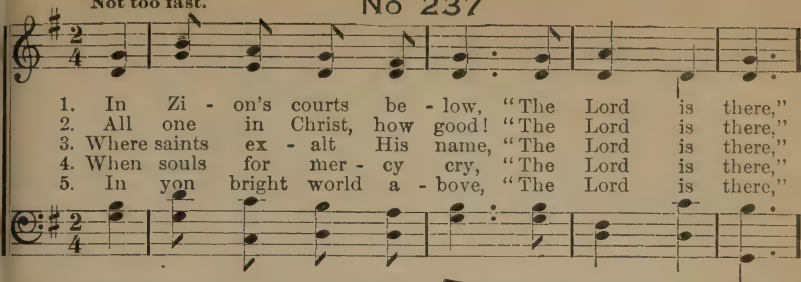
"THE LORD IS THERE."

SAMUEL PEACH.
Not too fast.

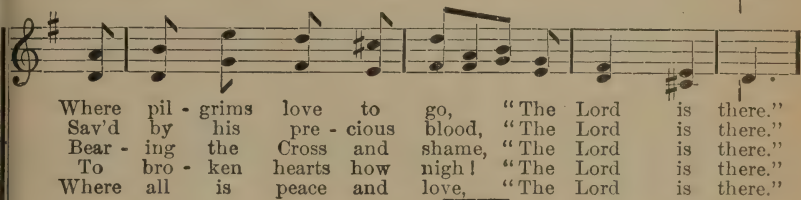
Ezekiel 48: 35.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

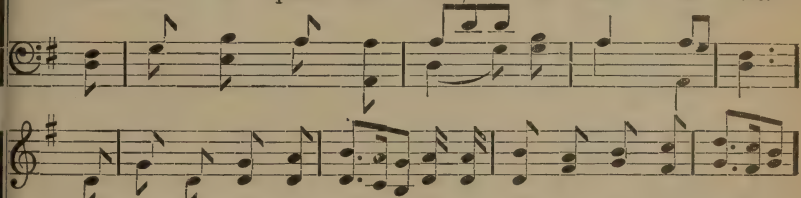
No 237



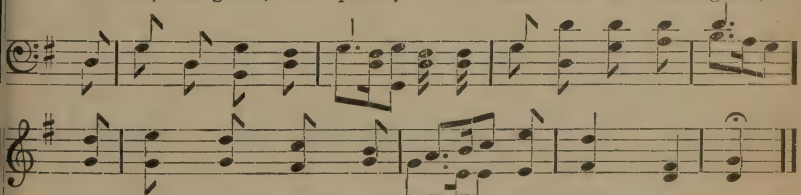
1. In Zi - on's courts be - low, "The Lord is there,"
2. All one in Christ, how good! "The Lord is there,"
3. Where saints ex - alt His name, "The Lord is there,"
4. When souls for mer - cy cry, "The Lord is there,"
5. In yon bright world a - bove, "The Lord is there,"



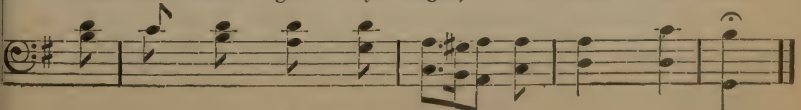
Where pil - grims love to go, "The Lord is there."
Sav'd by his pre - cious blood, "The Lord is there."
Bear - ing the Cross and shame, "The Lord is there."
To bro - ken hearts how nigh! "The Lord is there."
Where all is peace and love, "The Lord is there."



He's promised there to be, In the midst of two or three,
For pow'r di - vine they plead, That they might be His in - deed,
He will their strength re - new, Who His pre - cious pre - cepts do,
With joy be - hold Him bring Un - to such the robe and ring,
No sin, no griefs, or pains; E - vil there no en - trance gains,



Who in His name a - gree, "The Lord is there."
And find in times of need, "The Lord is there."
And prove the prom - ise true, "The Lord is there."
While saints and an - gels sing, "The Lord is there."
Where end - less glo - ry reigns, "The Lord is there."



SING OF HIS LOVE.

No 238 Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

Lord, praise the Lord for - ev - er - more! for - ev - er - more!

(Omit 2d. ending only.)
Ritard. Fine.

Oh, wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Sing un-to

Him, and tell of His love. Sing of His love to me,

Sing how He free - ly gave His life for thee, And thro' His blood we

SING OF HIS LOVE. Concluded.

Solo first time.

may from sin be free, Sing of His love. For God so
For God

loved the world that He gave His
so loved the world that He gave,

on - - - ly Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,
He gave His Son,

Slow.

That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, That who - so - ev - er be -

D. C.

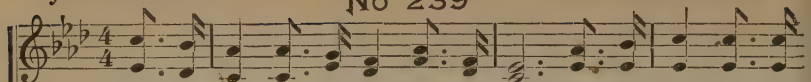
- liev - eth in Him, Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

FAR AWAY.

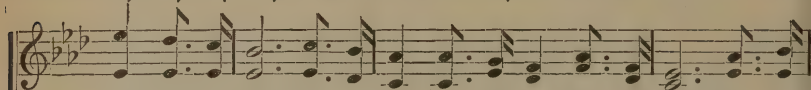
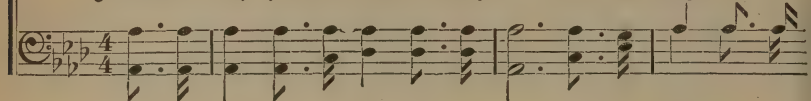
JOHN MCPHERSON.

No 239

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



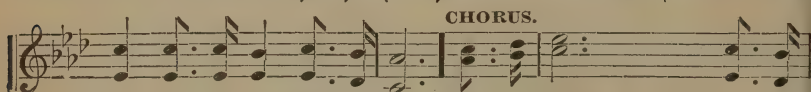
1. Far a - way in the bright land of bliss, Where the spir - its are
2. Far a - way in a sun - ni - er clime, We will bask in the
3. Far a - way, yet how near it may be When we'll sing on that



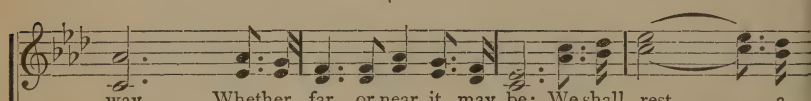
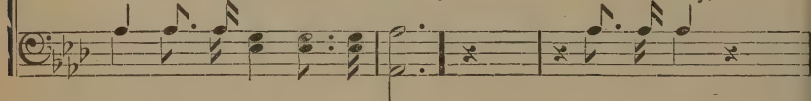
freed from all care, In a land that is fair - er than this, We a
sun - shine of love, And we'll join in those an - thems sub - lime They are
sum - mer - like shore, In a home that is wait - ing for me, Where we'll



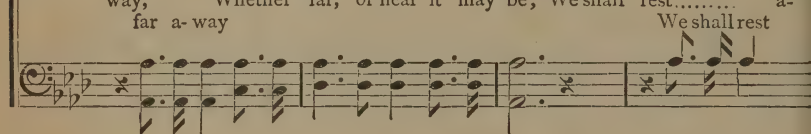
CHORUS.



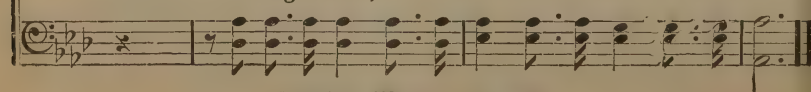
home with the an - gels will share. } Far a - way, far a -
sing - ing for - ev - er a - bove. }
sor - row and sin nev - er - more. } Far a - way,



way, Whether far, or near it may be; We shall rest..... a -
far a - way We shall rest



mong the blest, In that land where no sor - row we'll see.
among the blest,



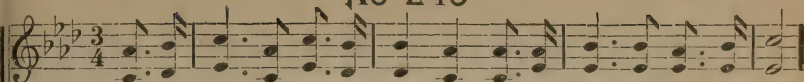
WAITING.

W. E. P.

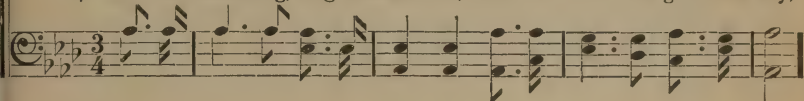
Song of the returning backslider.

No 240

W. E. PENN.



1. I am wait-ing, O my Sav-iour, For the beam-ing of the light,
2. Long my heart has sighed in sor-row, Long has e-vil dwelt with-in,
3. I am grow-ing sad and wea-ry As the dark-ness fills my soul,
4. I am wait-ing, long have wait-ed, Wait-ed for the glo-rious day,



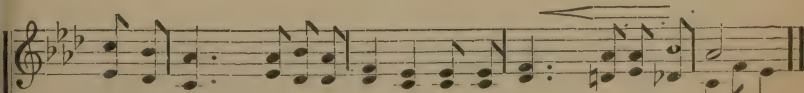
For the bright-ness of Thy com-ing, To dis-pel the gloom of night.
Haste, O haste, my blessed Sav-iour, To re-move my load of sin.
Quick-ly come, O blessed Sav-iour, Thou a-lone canst make me whole.
Wait-ed for one gen-tle whis-per That would drive all fears a-way.



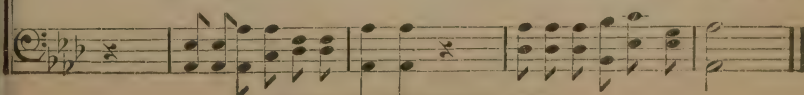
CHORUS.



I am wait-ing for Thy com-ing, I am wait-ing at the door,
waiting waiting



O-pen quick-ly, blessed Sav-iour, I will leave Thee nev-er-more.
Open quickly, I will leave nevermore.



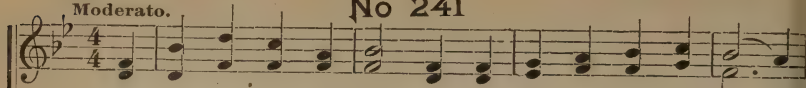
NEGLECT NOT THY SALVATION.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

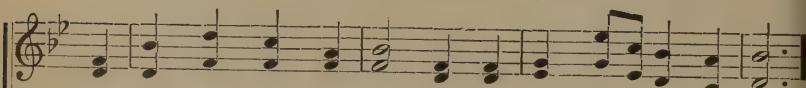
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

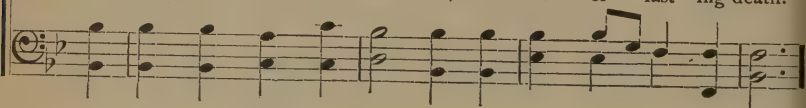
No 241



1. Neg-lect not thy sal - va - tion, Oh, sin - ner, heed the word,
2. Neg-lect not thy sal - va - tion, Why slum - ber on the brink
3. Neg-lect not thy sal - va - tion; With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath



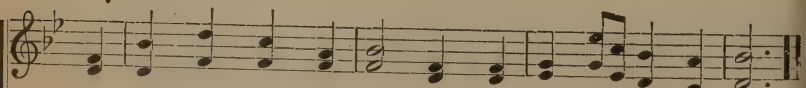
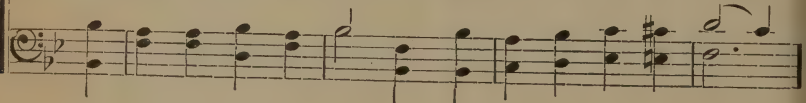
The sol - emn ad - mo - ni - tion, Which thou hast oft - en heard.
Of dark and dread per - di - tion? Oh, mor - tal, stop and think!
The judge - ment draw - eth near - er, And ev - er - last - ing death.



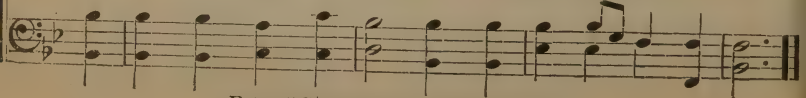
CHORUS.



Neg - lect not thy sal - va - tion, While Je - sus is so nigh;



No lon - ger slight His mer - cy, Or thou shalt sure - ly die.



From "Gospel Light," by permission,

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN DEAR.

[INFANT CLASS.]

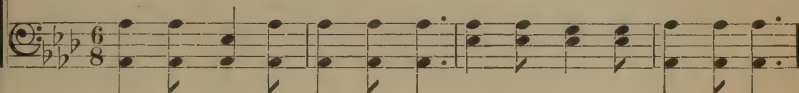
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No 242

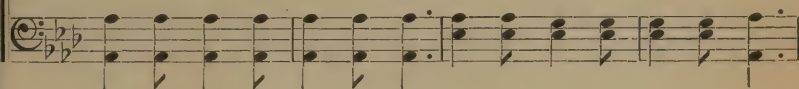
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. Je - sus loves the children dear, Loves to have them al - ways near;
2. If we wan - der from His side, Then some e - vil may be - tide;
3. Precious Sav - iour, day by day, Lead us in the nar - row way;



Close be - side Him we will stay, Nev - er leave Him all the day.
For our wick - ed hearts with - in, Oft - en lead us in - to sin.
Take us gen - tly by the hand, Lead us to the bet - ter land.



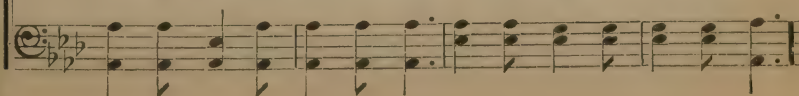
CHORUS.



Je - sus loves the children dear, Loves to have them al - ways near;



He will take them when they die, To His hap - py home on' high.



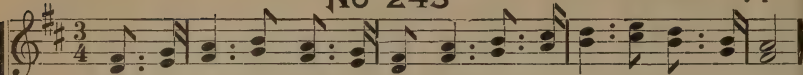
SOMETHING FOR ALL TO DO.

C. H. B.

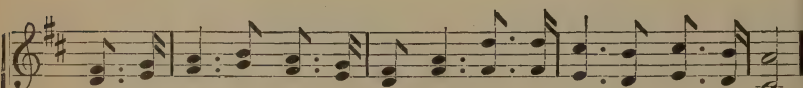
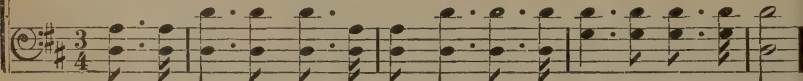
[INFANT CLASS.]

No 243

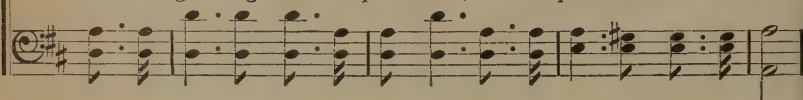
CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.



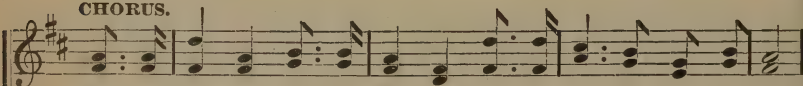
1. Lit - tle heart's may love the Sav-iour, Lit - tle hands may do His will;
2. Lit - tle voic - es sing His prais-es, In the sun-day-school so dear;
3. Though we now are young and fee - ble, Let the years go swift - ly by;



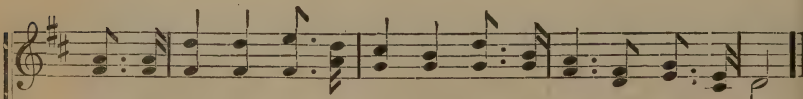
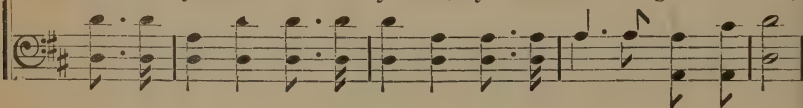
Lit - tle feet may tread His path-way, Lit - tle minds with wis - dom fill.
Ev - er sing - ing glad and hap - py, Sweet the mu - sic, cheer on cheer.
While we're grow - ing we will praise Him, We will praise Him till we die.



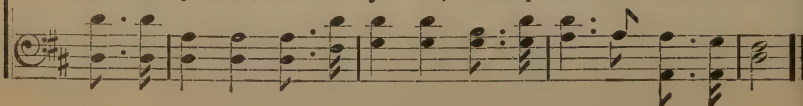
CHORUS.



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Je - sus full of grace and love;



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Look up - on us from a - bove.



CLING TO JESUS.

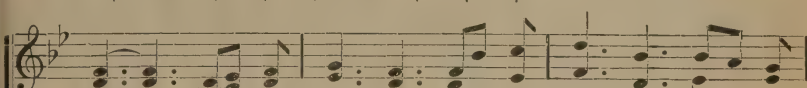
S. R.

No 244

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



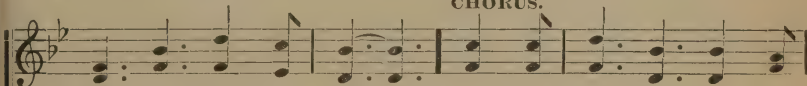
1. Cling to Je - sus, wea - ry mor - tal, Tho' thy heart be crushed with
2. Cling to Je - sus, He'll be - friend thee, When all earth - ly sourc - es
3. Cling to Je - sus, He hath pow - er, Peace and com - fort to im -



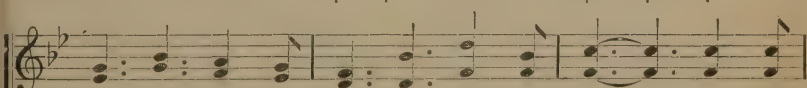
grief; Cling to Je - sus all the clos - er, He a -
 fail; He will guide thee, gen - tly guide thee, Through the
 - part; Look to Him, O wea - ry mor - tal! He can



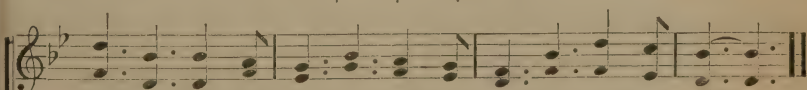
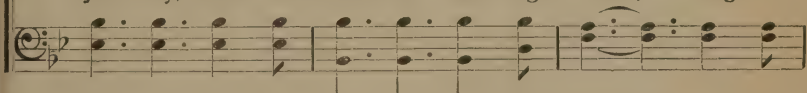
CHORUS.



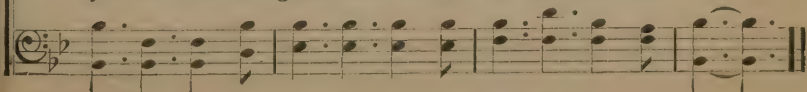
- lone can send re - lief.
 dark and gloom - y vale. } Cling to Je - sus, through life's
 ease thy troub - led heart.



jour - ney, He's a nev - er - fail - ing friend; Cling to



Je - sus, He will guide thee, Safe - ly to life's jour - ney's end.



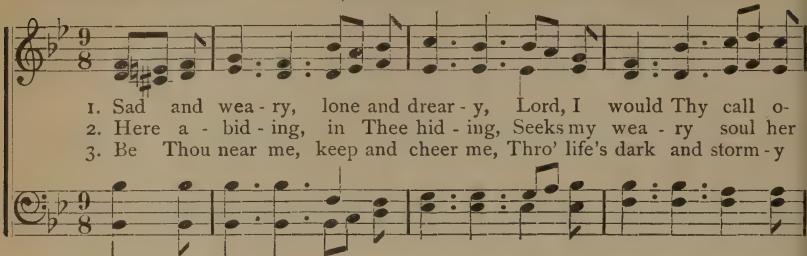
SAD AND WEARY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:23: 30.

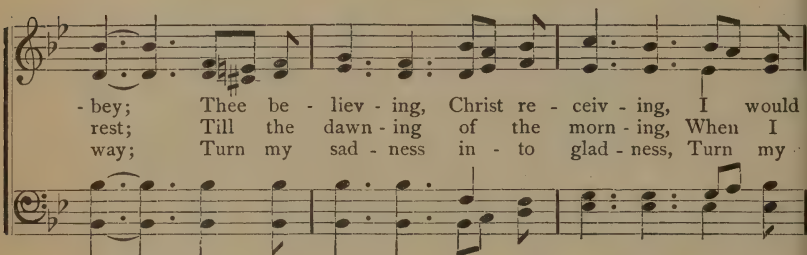
ALLIE STARBRIGHT.

No 245

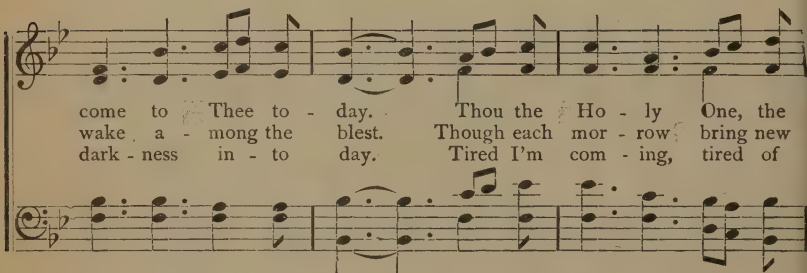
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



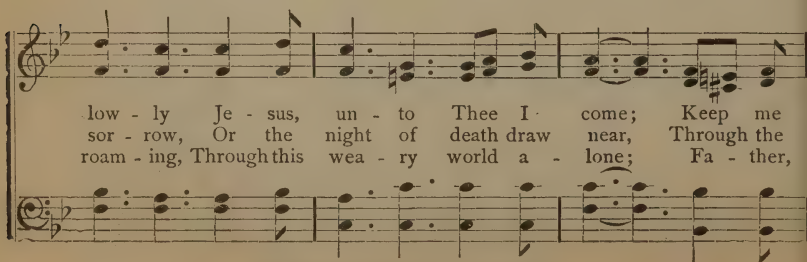
1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and drear-y, Lord, I would Thy call o-
 2. Here a-bid-ing, in Thee hid-ing, Seeks my wea-ry soul her
 3. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and storm-y



-bey; Thee be-liev-ing, Christ re-ceiv-ing, I would
 rest; Till the dawn-ing of the morn-ing, When I
 way; Turn my sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Turn my



come to Thee to-day. Thou the Ho-ly One, the
 wake a-mong the blest. Though each mor-row bring new
 dark-ness in-to day. Tired I'm com-ing, tired of



low-ly Je-sus, un-to Thee I come; Keep me
 sor-row, Or the night of death draw near, Through the
 roam-ing, Through this wea-ry world a-lone; Fa-ther,

SAD AND WEARY. Concluded.

ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keep - ing roam.
 fall - ing shad - ows call - ing, Lo! my Shepherd's voice I hear.
 take me, Je - sus, make me Now and ev - er more Thine own.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

"Let your light shine before men."

Anon.

No 246

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
 knows it if our lights are dim; He looks down from heav'n to
 dark - ness in this world are found; Sin, and want, and sor - row;

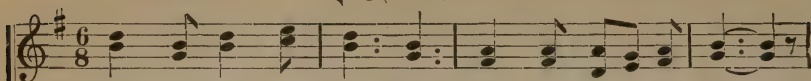
we must shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
 see us shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
 so we shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.

From the "Beauty of Praise," by per.

WE SHALL MEET.


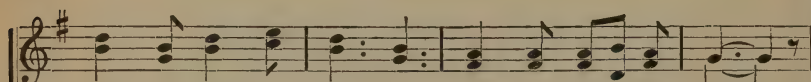
Dr. C. NYSEWANDER.

No. 247 BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER, by per.





1. Fa - ther, shall we mee! there, in that *Sun - bright clime?*
 2. Moth - er, shall we meet there, in that sum - mer land?
 3. Sis - ter, shall we meet there, in that home, sweet home?
 4. Broth - er, shall we meet en - rob'd in spot - less white?


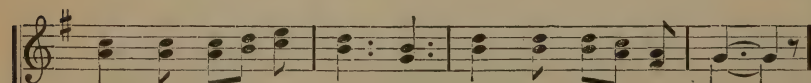
Inst.

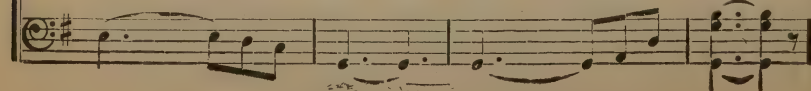
And each oth - er greet be - yond the flight of time?
 And each oth - er greet, there clasp each oth - er's hand?
 And each oth - er greet where sor - row is un - known?
 And each oth - er greet there in that land of light?

Yes, I want to meet you, meet to part no more;
 Yes, I want to meet where we shed no part - ing tears;
 Yes, I want to meet, and join the heav'n - ly band;
 Yes, I want to meet you with the pu - ri - fied;

And be there to greet you on the oth - er shore.
 And be there to greet you, free from all my cares.
 And be there to greet you in that glo - ry land.
 And be there to greet you on the oth - er side.



WE SHALL MEET. Concluded.

ff CHORUS.

We shall meet a - gain, and clasp each oth - er's hand;

We shall meet a - gain, and join the heav'n-ly band.

DO I NOT NEED THEE?

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

R. G. STAPLES.

No 248

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. Do I not need Thee? Saviour di-vine! To Thy dear precepts My heart incline.
2. Do I not need Thee? Each hour, each day! Pity me, Saviour, Be Thou my stay.
3. Do I not need Thee? What power have I! No arm to lean on, Saviour, draw nigh.
4. Do I not need Thee? Weary and faint, Come I unto Thee, Heed my complaint.
5. Yes! I do need Thee! Thy love is strong; Give me to praise Thee, In endless song.

CHORUS.

How much I need Thee, I scarcely know; Dear, precious Saviour, Thy love bestow.

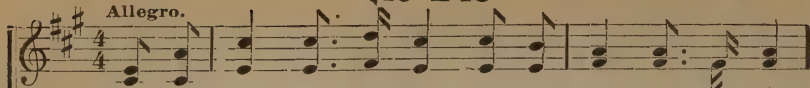
C. E. I.

WILL YOU COME?

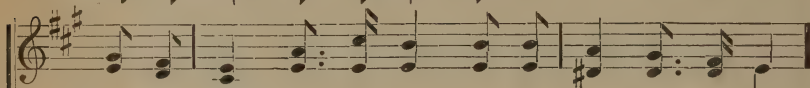
No 249

C. E. LESLIE, by per.

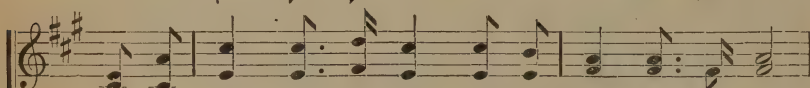
Allegro.



1. Will you come one and all to the Lamb that was slain?
2. There's a work to be done, there's a cross you should bear;
3. You have friends who have gone to that ha - ven of rest,



Will you come to His arms and be cleans'd from all stain?
 There's a crown to be won, there's a crown you should wear;
 Whom you prom - ised to meet in the land of the blest,

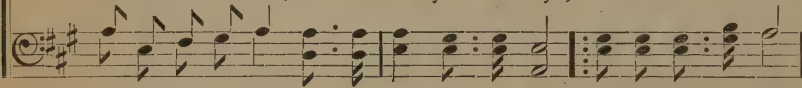


He in - vites you to - day, do not then stay a - way,
 He in - vites you to - day, do not then stay a - way,
 Do not then stay a - way, He in - vites you to - day,

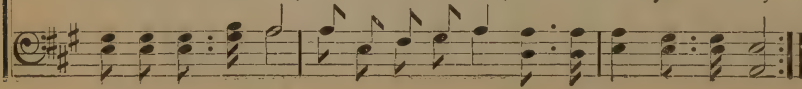


CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the Lord, He in - vites you to - day.
 Bless-ed be the Lord, He in - vites you to - day.
 Bless-ed be the Lord, He in - vites you to - day. } Bless-ed be the Lord,



Bless-ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, He in - vites you to - day.



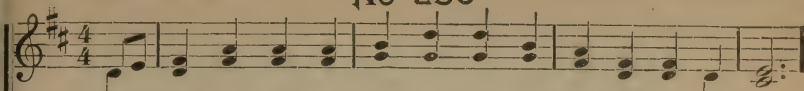
GIVE ME PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose heart is stayed in thee; because he trusteth in thee."—Isaiah 26: 3.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

No 250

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



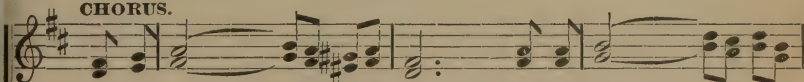
1. From all of guilt and anx-ious fear, Dear Sav-iour, set me free;
2. No oth-er rest-ing place I find From sense of want and care;
3. Smile on my bro-ken, long-ing heart, Up - lift - ed for Thy light:



O keep my heart in per-fect peace; My mind is stayed on Thee.
Than Thy great strength that qui-ets me, Thro' earn-est, thank-ful prayer.
O keep my soul in per-fect peace, Till faith is lost in sight.



CHORUS.



Give me peace,..... sweet peace, Give me peace,..... sweet
Give me peace, sweet peace, Give me peace,



peace, Smile up-on me, gra-cious Lord, Give me peace, sweet peace.
sweet peace,

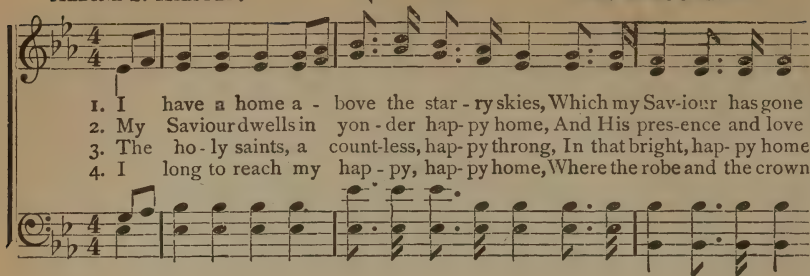


MY HAPPY HOME.

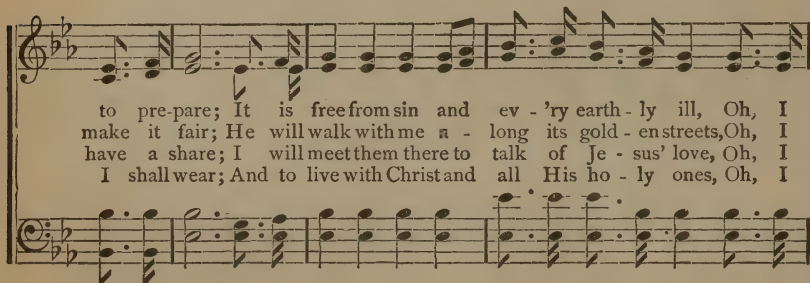
ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

No 251

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

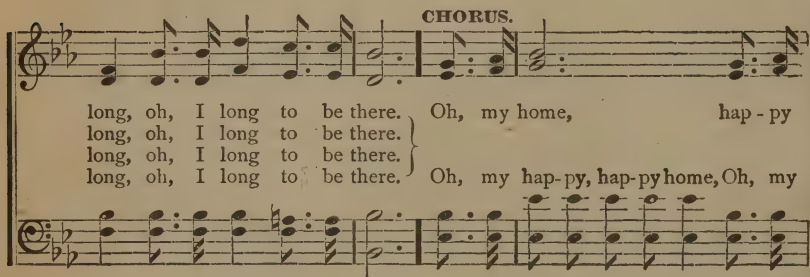


1. I have a home a - bove the star - ryskies, Which my Sav-iour has gone
 2. My Saviour dwells in yon - der hap - py home, And His pres-ence and love
 3. The ho - ly saints, a count-less, hap-py throng, In that bright, hap - py home
 4. I long to reach my hap - py, hap - py home, Where the robe and the crown

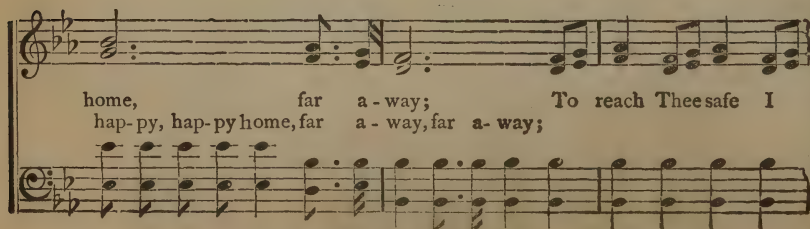


to pre-pare; It is free from sin and ev - 'ry earth - ly ill, Oh, I
 make it fair; He will walk with me a - long its gold - en streets, Oh, I
 have a share; I will meet them there to talk of Je - sus' love, Oh, I
 I shall wear; And to live with Christ and all His ho - ly ones, Oh, I

CHORUS.

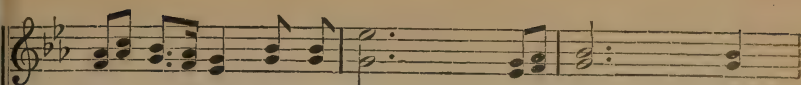


long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my home, hap - py
 long, oh, I long to be there.
 long, oh, I long to be there. }
 long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my hap - py, hap - py home, Oh, my

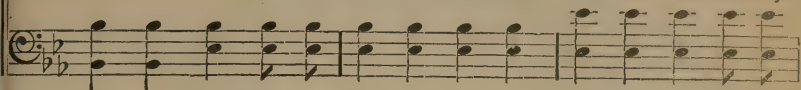


home, far a - way; To reach Thee safe I
 hap - py, hap - py home, far a - way, far a - way;

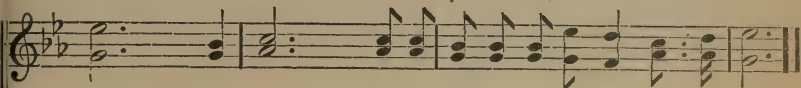
MY HAPPY HOME. Concluded.



dai - ly pray, That my Sav - - iour's hand will
That my Sav-iour's hand will lead me on, That my



lead me on, To my hap-py, hap-py home far a - way.
Saviour's hand will lead me on,

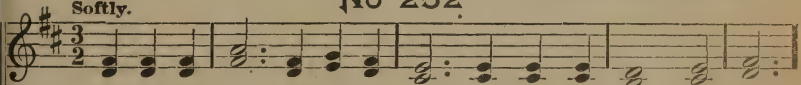


LELLA. C. M.

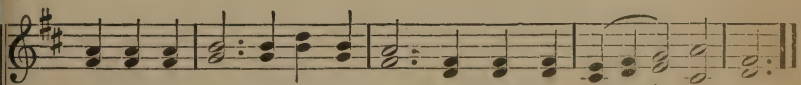
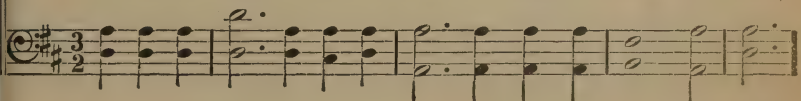
No 252

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

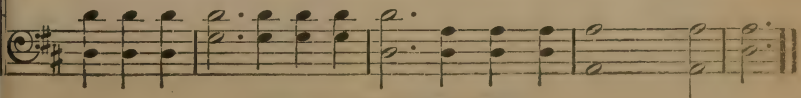
Softly.



1. I love to steal a-while a - way, From ev - 'ry cum - b'ring care,
2. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore;
3. I love, by faith, to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n;



And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros-pect doth my strength re-new, While here by tem - pests driv'n.



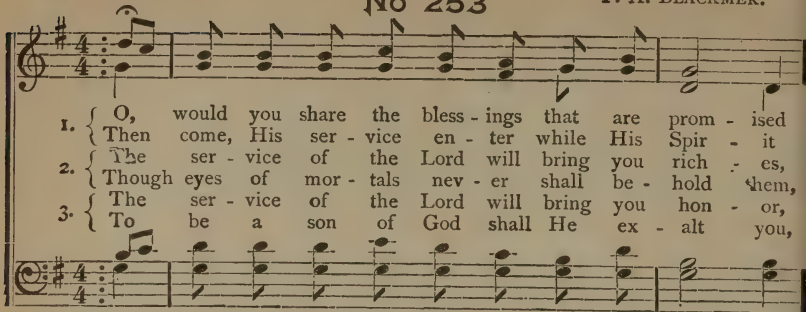
WILL YOU ENTER HIS SERVICE?

F. A. B.

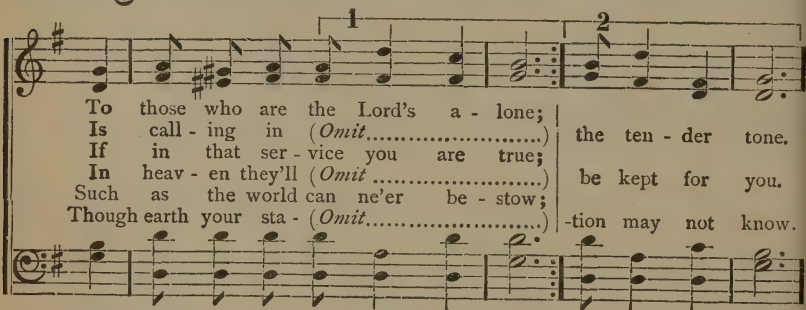
To Rev. W. E. PENN, for this Book.

No 253

F. A. BLACKMER.

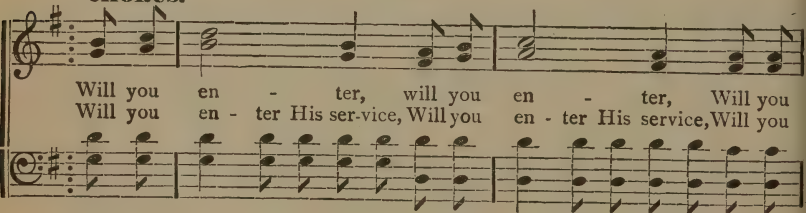


1. { O, would you share the bless - ings that are prom - ised
Then come, His ser - vice en - ter while His Spir - it
2. { The ser - vice of the Lord will bring you rich - es,
Though eyes of mor - tals nev - er shall be - hold them,
3. { The ser - vice of the Lord will bring you hon - or,
To be a son of God shall He ex - alt you,

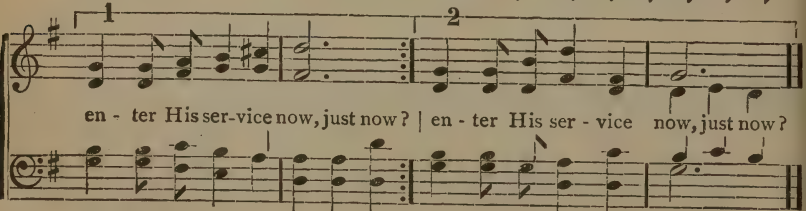


To those who are the Lord's a - lone;
Is call - ing in (Omit.....) the ten - der tone.
If in that ser - vice you are true; be kept for you.
In heav - en they'll (Omit.....)
Such as the world can ne'er be - stow;
Though earth your sta - (Omit.....) - tion may not know.

CHORUS.



Will you en - ter, will you en - ter, Will you
Will you en - ter His ser - vice, Will you en - ter His service, Will you



en - ter His ser - vice now, just now? | en - ter His ser - vice now, just now?

4 The service of the Lord will bring you comfort,
When earthly comforts will not stay;
Your pathway shall His Spirit ever brighten,
Until you reach the perfect day.

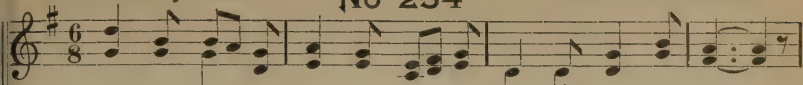
5 That service too will give you joys eternal,
When mortal life shall cease to be;
O haste this blessed service then to enter,
While yet the Spirit calls for thee.

JESUS SAVES.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

No 254

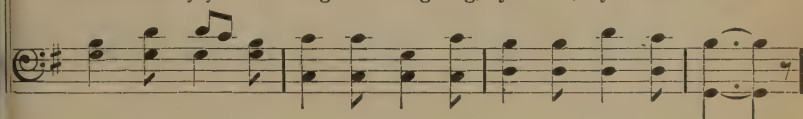
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneel - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
2. Hearts are at this mo - ment pray - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, saints are sing - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves;



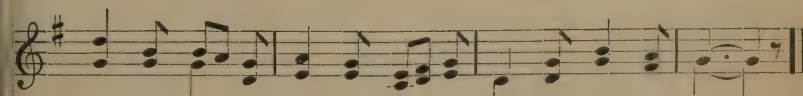
By His bound - less love re - veal - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Ev - 'ry sin - ful stain re - mov - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Heav'n with joy - ous song is ring - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, love is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, light is streaming,



Hal - le - lu - jah, shout ho - san - na, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.



SHINING ALL THE WAY.

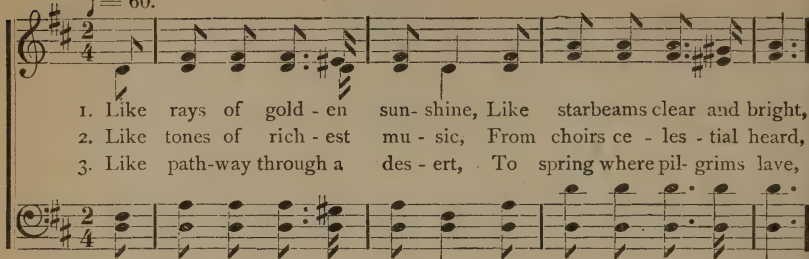
"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

W. A. O.

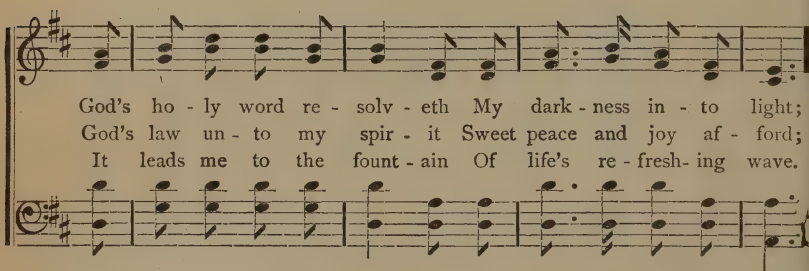
No 255

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

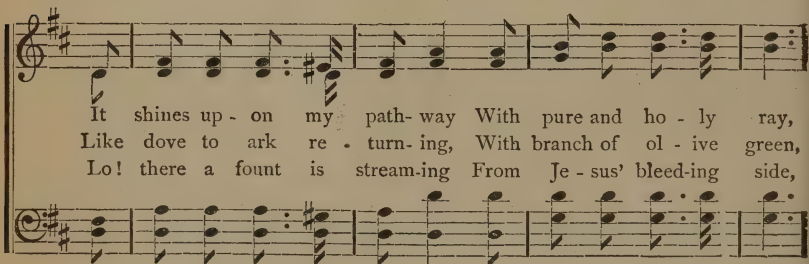
$\text{♩} = 60.$



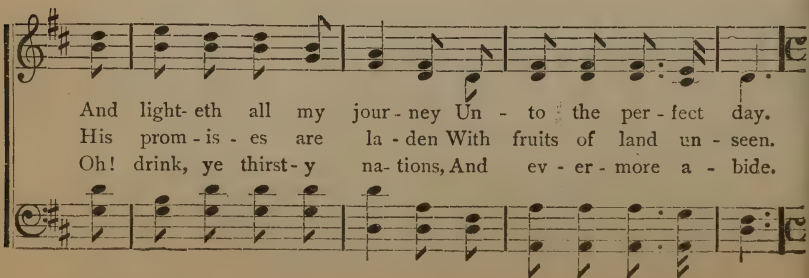
1. Like rays of gold - en sun - shine, Like starbeams clear and bright,
 2. Like tones of rich - est mu - sic, From choirs ce - les - tial heard,
 3. Like path-way through a des - ert, To spring where pil - grims lave,



God's ho - ly word re - solv - eth My dark - ness in - to light;
 God's law un - to my spir - it Sweet peace and joy af - ford;
 It leads me to the fount - ain Of life's re - fresh - ing wave.



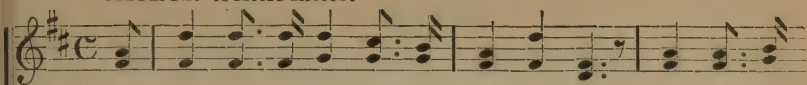
It shines up - on my path-way With pure and ho - ly ray,
 Like dove to ark re - turn - ing, With branch of ol - ive green,
 Lo! there a fount is stream - ing From Je - sus' bleed - ing side,



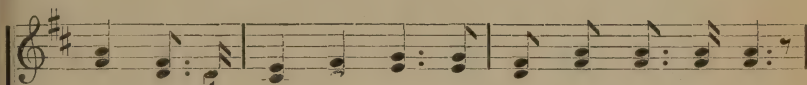
And light - eth all my jour - ney Un - to the per - fect day.
 His prom - is - es are la - den With fruits of land un - seen.
 Oh! drink, ye thirst - y na - tions, And ev - er - more a - bide.

SHINING ALL THE WAY. Concluded.

CHORUS. A little faster.



It shines, oh, it shines with a light so true, Light- ing the



way, friend, for me and you; 'Tis shin - ing all the way,



Shining all the way, Lighting up the val-ley of death for aye.

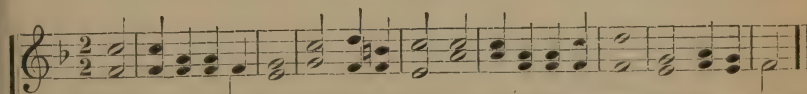


TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. (Amoy.)

"To-day if ye will hear his voice.—Ps. 95: 7.

No 256

Dr. L. MASON, by per.



1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls: Oh, listen now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls: For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to His pow'r; Oh, grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

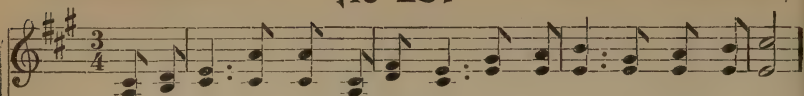


GOD WILL ANSWER PRAYER.

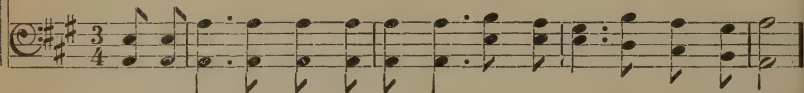
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

No 257

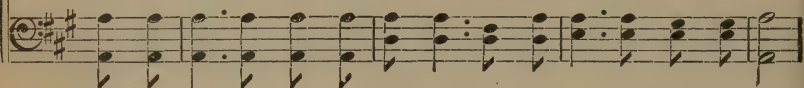
JOHN B. VAUGHAN, by per.



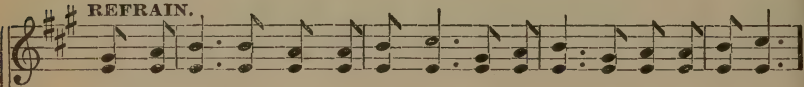
1. I am pray - ing for you, broth - er, Oft - en weep - ing, still I pray;
2. Come to Je - sus, broth - er, try Him, Seek and find a gra - cious Lord;
3. Come to Him in faith be - liev - ing, Cast on Him your ev - 'ry care;



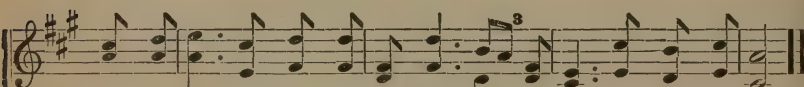
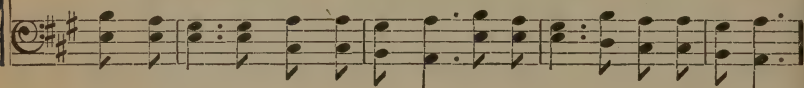
God can save you and no oth - er, He will hear the words I say.
Oh, no lon - ger now de - ny Him, Read and trust His ho - ly word.
Par - don, peace, and love re - ceiv - ing, He will all your bur - dens bear.



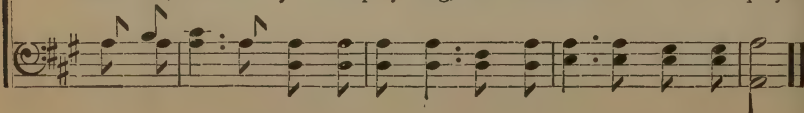
REFRAIN.



I am pray - ing, broth - er, pray - ing, Seems the an - swer long de - lay - ing,



Broth - er, still for you I'm pray - ing, God will hear and an - swer pray'r.



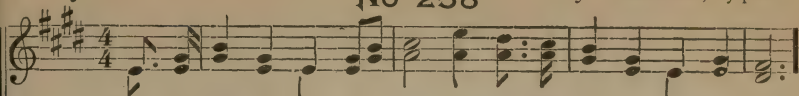
A SOLDIER FOR JESUS.

"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 11.

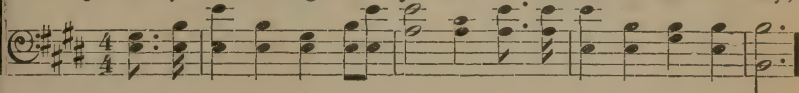
T. J. L.

No 258

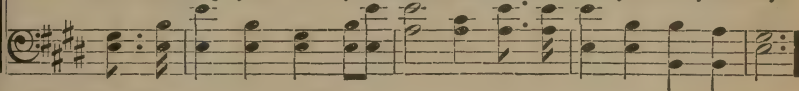
T. J. LAWRENCE, by per.



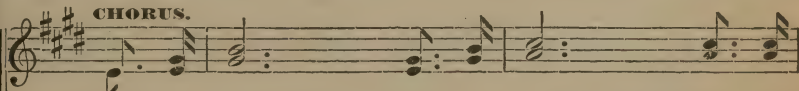
1. I've en-list-ed now for Je-sus, In His ar-my I would be;
2. I'm a sol-dier now for Je-sus, Marching forth at his command;
3. Will you come and fight for Je-sus, In the bat-tle now to-day;



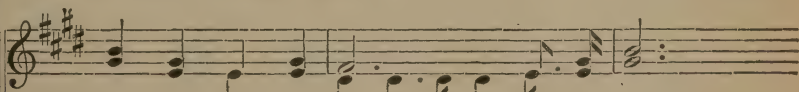
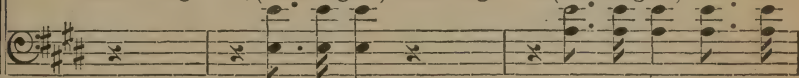
Then to live and do his serv-ice, What-so-ev-er it may be.
Trust-ing on-ly in the Cap-tain, For He's ev-er near at hand.
He will help you in your weak-ness, And will lead you on your way.



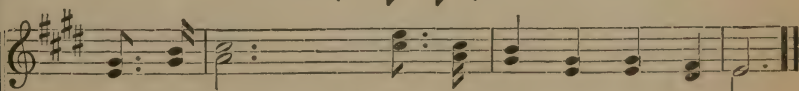
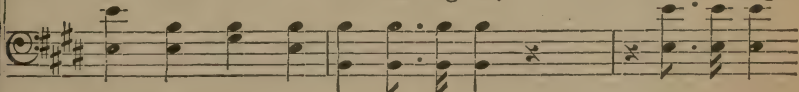
CHORUS.



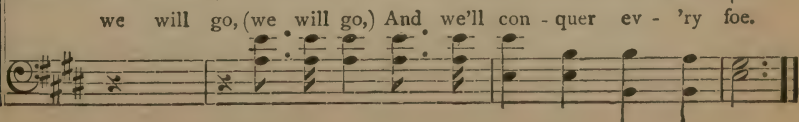
March-ing on, (march-ing on,) march-ing on, (march-ing on,) For the



Cap-tain's lead-ing on; In His strength,
lead-ing on; In His strength,



we will go, (we will go,) And we'll con-quer ev-'ry foe.



SWEETEST MUSIC.

[FOR CHRISTMAS.]

"He shall gather the Lambs in His arms."

EMMA PITT.

No 259

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I hear the sweet-est mu - sic That children's lips could sing,
2. Me - thinks that Christ is bend - ing, From yon - der hap - py home,

And then the pur - est off'rings That lit - tle ones could bring;
To us the mes - sage send - ing, Oh, suf - fer them to come!

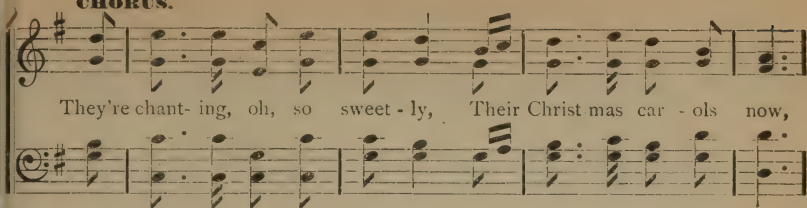
I list to catch the ech - o, It thrills my in - most soul,
For - bid them not, says Je - sus, Let now their hearts be giv'n,

'Tis chil - dren prais - ing Je - sus, Whose blood can make them whole.
While young and pure and ten - der, Pre - pare them all for heav'n.

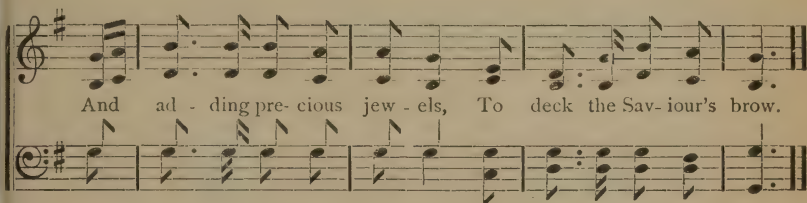
From "Gospel Light," by permission.

SWEETEST MUSIC. Concluded.

CHORUS.



They're chant- ing, oh, so sweet - ly, Their Christ mas car - ols now,



And ad - ding pre - cious jew - els, To deck the Sav - iour's brow.

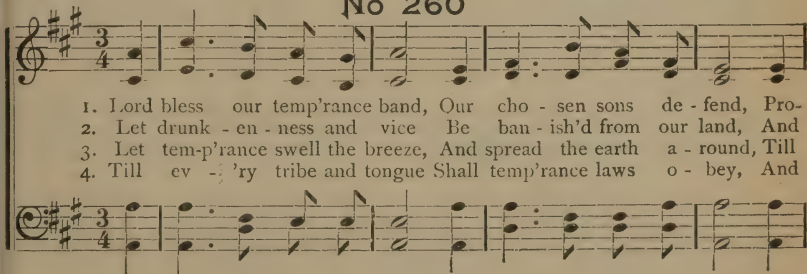
PALESTINE. S. M.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

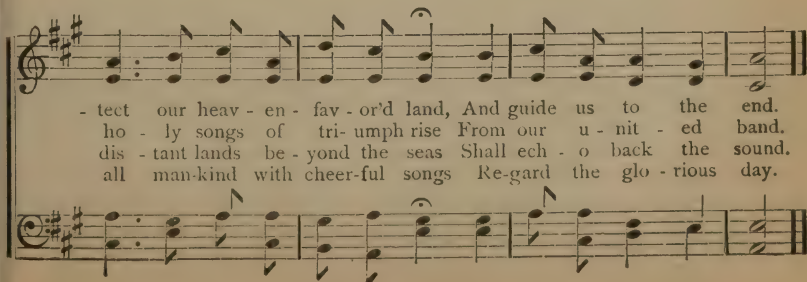
[TEMPERANCE HYMN.]

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No 260



1. Lord bless our temp'rance band, Our cho - sen sons de - fend, Pro-
 2. Let drunk - en - ness and vice Be ban - ish'd from our land, And
 3. Let temp'rance swell the breeze, And spread the earth a - round, Till
 4. Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue Shall temp'rance laws o - bey, And



- tect our heav - en - fav - or'd land, And guide us to the end.
 ho - ly songs of tri - umph rise From our u - nit - ed band.
 dis - tant lands be - yond the seas Shall ech - o back the sound.
 all man-kind with cheer-ful songs Re-gard the glo - rious day.

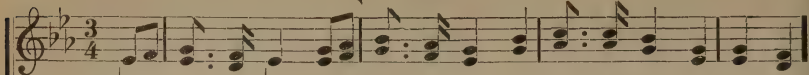
LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

"I am the light of the world."—John 9: 5.

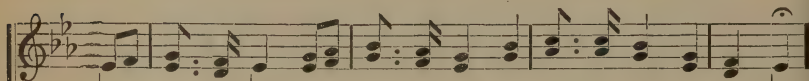
ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

No 261

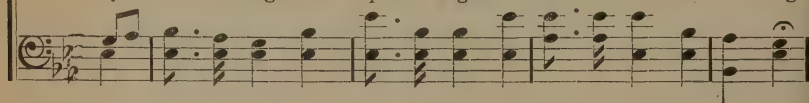
W. A. OGDEN, by per.



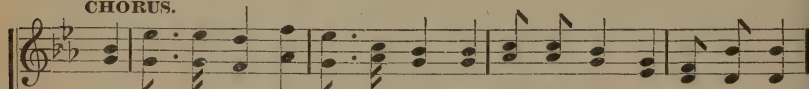
1. From Cal - va - ry, the pre - cious light Of Je - sus' love is streaming;
2. Oh, bright it shines from Cal - va - ry, The light of free sal - va - tion;
3. A lov - ing heart re - flects the light, And to the cross re - turn - ing,



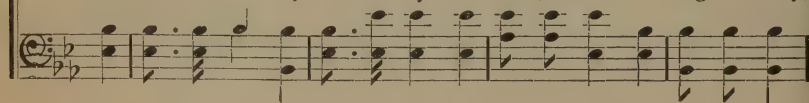
It scat - ters far the dark - est night, Its rays on us are beam - ing.
May peace and joy its rays im - part To ev - 'ry land and na - tion.
By faith it wings its rap - id flight To where the stars are burn - ing.



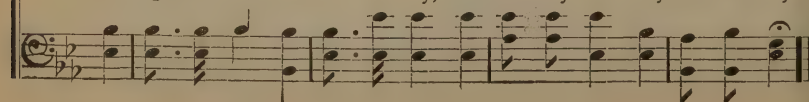
CHORUS.



The glo - ries of Thy vic - to - ry, Oh Christ, are seen more bright than day;



Oh light, so true from Cal - va - ry, Shed o'er my soul Thy sweetest ray.



THAT BRIGHT LAND.

Affectionately dedicated to my daughter, Miss Maggie E. Penn.

Anon.

No 262

W. E. PENN.

1. Far from these nar-row scenes of night Unbound-ed glo-ries rise,
2. Fair dis-tant land,could mor-tal eyes But half thy charms ex-plore,
3. No clouds those blissful regions know,Realms ev-er bright and fair,
4. Pre-pare us, Lord, by grace di-vine, For Thy blest home on high,

And realms of joy and pure de-light Unknown to mor-tal eyes.
How would our spir-its long to fly, And dwell on earth no more.
For sin, the source of mor-tal woe, Can nev-er en-ter there.
And bid our spir-its rise and join The saints who nev-er die.

CHORUS.

In that bright land we shall dwell, We shall
we shall dwell,

dwell for-ev-er-more, When the toil and strife of this
ev-er-more,

wea-ry, wea-ry life, Of this wea-ry life are o'er.

TRUE TO THE PROMISE.

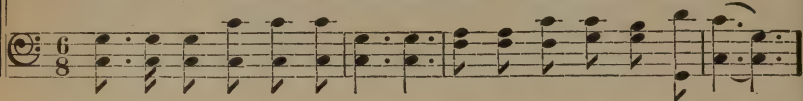
E. E. REXFORD.

No 263

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Fa - ther, the tem - pest is rag - ing, Clouds hide the sky from my sight,
2. Fa - ther, I know Thou wilt hear me, Know Thou wilt answer my cry,



Dan - ger is gath - ring a - round me, Sick is my soul with af - fright;
Reach me Thy hand in the dark - ness, As the wild tempest goes by;



Tossed is my barque on the bil - lows, Oh, if the storm might pass by,
With Thy strong arm 'round a - bout me, I'll 'be no lon - ger a - fraid;



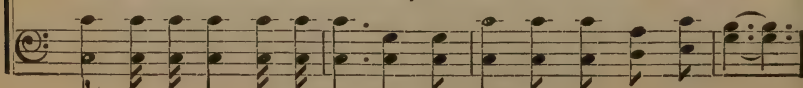
Fa - ther I trust in Thy prom - ise, "Save or I per - ish!" I cry.
To Thee for com - fort and suc - cor Nev - er in vain have I pray'd.



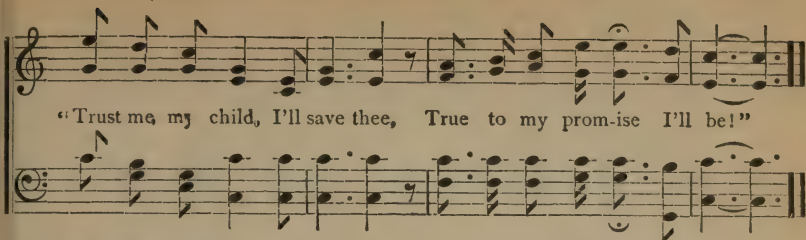
REFRAIN.



Hark! comes a voice from the dark - ness, The voice from Fa - ther to me:



TRUE TO THE PROMISE. Concluded.



3 Father, the tempest is dying,
Peace cometh down on the sea,
Peace fills the heart that was troubled,
For it is trusting in Thee;

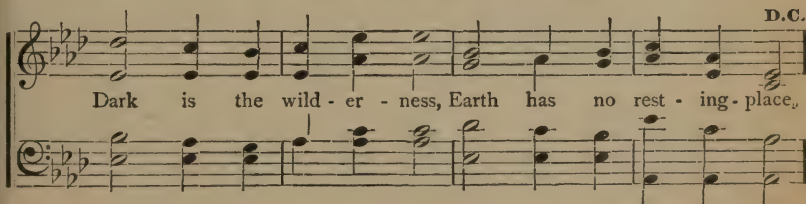
Father, the winds and the waters
Yield at the breath of Thy will;
Speak to the heart of the sinner,
Bid it find peace and be still.

JESUS IS MINE.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

No 264

G. E. WOMACK.



2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

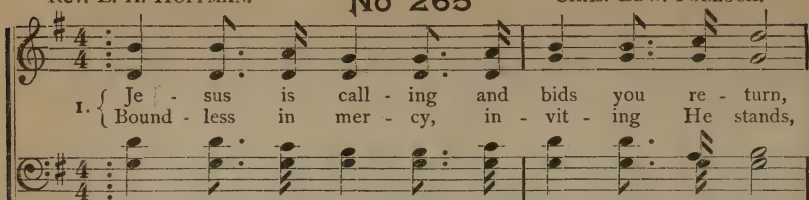
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

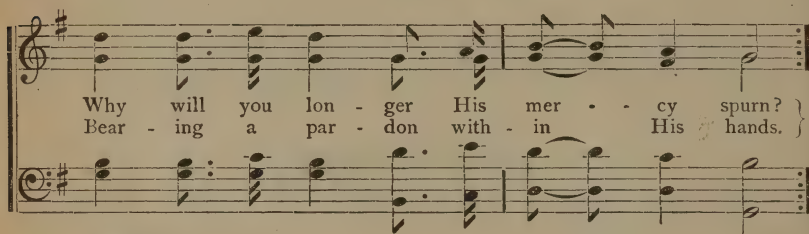
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No 265

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

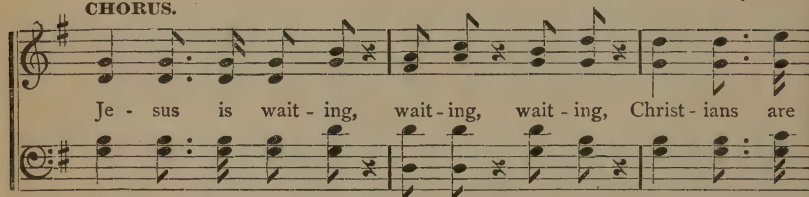


1. { Je - sus is call - ing and bids you re - turn,
Bound - less in mer - cy, in - vit - ing He stands,

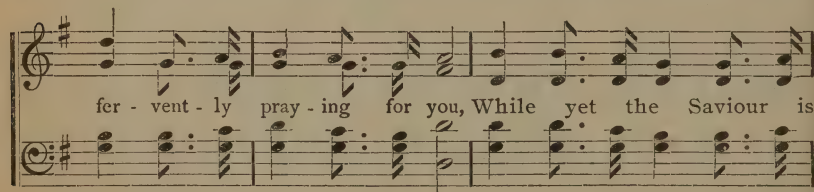


Why will you lon - ger His mer - - cy spurn?
Bear - ing a par - don with - in His hands. }

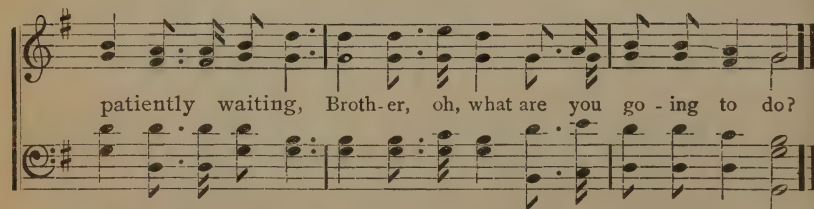
CHORUS.



Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Christ - ians are



fer - vent - ly pray - ing for you, While yet the Saviour is



patiently waiting, Broth - er, oh, what are you go - ing to do?

2 Often rejected, He comes yet again,
When will you love and accept Him, when?
Life is receding and ebbing away,
Why will you longer from Jesus stay?

3 Christ is most tenderly calling to you,
Brother, oh, what are you going to do?
Why not accept Him whose love is so great,
Ere you shall find it forever too late?

SINCE I'VE LEARNED TO TRUST HIM MORE.

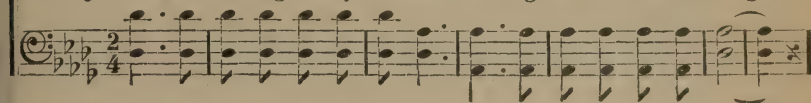
F. A. B.

No 266

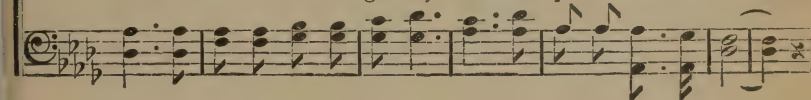
F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



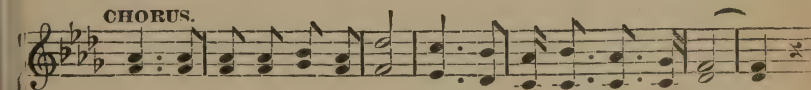
1. Once I tho't I walk'd with Je-sus, Yet such change-ful feel-ings had;
2. But He called me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubt-ing, fear-ing cease;
3. Now I'm trust-ing ev-'ry moment, Nothing less can be e-nough;



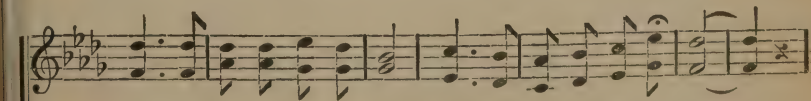
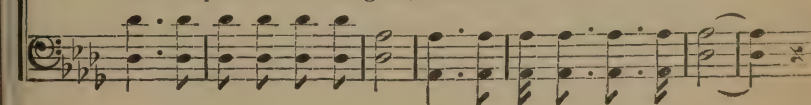
Sometimes trust-ing, some-times doubt-ing, Some-times joy-ful, some-times sad.
And, when I had ful-ly yield-ed, Filled my soul with per-fect peace.
And the Sav-iour bears me gen-tly O'er those plac-es once so rough.



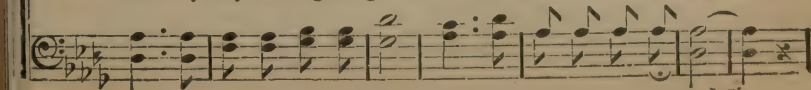
CHORUS.



Oh, the peace the Sav-iour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be-fore;



And my way has bright-er grown Since I've learned to trust Him more.

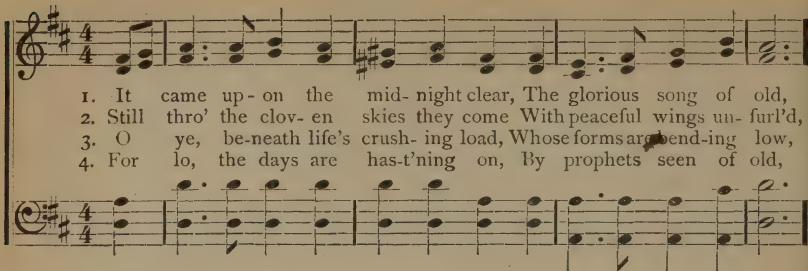


SONG OF THE ANGELS.

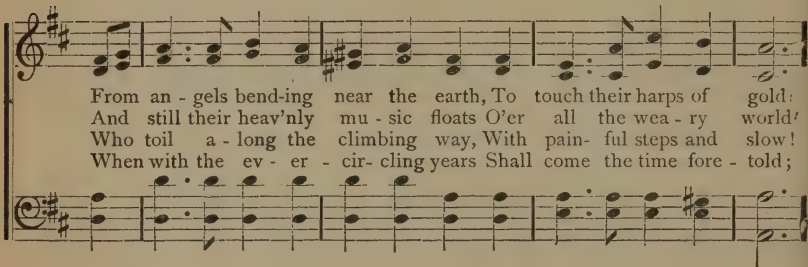
E. H. SEARS.

No 267

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

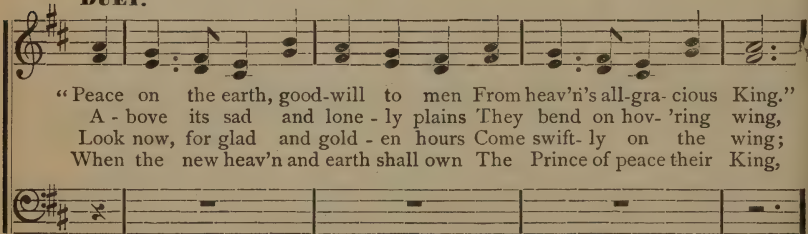


1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, The glorious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clov - en skies they come With peaceful wings un - furld,
 3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms bend - ing low,
 4. For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By prophets seen of old,

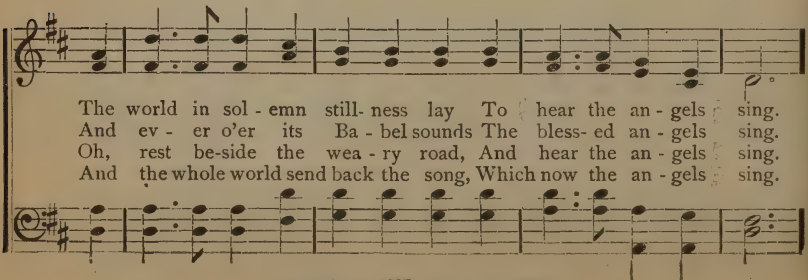


From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climbing way, With pain - ful steps and slow!
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told;

DUET.



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all-gra - cious King."
 A - bove its sad and lone - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
 Look now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of peace their King,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song, Which now the an - gels sing.

SONG OF THE ANGELS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Roll on, glad song, O'er earth's wide realm a - gain,
Roll on, glad song, a - gain,

We'll join the glad re - frain Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
We'll join

HEAR MY CRY.

N

8

C. E. LESLIE, by per.

Forcibly.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;
2. Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sav - iour, I Thy mer - cy crave;
3. Fa - ther, let me taste Thy love; Sav - iour, fill my soul with peace;

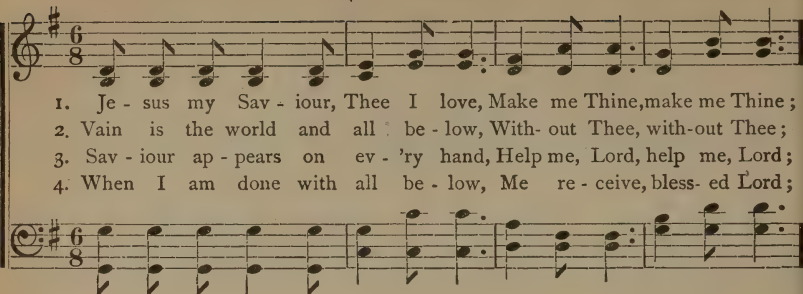
Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it hear!
Gra - cious Spir - it, make me clean; Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it save!
Spir - it, come my heart to move; Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it bless!

THEE I LOVE.

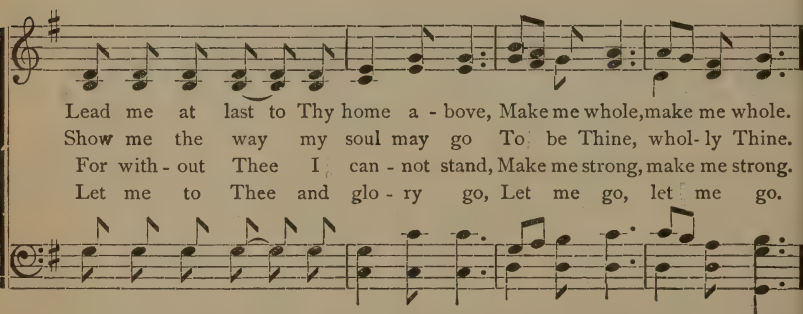
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

No 269

R. A. KINZIE, by per.

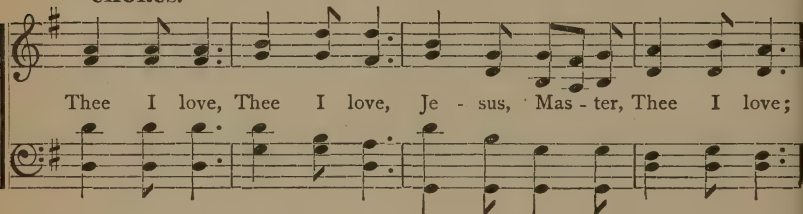


1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, Thee I love, Make me Thine, make me Thine ;
2. Vain is the world and all be - low, With - out Thee, with - out Thee ;
3. Sav - iour ap - pears on ev - 'ry hand, Help me, Lord, help me, Lord ;
4. When I am done with all be - low, Me re - ceive, bless - ed Lord ;

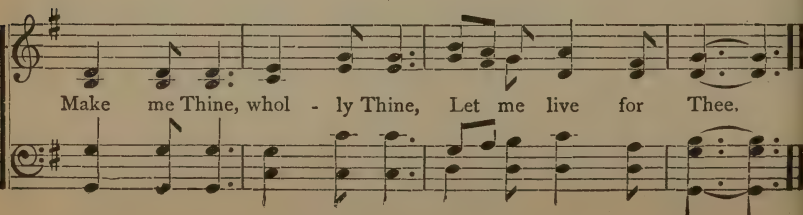


Lead me at last to Thy home a - bove, Make me whole, make me whole.
Show me the way my soul may go To be Thine, whol - ly Thine.
For with - out Thee I can - not stand, Make me strong, make me strong.
Let me to Thee and glo - ry go, Let me go, let me go.

CHORUS.



Thee I love, Thee I love, Je - sus, Mas - ter, Thee I love ;



Make me Thine, whol - ly Thine, Let me live for Thee.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

No 270

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a- gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a- gain, 'Neath his wings se- cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a- gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a- gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se- cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a- gain.
 Dai- ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a- gain.
 Put his lov- ing arms a- round you, God be with you till we meet a- gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a- gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je- sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a- gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet again.

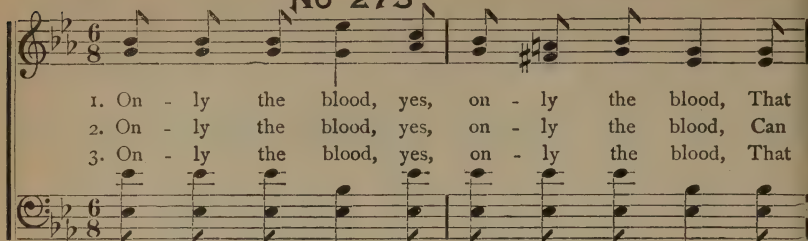
ONLY THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

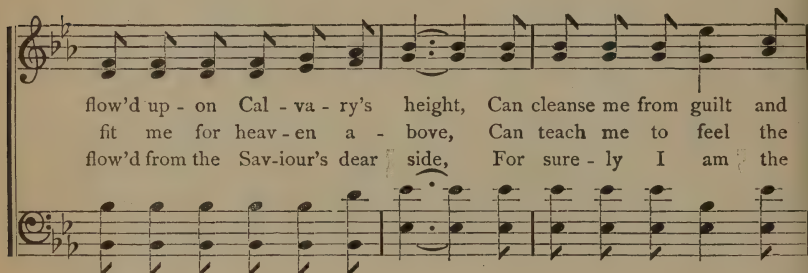
C. H. G.

No 273

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

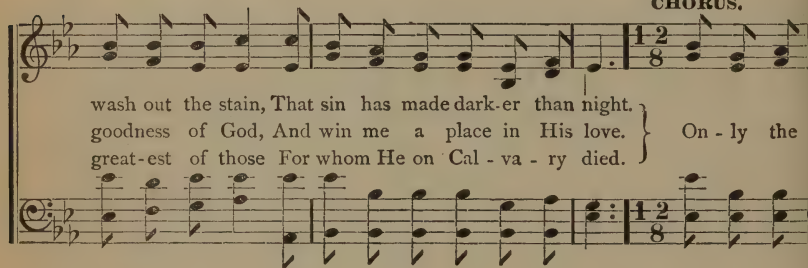


1. On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, That
 2. On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, Can
 3. On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, That

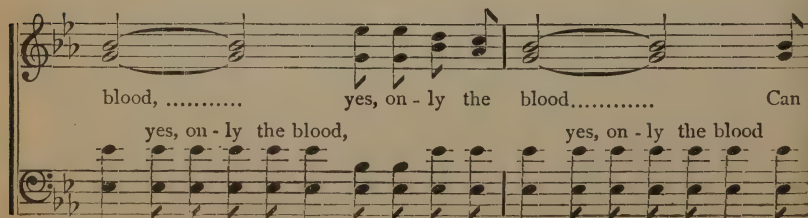


flow'd up - on Cal - va - ry's height, Can cleanse me from guilt and
 fit me for heav - en a - bove, Can teach me to feel the
 flow'd from the Sav - iour's dear side, For sure - ly I am the

CHORUS.



wash out the stain, That sin has made dark-er than night.
 goodness of God, And win me a place in His love. } On - ly the
 great-est of those For whom He on Cal - va - ry died. }



blood, yes, on - ly the blood, Can
 yes, on - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood

ONLY THE BLOOD OF JESUS. Concluded.

wash out the stain..... Of sin - ning and
Can wash out the stain

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, followed by a half note with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords of eighth and quarter notes.

pain;..... On - ly the blood,..... yes,
of sin-ning and pain; yes, on - ly the blood,

This system contains the next two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody with a half note and a quarter note, ending with a fermata. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes.

on - ly the blood..... That flow'd from the
yes, on - ly the blood

This system contains the next two staves of music. The upper staff features a half note with a fermata followed by a quarter note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes.

side..... Of Je - sus who died.....
that flow'd from the side of Je - sus who died.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The upper staff concludes the melody with a half note and a quarter note, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff concludes the accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes, also ending with a double bar line.

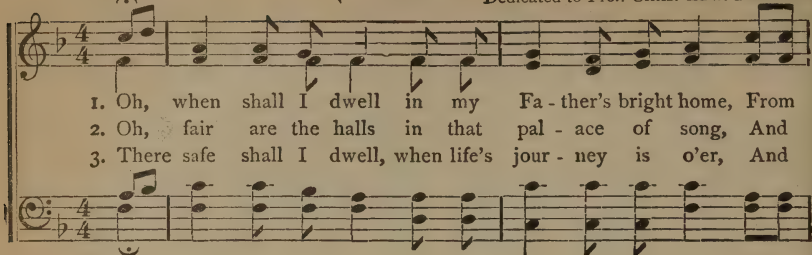
THE EDEN OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

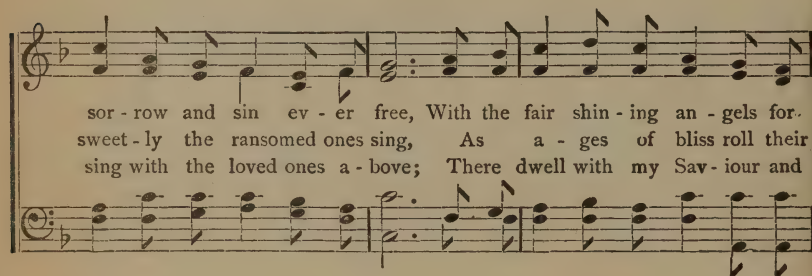
No 274

W. E. PENN.

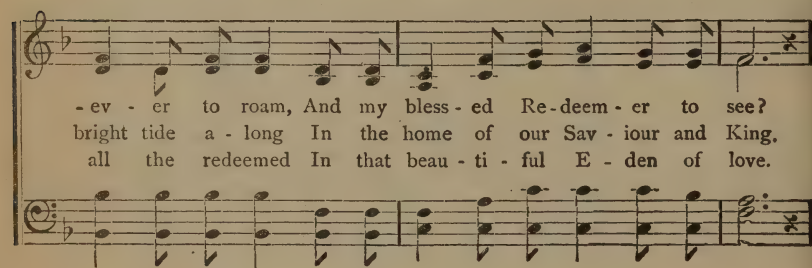
Dedicated to Prof. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, when shall I dwell in my Fa - ther's bright home, From
2. Oh, fair are the halls in that pal - ace of song, And
3. There safe shall I dwell, when life's jour - ney is o'er, And



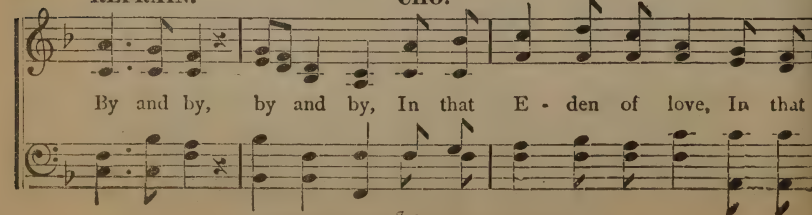
sor - row and sin ev - er free, With the fair shin - ing an - gels for -
sweet - ly the ransomed ones sing, As a - ges of bliss roll their
sing with the loved ones a - bove; There dwell with my Sav - iour and



- ev - er to roam, And my bless - ed Re - deem - er to see?
bright tide a - long In the home of our Sav - iour and King,
all the redeemed In that beau - ti - ful E - den of love.

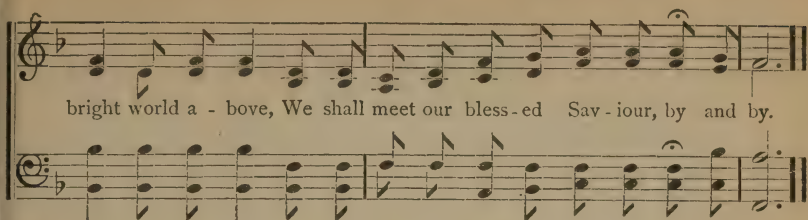
REFRAIN.

CHO.



By and by, by and by, In that E - den of love, In that

THE EDEN OF LOVE. Concluded.



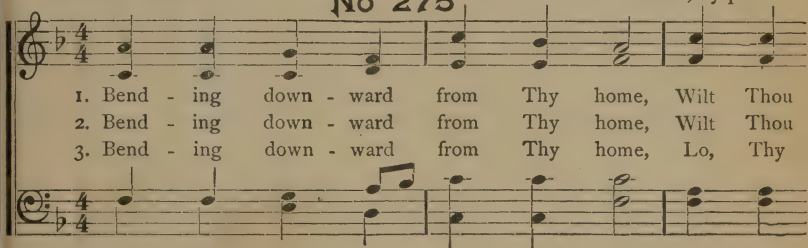
bright world a - bove, We shall meet our bless - ed Sav - iour, by and by.

MAUD. 7s.

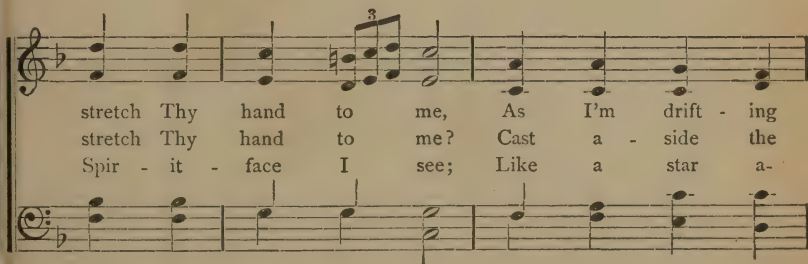
NEVA E. PARKHILL.

No 275

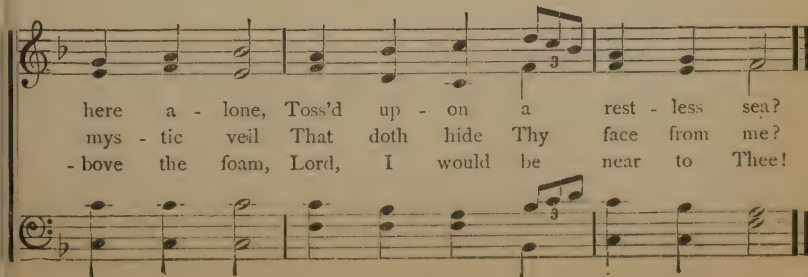
C. E. LESLIE, by per.



1. Bend - ing down - ward from Thy home, Wilt Thou
 2. Bend - ing down - ward from Thy home, Wilt Thou
 3. Bend - ing down - ward from Thy home, Lo, Thy



stretch Thy hand to me, As I'm drift - ing
 stretch Thy hand to me? Cast a - side the
 Spir - it - face I see; Like a star a -



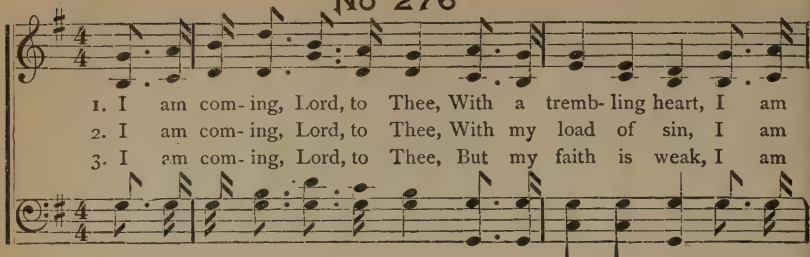
here a - lone, Toss'd up - on a rest - less sea?
 mys - tic veil That doth hide Thy face from me?
 - bove the foam, Lord, I would be near to Thee!

I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

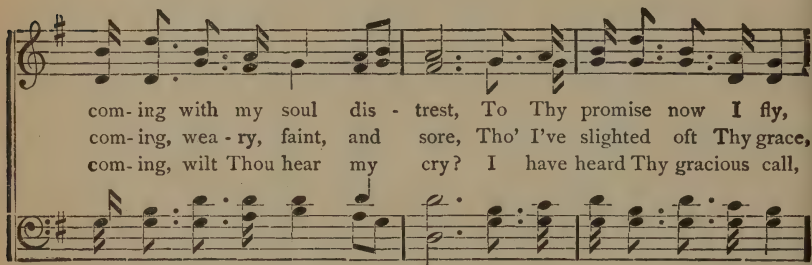
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by *per.*

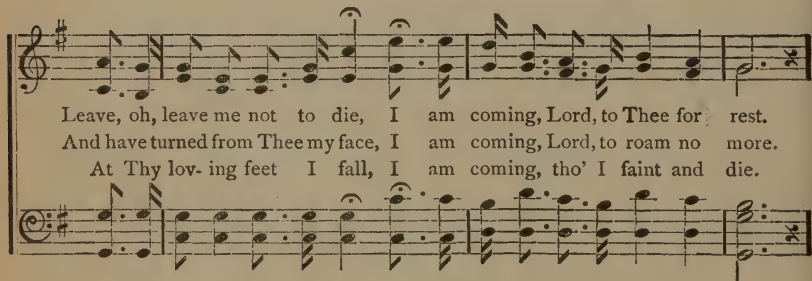
No 276



1. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, With a tremb-ling heart, I am
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, With my load of sin, I am
3. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, But my faith is weak, I am

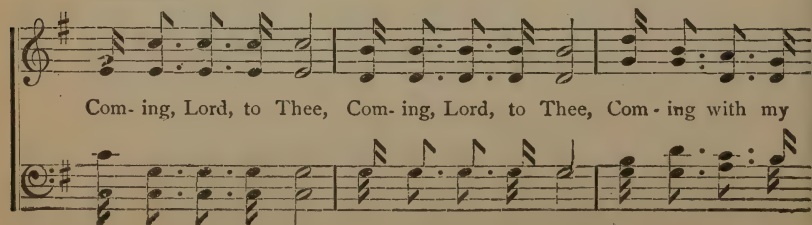


com-ing with my soul dis-trest, To Thy promise now I fly,
com-ing, wea-ry, faint, and sore, Tho' I've slighted oft Thy grace,
com-ing, wilt Thou hear my cry? I have heard Thy gracious call,



Leave, oh, leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.
And have turned from Thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
At Thy lov-ing feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.



Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing with my

I AM COMING, LORD, Etc. Concluded.

soul dis - tress; I am com - ing, I am
com - ing, Lord, to Thee,

com - ing, I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.
com - ing, Lord, to Thee,

LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

* * *

No 277 [SENTENCE.]

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Let the words of my mouth, And the med - i - ta -

- tion of my heart, Be ac - cept - a - ble in Thy

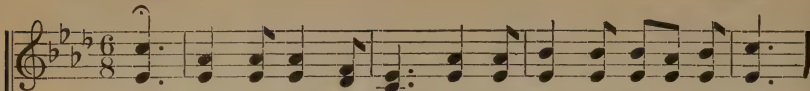
sight, O Lord, My Strength and my Re - deem - er!

No. 278. THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

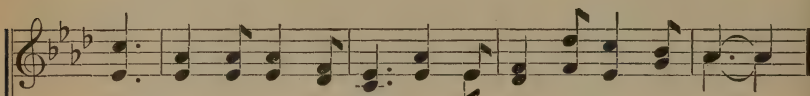
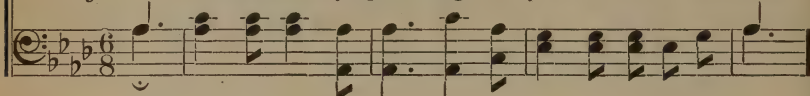
Isaiah 55: 1.

W. E. PENN.

W. E. PENN.



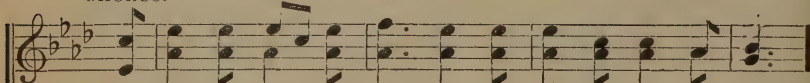
1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, To liv - ing wa - ters come,
2. 'Tis o - pened for the cleans - ing Of ev - 'ry sin - sick soul;
3. There is no oth - er fount - ain Flows from a Sav - iour's side;
4. Then has - ten to this fount - ain, How can you stay a - way?
5. O come while mer - cy's plead - ing, Ere jus - tice bars the door,



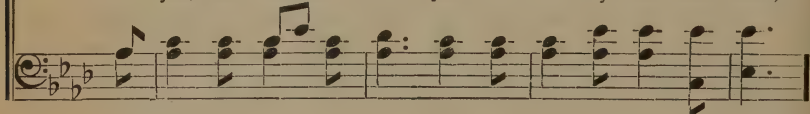
For here's an o - pen fount - ain, And free for ev - 'ry one.
 O come and drink its wa - ters, And thou shalt be made whole.
 There is no oth - er Sav - iour Who has for sin - ners died.
 Come drink its liv - ing wa - ters, And live thro' end - less day.
 Come to this liv - ing fount - ain, And thou shalt thirst no more.



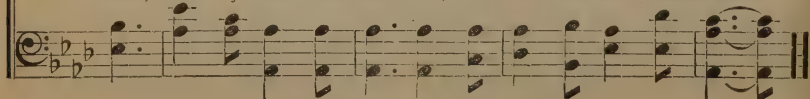
CHORUS.



O yes, this fount - ain's o - pen To ev - 'ry sin - sick soul;



Come, free - ly drink its wa - ters, And thou shalt be made whole.



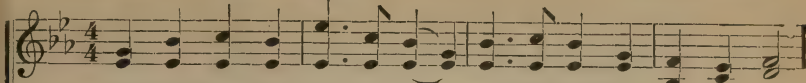
WE SHALL SEE HIM BY AND BY.

W. E. PENN.

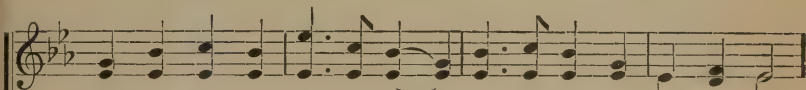
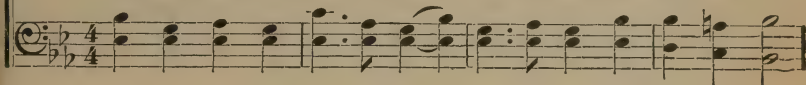
No 279

¹ John 3: 2.

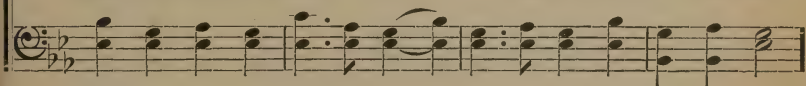
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Cheer up, breth-ren, nev - er fear, We shall see Him by and by;
2. We shall see Him, and be like Him In that dear sweet by and by,
3. We shall praise His name for - ev - er When we see Him by and by,
4. Soon, oh! soon we'll hear Him say, In the near sweet by and by,



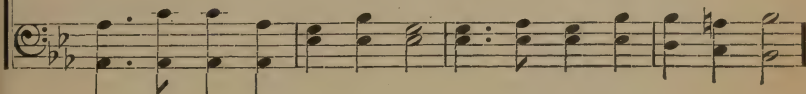
God shall wipe a - way each tear When we see Him by and by.
And shall ev - er more a - dore Him In that bless - ed by and by.
And be part - ed nev - er, nev - er In that end - less by and by.
"Rise, my love, and come a - way To your man-sions in the sky."



REFRAIN.



We shall see Him by and by, We shall see Him by and by;



In the clouds His saints shall meet Him, We shall see Him by and by.



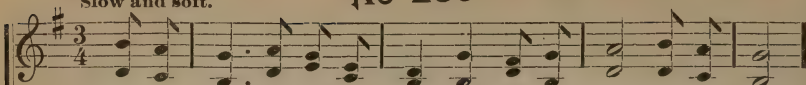
SAFE AT HOME.

Rev. W. F. COSNER.

Rev. W. T. DALE, by per,

Slow and soft.

No 280



1. Ah, this heart shall cease its long-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
2. Then I'll see no tem-pest rag-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
3. There are friends who with me part-ed, Safe at home! Safe at home!
4. Dear ones gone be-fore will meet me, Safe at home! Safe at home!



Where no anx-ious cares are throng-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
 Sin no war-fare wild is wag-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
 No more wand'ring bro-ken-heart-ed, Safe at home! Safe at home!
 At the pearl-y gate will greet me, Safe at home! Safe at home!



Now a heav-y bur-den press-es, And I walk thro' thorny pla-ces,
 When shall come that bliss-ful wak-ing, Where no pain-ful head is ach-ing,
 Undisturbed while storms are sweeping, Calm-ly now the loved are sleep-ing,
 Sav-iour, dear-est Saviour, hear me! I am wea-ry: be'Thou near me!



Till my wea-ry wand'ring ceas-es, Safe at home! Safe at home!
 Where no throbbing heart is break-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
 Ev-er in their Father's keep-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
 Oh, sus-tain me till Thou cheer me, Safe at home! Safe at home!



NEAR THE CROSS.

Special contribution for this book.

W. D. MAYFIELD, D.D.

No 281

J. F. PARKER.

1. Near the cross, O Je - sus, keep, O keep me ev - er near;
2. Near the cross, O bless - ed Christ, Where drops of mer - cy fall;
3. Near the cross, where I can wait In bright or dark - est hour;
4. Near the cross, my sweet - est joy At Mer - cy's ho - ly shrine,

Cleanse my heart with pre - cious blood, And save my soul from fear.
Where my bur - dened soul can plead, And on my Sav - iour call.
Near the cross in life or death, To feel Thy hal - lowed power.
Love and life and hope to find—One place on earth di - vine!

CHORUS.

On - ly keep me near, Pre - cious Sav - iour dear,
Keep me near, Sav - iour dear,

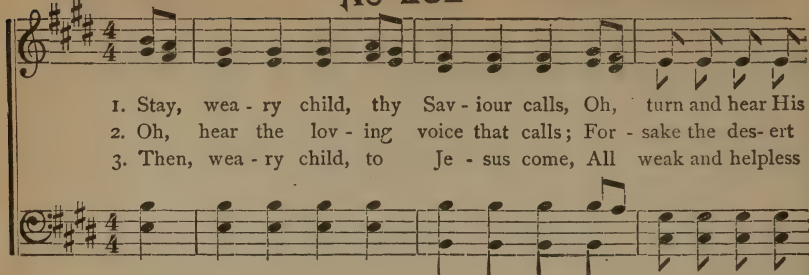
Near the cross, Keep me near the cross.
Near the cross, Keep me near the cross.

STAY, WEARY CHILD.

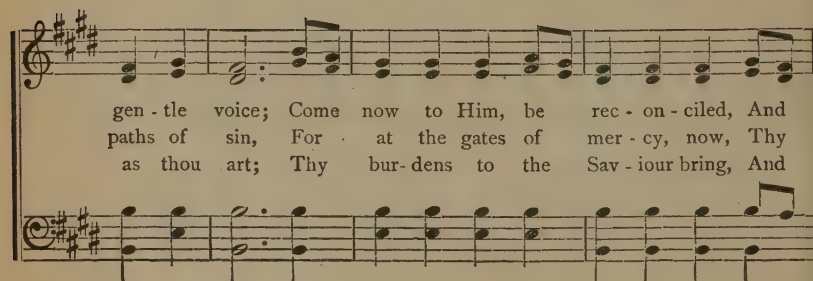
R. A. GLENN.

No 282

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

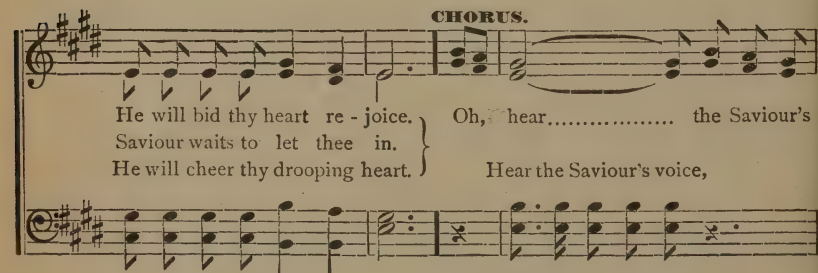


1. Stay, wea - ry child, thy Sav - iour calls, Oh, turn and hear His
 2. Oh, hear the lov - ing voice that calls; For - sake the des - ert
 3. Then, wea - ry child, to Je - sus come, All weak and helpless

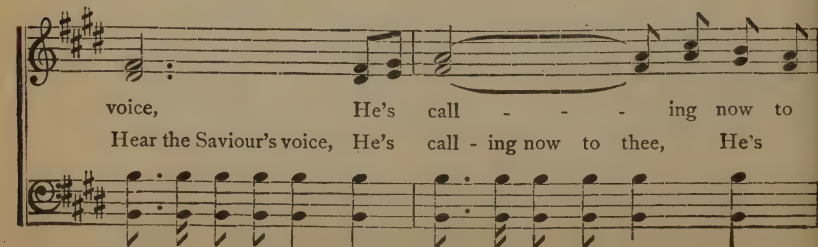


gen - tle voice; Come now to Him, be rec - on - ciled, And
 paths of sin, For at the gates of mer - cy, now, Thy
 as thou art; Thy bur - dens to the Sav - iour bring, And

CHORUS.



He will bid thy heart re - joice. } Oh, hear..... the Saviour's
 Saviour waits to let thee in. }
 He will cheer thy drooping heart. } Hear the Saviour's voice,



voice, He's call - - - ing now to
 Hear the Saviour's voice, He's call - ing now to thee, He's

From the "Beauty of Praise," by per.

STAY, WEARY CHILD. Concluded.

thee, Oh, make Him now thy
call - ing now to thee; Make Him now thy choice,

choice; He of - fers par - don full and free.
Make Him now thy choice;

Rit.

COME TO JESUS.

J. H. LESLIE.

No 283

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Come with - out de - lay,
2. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, With your woe and care,
3. Sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Wea - ry and op - pressed,
4. Trust Him ev - 'ry mo - ment, Trust Him to the grave,

Hear Him gen - tly call - ing, Hark - en while you may.
He is rea - dy wait - ing, Now to hear your pray'r.
Cast on Him your bur - den, He will give you rest.
He a - lone can com - fort, He a - lone can save.


Words used by permission of the Author.

HOME AT LAST!


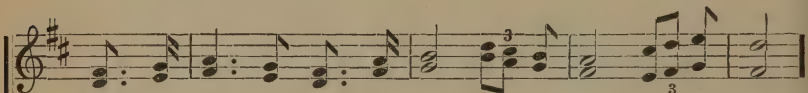
Poetry from "Last Words."

No 284

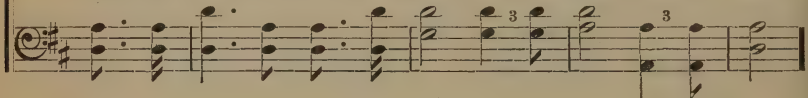
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



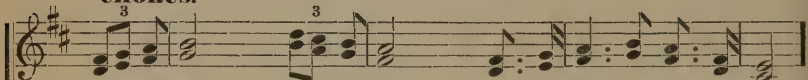
1. Hear them shout - ing as they land, "Home at last! home at last!"
 2. Hear the sing - ing in that land, "Home at last! home at last!"
 3. Saint - ed ones are sing - ing there, "Home at last! home at last!"


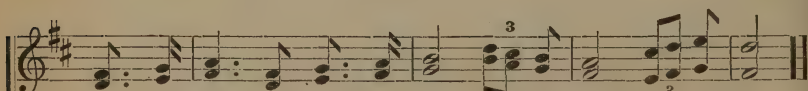
Pil - grims on the far - ther strand, Home at last! home at last!
 Pil - grims with the an - gel - band, Home at last! home at last!
 Where the Sav - iour's love they share, Home at last! home at last!



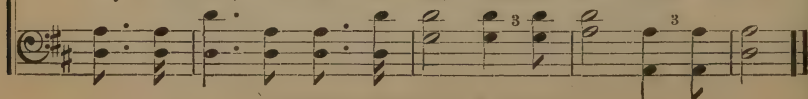
CHORUS.



Home at last! home at last! They are home, are home at last;
 Home at last! home at last!

They are home, are home at last, Home at last! home at last!

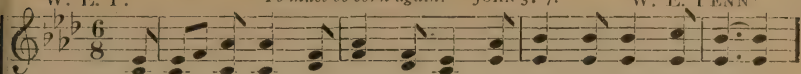


No. 285. BE BORN AGAIN.

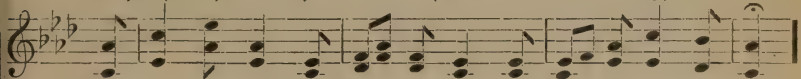
W. E. P.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN 3: 7.

W. E. PENN



1. Oh, list - en to these sol - emn words! "Ye must be born a - gain,"
2. Good mor - als can - not save the soul— Can nev - er peace im - part;
3. The blood! the blood! must be ap - plied, To ev - 'ry sin - ful heart,
4. You must re pent of ev - 'ry sin, Be cleans'd from ev - 'ry stain,



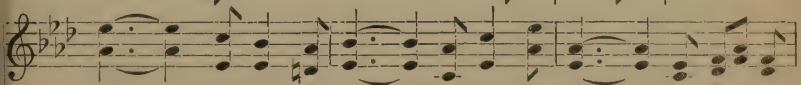
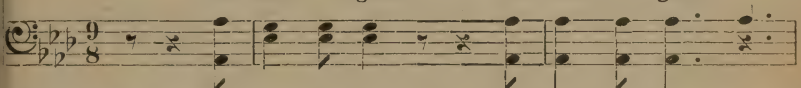
For so our Sav - iour hath de - creed, Or sink to end - less pain.
Nor stamp the im - age of God's Son, Up - on a sin - ful heart.
For noth - ing else can save the soul, And sweetest peace im - part.
Oh! hear and heed these words I pray, "Ye must be born a - gain."



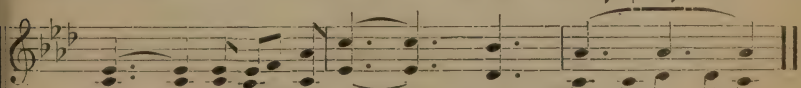
CHORUS.



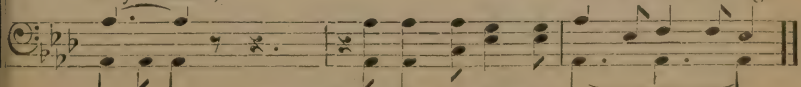
Be born a - gain! be born a - gain! "Ye
Be born a - gain! be born a - gain!



must be born a - gain!" Must have Christ's im - age on your
"Ye must be born a - gain! a - gain!" Must have Christ's image



heart If you would with Him reign.
on your heart, would with Him reign.



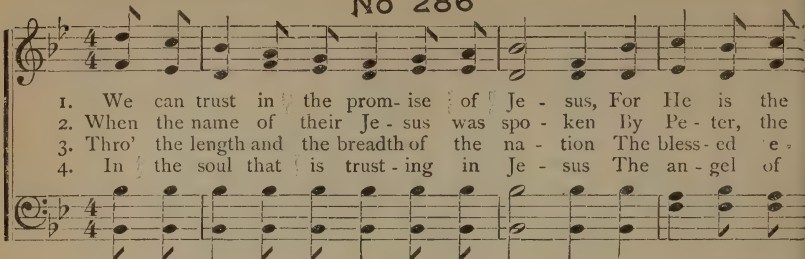
JESUS CHRIST MAKETH THEE WHOLE.

Acts 9: 12.

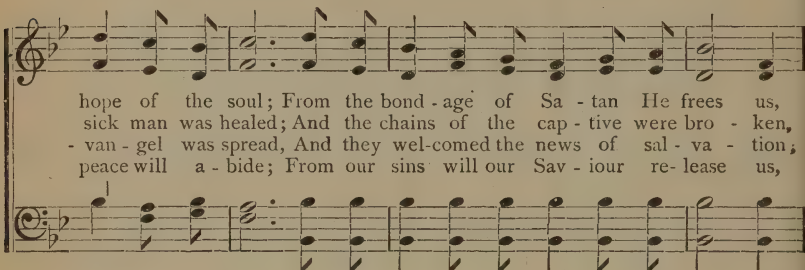
Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. E. DORTCH, by per

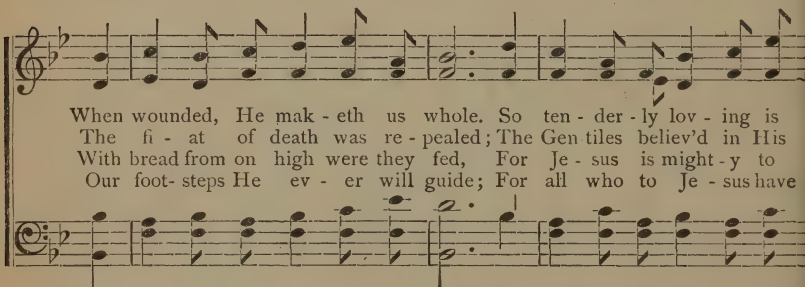
No 286



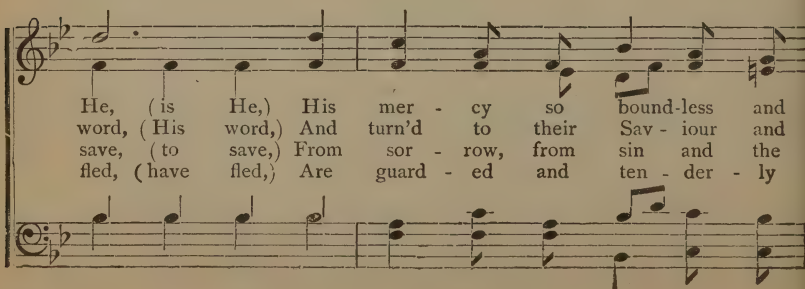
1. We can trust in the prom - ise of Je - sus, For He is the
 2. When the name of their Je - sus was spo - ken By Pe - ter, the
 3. Thro' the length and the breadth of the na - tion The bless - ed
 4. In the soul that is trust - ing in Je - sus The an - gel of



hope of the soul; From the bond - age of Sa - tan He frees us,
 sick man was healed; And the chains of the cap - tive were bro - ken,
 - van - gel was spread, And they wel - comed the news of sal - va - tion,
 peace will a - bide; From our sins will our Sav - iour re - lease us,



When wounded, He mak - eth us whole. So ten - der - ly lov - ing is
 The fi - at of death was re - pealed; The Gen - tiles believ'd in His
 With bread from on high were they fed, For Je - sus is might - y to
 Our foot - steps He ev - er will guide; For all who to Je - sus have



He, (is He,) His mer - cy so bound - less and
 word, (His word,) And turn'd to their Sav - iour and
 save, (to save,) sor - row, from sin and the
 fled, (have fled,) Are guard - ed and ten - der - ly

JESUS CHRIST MAKETH, Etc. Concluded



free, (and free,) From the re - gion of glo - ry He
 Lord, (and Lord;) And al - so on them as a
 grave, (the grave;) And though Lord o - ver all from cre -
 led, (are led;) From the height of the heav - ens He

sees us; He car - eth for you and for me.
 to - ken The gift of the Spir - it was poured.
 - a - tion His life for the sin - ner He gave.
 sees us, Though Judge of the quick and the dead.

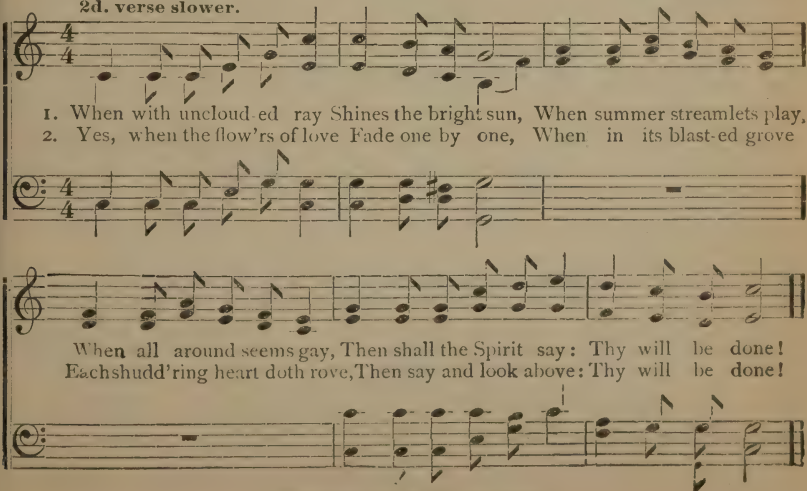
THY WILL BE DONE.

Mrs. LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

No 287

H. N. LINCOLN.

2d. verse slower.



1. When with uncloud-ed ray Shines the bright sun, When summer streamlets play,
 2. Yes, when the flow'rs of love Fade one by one, When in its blast-ed grove

When all around seems gay, Then shall the Spirit say: Thy will be done!
 Eachshudd'ring heart doth rove, Then say and look above: Thy will be done!

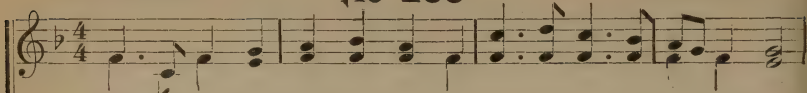
MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

"To the praise of the glory of his grace."

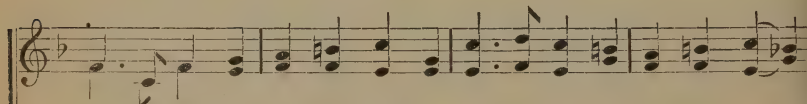
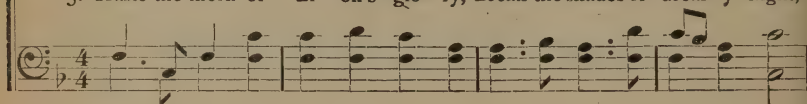
Mrs. EMMA PITT.

No 288

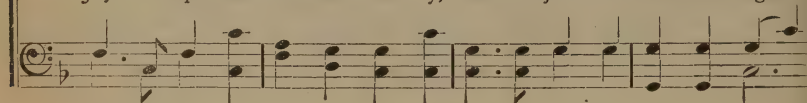
W. F. HEATH.



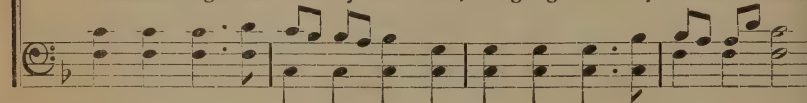
1. Haste the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Swell the notes of joy on high;
2. Haste the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Till the snow-capped hills shall ring,
3. Haste the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Break the shades of drear-y night,



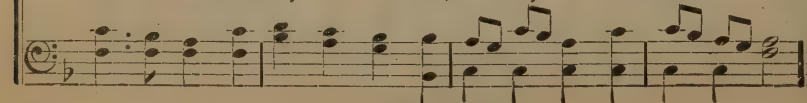
Let all na - tions hear the sto - ry, Shout a - loud the bat - tle cry.
Tell to all the "old, old sto - ry," Let the vales their ech - oes sing.
Joy - ful lips shall tell the sto - ry, And re - joice in Bethlehem's light.



Go ye forth glad tid - ings preaching, Send a - broad to ev - 'ry land,
Dark - est land with light a - bound - ing Shall pro - claim their peace to men,
Christ shall reign o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, Bring - ing vic - t'ry in her train,



Till the hea - then mid - night reaching, Far o'er In - dia's burn - ing strand.
Hal - le - lu - jahs, glad re - sounding, Ech - o back the glad re - frain.
Till all hearts shall cry in na - ture, Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain.



VALE OF BEULAH.

E. A. HOFFMAN

No 289

JOSEPH GARRISON,



1. { I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. { Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic, sweet - ly chant - ed by the heav - en - ly throng,
3. { So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing toward the Cit - y of Light,
And I near the o - pen port - als of the King - dom a - bove,



But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o - ver - grown; }
For the Sav - iour walks be - side me, my com - pan - ion each day. }
For a ra - dance bright as glo - ry shines up - on it all day; }
Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long. }
While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path-way more bright; }
For the high - way leads to Ca - naan to the King - dom of love. }



CHORUS.



Vale of Beau - lah, Vale of Beau - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;



For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.



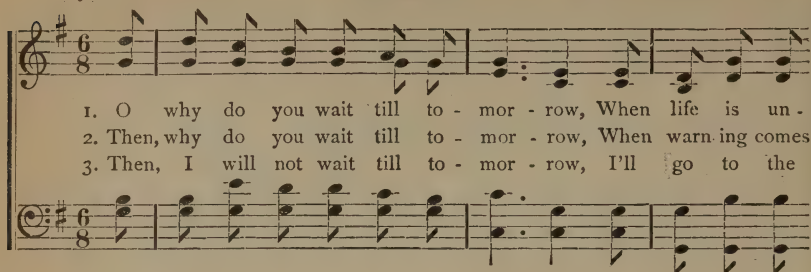
WHY DO YOU WAIT?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." —PROV. 27: 1.

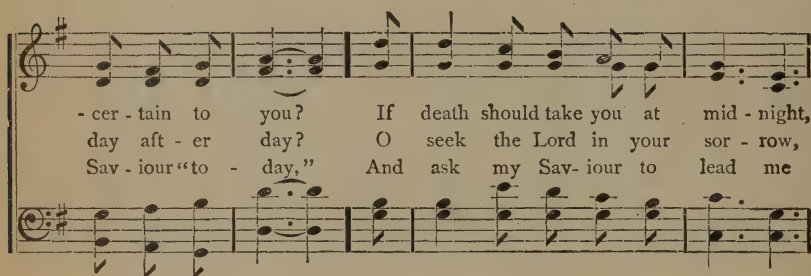
T. J. L.

No 290

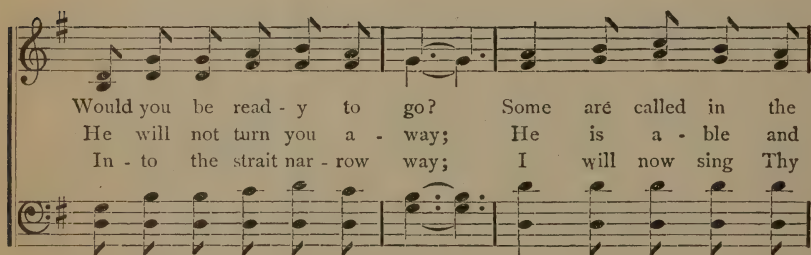
T. J. LAWRENCE, by per.



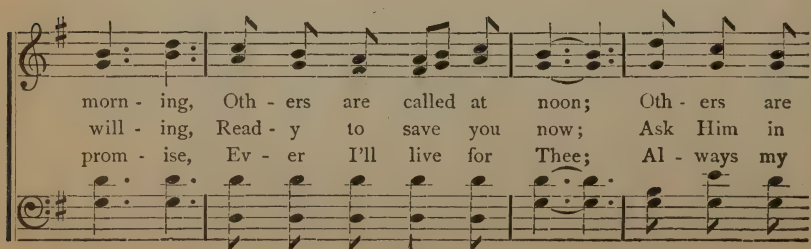
1. O why do you wait till to - mor - row, When life is un -
 2. Then, why do you wait till to - mor - row, When warn - ing comes
 3. Then, I will not wait till to - mor - row, I'll go to the



- cer - tain to you? If death should take you at mid - night,
 day aft - er day? O seek the Lord in your sor - row,
 Sav - iour "to - day," And ask my Sav - iour to lead me



Would you be read - y to go? Some are called in the
 He will not turn you a - way; He is a - ble and
 In - to the strait nar - row way; I will now sing Thy



morn - ing, Oth - ers are called at noon; Oth - ers are
 will - ing, Read - y to save you now; Ask Him in
 prom - ise, Ev - er I'll live for Thee; Al - ways my

WHY DO YOU WAIT? Concluded.

called in the eve - ning To their e - ter - nal doom.
 faith to for - give you, While at His cross you bow.
 ser - vice for Je - sus, Who died to set me free.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Anon.

No 291

JOHN B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful
 2. Beau - ti - ful trees for - ev - er there, Beau - ti - ful
 3. Beau - ti - ful light with - out the sun, Beau - ti - ful
 4. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is light, Beau - ti - ful

Cit - y that I love, Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y
 fruits they al - ways bear, Beau - ti - ful riv - er glid - ing
 day re - volv - ing on, Beau - ti - ful worlds on worlds un -
 an - gels clothed in white, Beau - ti - ful songs that nev - er

white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light.
 by, Beau - ti - ful fount - ain nev - er dry.
 - told, Beau - ti - ful streets of shin - ing gold.
 tire, Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir.

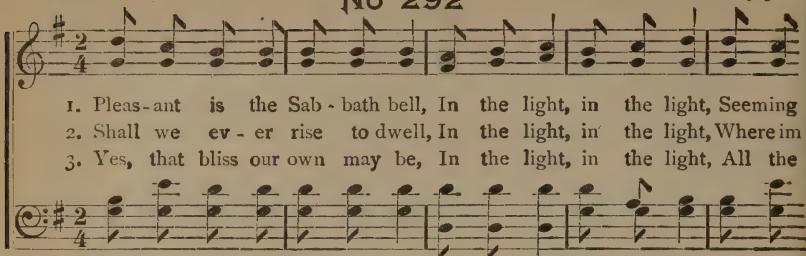
IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

Anon.

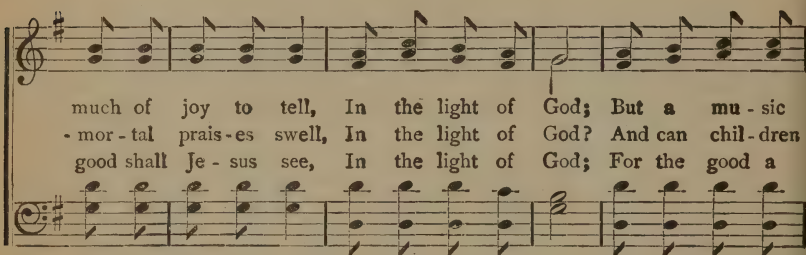
[INFANT CLASS.]

No 292

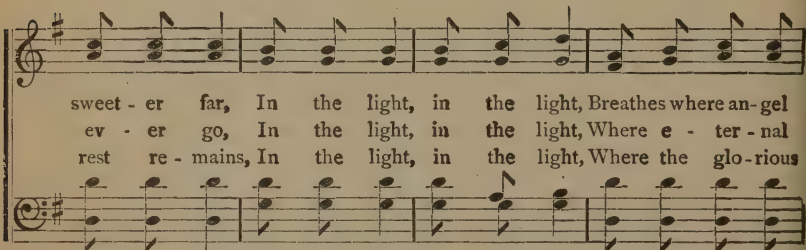
Rev. W. T. DALE, by per.



1. Pleas-ant is the Sab-bath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming
 2. Shall we ev-er rise to dwell, In the light, in the light, Wherein
 3. Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, in the light, All the

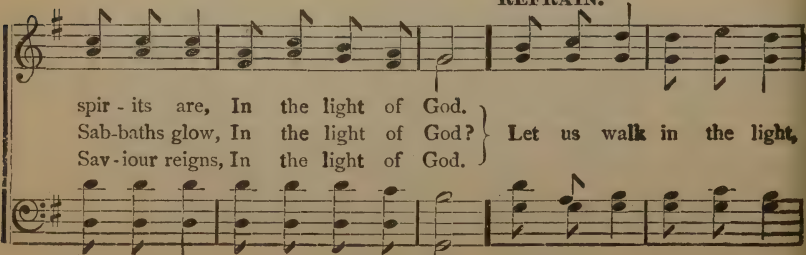


much of joy to tell, In the light of God; But a mu-sic
 - mor-tal prais-es swell, In the light of God? And can chil-dren
 good shall Je-sus see, In the light of God; For the good a



sweet-er far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where an-gel
 ev-er go, In the light, in the light, Where e-ter-nal
 rest re-mains, In the light, in the light, Where the glo-rious

REFRAIN.



spir-its are, In the light of God.
 Sab-baths glow, In the light of God? } Let us walk in the light,
 Sav-our reigns, In the light of God.

IN THE LIGHT OF GOD. Concluded.

Walk in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

This block contains the musical notation for the first piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

DRAW NEAR TO ME.

T. J. L.

"Lord, to whom shall I turn?"—John 6: 68.

No 293

T. J. LAWRENCE.

1. Sav - iour, draw near to me Now while I pray, Oh, let Thy
2. Sav - iour, draw near to me, Cleanse me with - in, I would now
3. Sav - iour, draw near to me, Thy Spir - it's pow'r Can make this

This block contains the musical notation for the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

pre-cious love Cheer me to - day.
live for Thee, Keep me from sin.
heart re-joice Ev - er - y hour. } Come, Lord, to Thee I plead,

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Do not de - part; Come, Thou art all I need, Dwell in my heart!

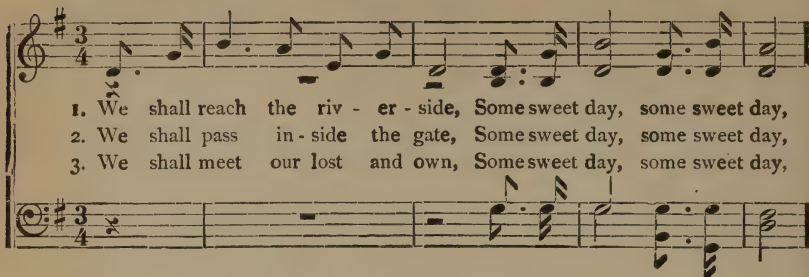
This block contains the musical notation for the final line of the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

SOME SWEET DAY.

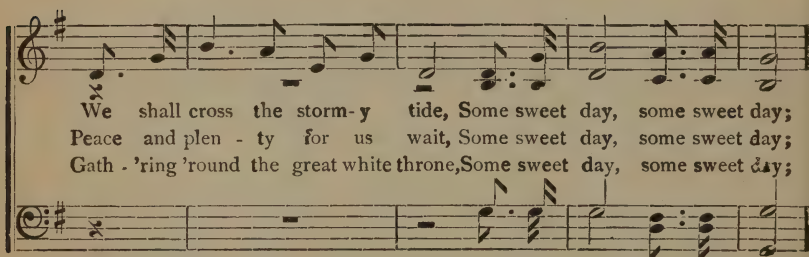
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

No 294

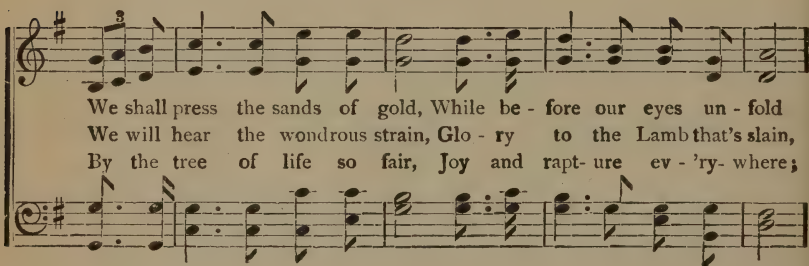
J. F. KINSEY, by per.



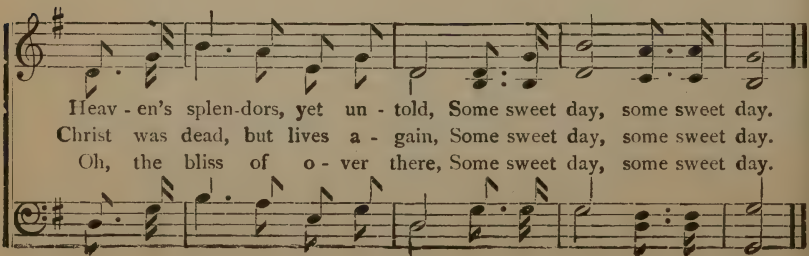
1. We shall reach the riv - er - side, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
 3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day,



We shall cross the storm-y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath - 'ring 'round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
 We will hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
 By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapt - ure ev - 'ry - where;



Heav - en's splen - dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

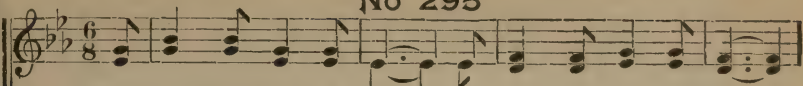
THANKSGIVING.

Psa. 136: 26.

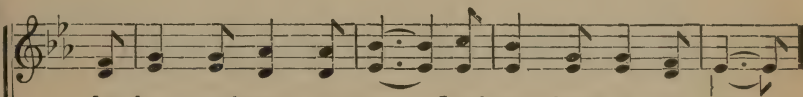
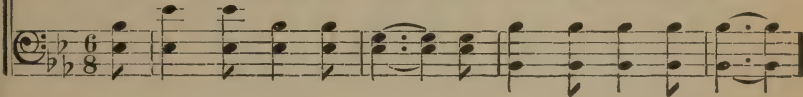
Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

E. T. POUND.

No 295



1. Come, chil - dren, gath - er near, A - round the mer - cy - seat,
2. Oh, thank Him for the light That shines in sor - row's hour,
3. We thank Him for the word, So won - der - ful and true,
4. Thy name, O Christ, we love, For - ev - er would we raise



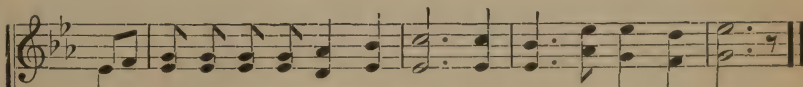
Let hap - py hearts ap - pear, Loud an - thems to re - peat.
Dis - pell - ing gloom and night, Re - veal - ing won - drous pow'r.
That seat - ters seed a - broad, Re - fresh - ing earth a - new.
Our grate - ful hearts a - bove, In songs of joy and praise.



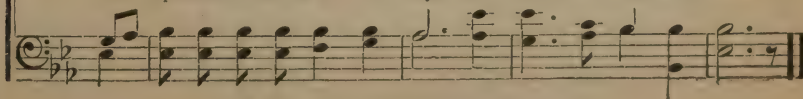
CHORUS. Lively.



Let us thank Him for our life to - day, For health and strength and love,



For hopes that cheer us on our way, And lift our thoughts a - bove.



From "Songs for All," by permission.

SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Matthew 6: 33.

Written on hearing a sermon from Rev. W. E. Penn, at the Lockhart Camp Meeting.

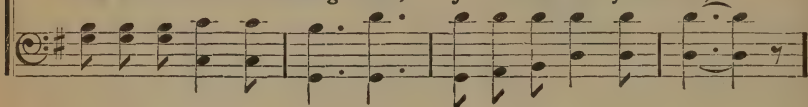
No 296 Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Trav'ler, on life's great high - way, Striving for earth - ly dross,
2. See to it now, my broth - er, Be not deceived, I pray,
3. Vain are the world's al - lure - ments; Fleeting the joys of sin;



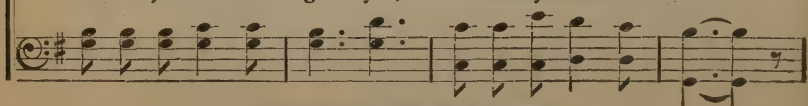
Tho' you a - mass a fort - une, Yet it may prove a loss;
Shun the broad road of fol - ly, En - ter the nar - row way;
Fail not to seek God's King - dom, Je - sus will let you in;



Seek first our Fa - ther's King - dom, Come to His peace - ful fold,
Look to your fut - ure wel - fare While the bright moments roll;
Then to you shall be ad - ded Rich - es in earth - ly store,



Here you will find a treas - ure More to be sought than gold.
When this brief life is end - ed, How then will fare your soul?
All that you need He'll give you, How could you wish for more?



SEEK FIRST THE, Etc. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Seek first the Kingdom of God, And His right-eous - ness,

And all these things shall be ad - ded Un - to..... you.
Ad - ded un - to you.

Anon.

No 297 LEAD ME ON.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Trav-'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorching sand,
2. When at Marah's, parched with heat, I the spark - ling fount - ain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,

Slowly.

Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me on.....
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet, Lead me on.....
And her wells as crys - tal clear, Lead me on.....
Lead me, lead me on.....

- 4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher,
Lead me, lead me on.
- 5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me, lead me on.

- 6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink,
Hold me, Father, lest I sink,
Lead me, lead me on.
- 7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on,
Lead me, lead me on.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

No 298

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love sur - pass - ing knowledge! O grace so full and free!
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry!

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me!
I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me!
I feel its cleans - ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me!

And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,
And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,
And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me!
I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me!
I feel its cleans - ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me!

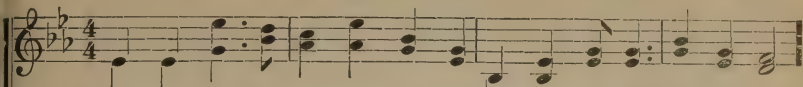
RESTING BY AND BY.

"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 11.

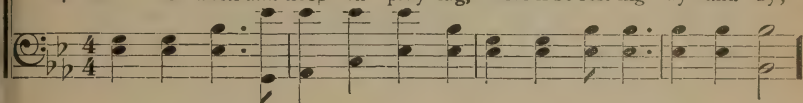
Rev. W. E. PENN.

No 299

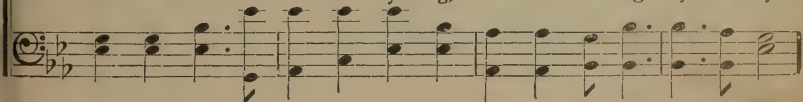
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



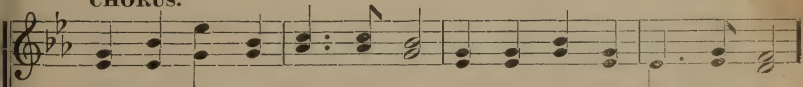
1. Chris-tians, are you grow-ing wea-ry? There'll be rest-ing by and by;
2. Have you ma-n-y hours of anguish? There'll be rest-ing by and by;
3. Cheer up then, no lon-ger fear-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by;
4. Let us work and keep on pray-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by;



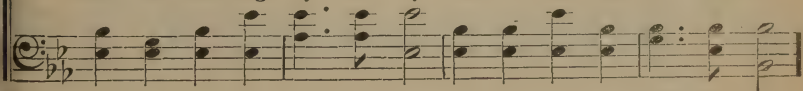
Is your path-way dark and drear-y? There'll be rest-ing by and by
Where your souls will no more lan-quish, There'll be rest-ing by and by.
When you see our Lord's ap-pear-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by.
If we come His word o-bey-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by.



CHORUS.



There'll be rest-ing by and by, There'll be rest-ing by and by;



When the toils of life are o-ver, There'll be rest-ing by and by.



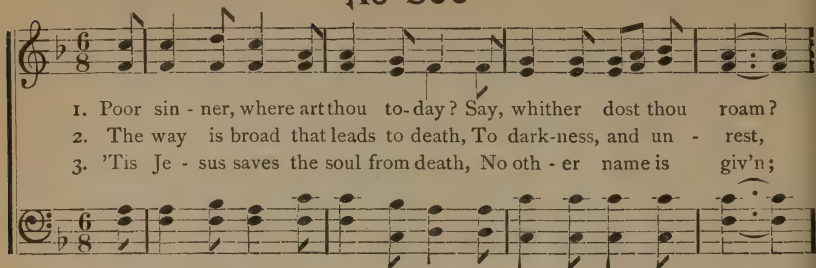
CHRIST IS THE DOOR.

"I am the door."—Jesus.

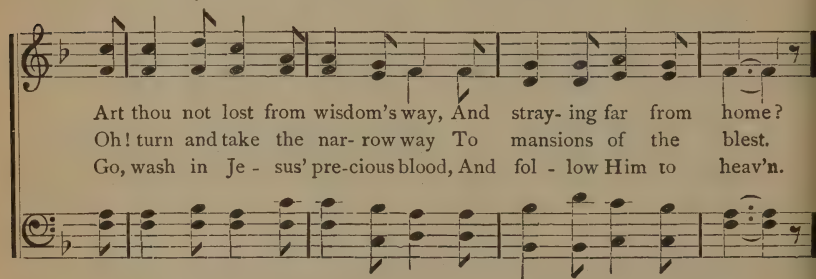
Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

No 300

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

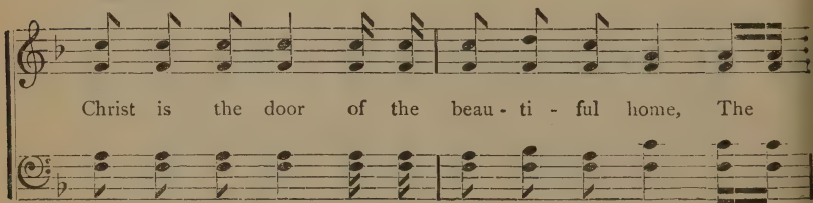


1. Poor sin - ner, where art thou to - day? Say, whither dost thou roam?
2. The way is broad that leads to death, To dark-ness, and un - rest,
3. 'Tis Je - sus saves the soul from death, No oth - er name is giv'n;



Art thou not lost from wisdom's way, And stray - ing far from home?
Oh! turn and take the nar - row way To mansions of the blest.
Go, wash in Je - sus' pre - cious blood, And fol - low Him to heav'n.

CHORUS.



Christ is the door of the beau - ti - ful home, The



beau - ti - ful home, the beau - ti - ful home; Christ is the door of the

CHRIST IS THE DOOR. Concluded.

beau - ti - ful home, The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

I COME TO THEE.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

LOTTIE E. WELTON.

No 301

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Fa - ther, I come to Thee, Near - er to Thee, Thro' Christ's a - ton -
2. If on my toil-some way Christ's cross I view, And wea - ry, I
3. Or if my path seems bright, "Darkness all gone," And all my hope

The musical score for the first system is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff, both using eighth and sixteenth notes.

- ing blood, Flow-ing for me; In all my life I'd be, Thro' Je - sus'
sink down, My strength re-new, Blest Je - sus, in my grief, Give my sad
are pure Be - fore the throne, My eyes sal - va - tion see, Thro' Je - sus'

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 4/4 time and one-flat key signature.

love to me, "Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee."
soul re - lief; O let the toil be brief— A - bide with me!
love to me, My heart still prais - eth Thee, Dear Je - sus, Thee.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece, with the melody and accompaniment ending on a final chord.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10: 20.

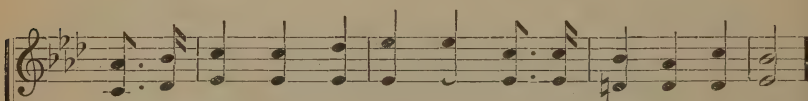
Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

No 302

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



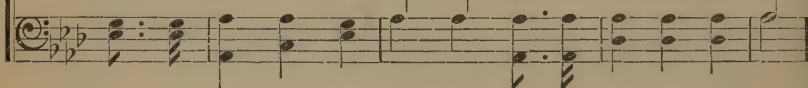
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light,



I would make sure of heav - en, I would ea - ter the fold.
But Thy blood, oh, my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;



In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

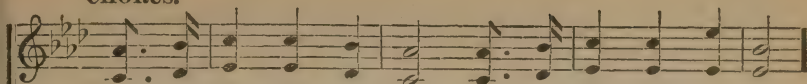


Tell me, Je - sus, my, Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Though your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.



IS MY NAME WRITTEN, Etc. Concluded.

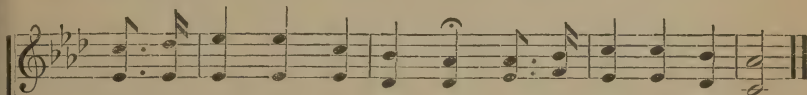
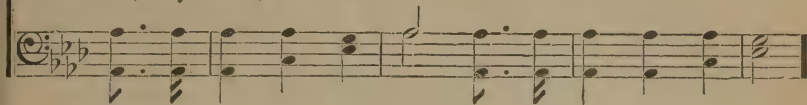
CHORUS.



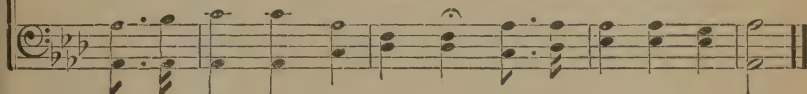
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair,

CHORUS for 2d & 3d

Verses. Yes, my name's, &c.



In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.



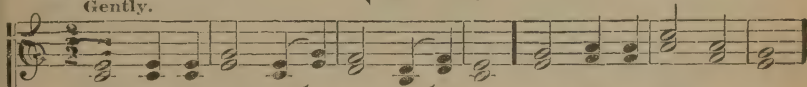
PENN. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

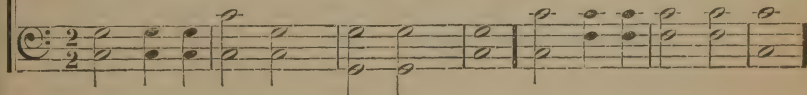
No 303

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gently.



1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood
2. Soon as the morn the light re - vealed, His prais-es tuned my tongue;
3. Rise, Lord, and help me to pre - vail; Oh, make my soul Thy care;



Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
And when the eve - ning shades pre - vail'd, His love was all my song.
I know Thy mer - cy can - not fail, Let me that mer - cy share.



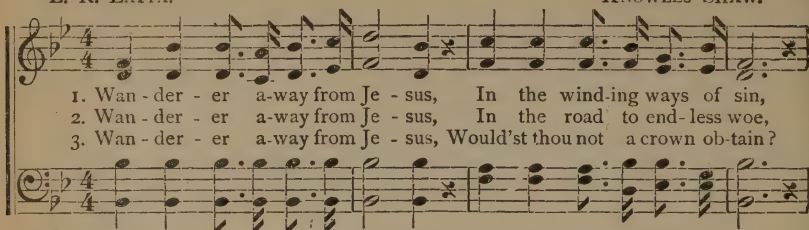
WANDERING AWAY.

No 304 "Then said Jesus, Will ye also go away?"—JOHN 6: 67.

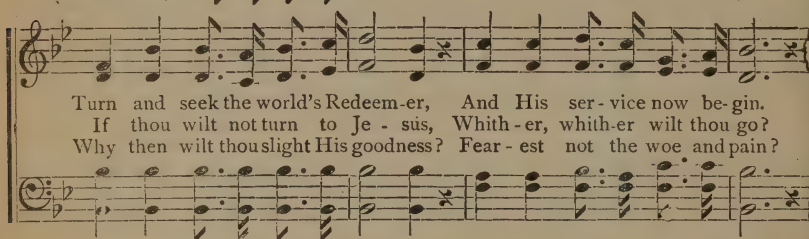
I have seen over five hundred people come forward for prayer,
while this song was being sung. W. E. P.

E. R. LATTA.

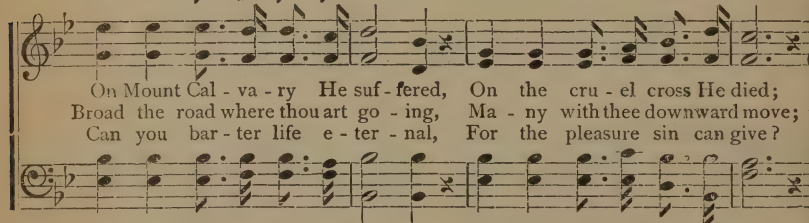
KNOWLES SHAW.



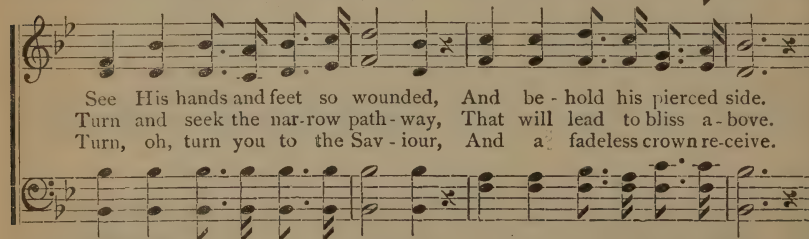
1. Wan - der - er a-way from Je - sus, In the wind-ing ways of sin,
2. Wan - der - er a-way from Je - sus, In the road to end-less woe,
3. Wan - der - er a-way from Je - sus, Would'st thou not a crown ob-tain?



Turn and seek the world's Redeem-er, And His ser-vice now be-gin.
If thou wilt not turn to Je - sus, Whith-er, whith-er wilt thou go?
Why then wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear - est not the woe and pain?

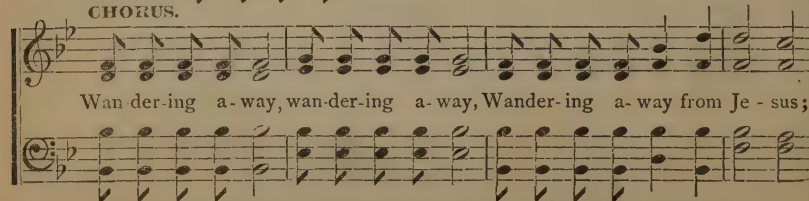


On Mount Cal - va - ry He suf-fered, On the cru-el cross He died;
Broad the road where thou art go-ing, Ma - ny with thee downward move;
Can you bar-ter life e - ter - nal, For the pleasure sin can give?



See His hands and feet so wounded, And be-hold his pierced side.
Turn and seek the nar-row path-way, That will lead to bliss a-bove.
Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav-iour, And a fadeless crown re-ceive.

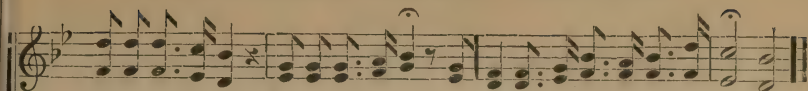
CHORUS.



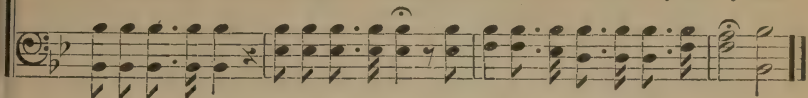
Wan-der-ing a-way, wan-der-ing a-way, Wander-ing a-way from Je - sus;

Used by permission of Mrs. KNOWLES SHAW, owner of the Copyright.

WANDERING AWAY. Concluded.

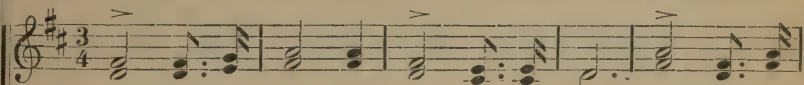


Hear His gentle voice, Calling you to-day, And wander no more away from Je-sus.

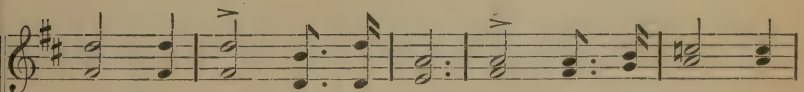


No. 305. GAIN, AFTER LOSS.

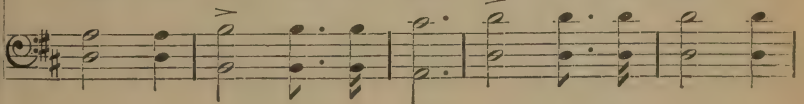
Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, by per. Miss M. V. G. HAVERGAL. · H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er
2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er
3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er



weak - ness, Crown aft - er cross, Sweet aft - er bit - ter,
mys - t'ry, Peace aft - er pain, Joy aft - er sor - row,
loneli - ness, Life aft - er tomb; Aft - er long ago - ny



Hope aft - er fears, Home aft - er wan-d'ring, Praise aft - er tears.
Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er wear-i-ness, Sweet rest at last.
Rapt - ure and bliss; Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.



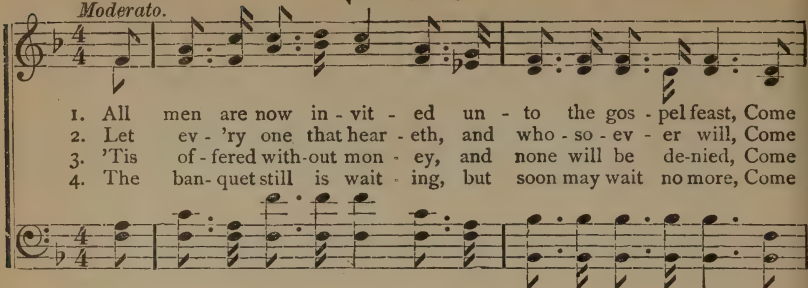
THE GOSPEL FEAST.

H. N. LINCOLN.

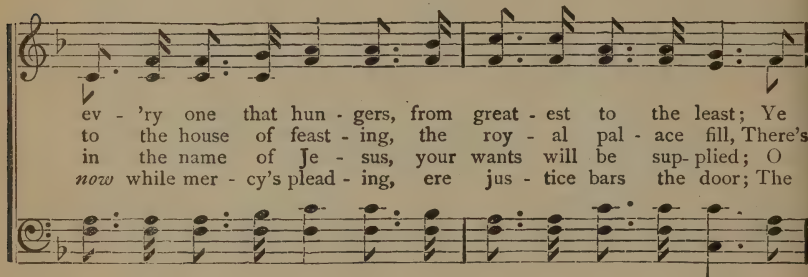
No 306

Rev. W. E. PENN.

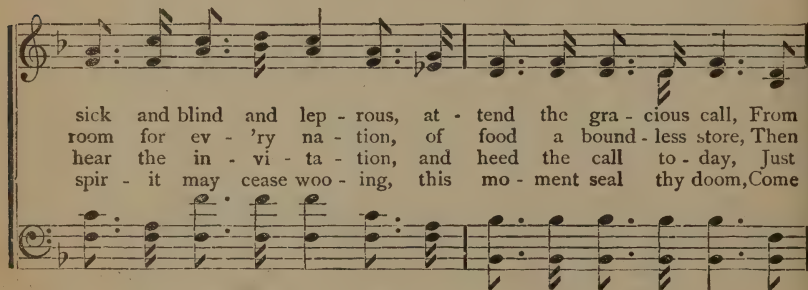
Moderato.



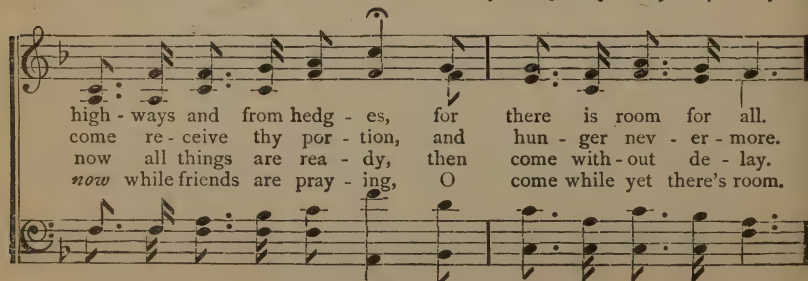
1. All men are now in - vit - ed un - to the gos - pel feast, Come
 2. Let ev - 'ry one that hear - eth, and who - so - ev - er will, Come
 3. 'Tis of - fered with - out mon - ey, and none will be de - nied, Come
 4. The ban - quet still is wait - ing, but soon may wait no more, Come



ev - 'ry one that hun - gers, from great - est to the least; Ye
 to the house of feast - ing, the roy - al pal - ace fill, There's
 in the name of Je - sus, your wants will be sup - plied; O
 now while mer - cy's plead - ing, ere jus - tice bars the door; The



sick and blind and lep - rous, at - tend the gra - cious call, From
 room for ev - 'ry na - tion, of food a bound - less store, Then
 hear the in - vi - ta - tion, and heed the call to - day, Just
 spir - it may cease woo - ing, this mo - ment seal thy doom, Come



high - ways and from hedg - es, for there is room for all.
 come re - ceive thy por - tion, and hun - ger nev - er - more.
 now all things are rea - dy, then come with - out de - lay.
 now while friends are pray - ing, O come while yet there's room.

The Gospel Feast. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come, come to - day!"

All things now are rea - dy, Oh, come with - out de - lay.

No. 307. Farewell, Mother.*

C. E. L.

[FOR FUNERALS.]

C. E. LESLIE.

1. Fare-well, moth er, fare-well, mother, Peace-ful be thy si - lent rest,
2. Fare-well, moth er, fare-well, mother, Thou hast lov'd us long and well,
3. Fare-well, moth-er, fare-well, mother, We must say our last fare-well

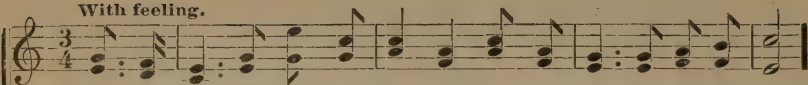
Slum - ber sweet - ly, God knew best When to call thee home to rest.
How we miss thee none can tell, Je - sus called thee, all is well.
Till we meet be - yond the riv - er, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

* May change words to father, brother or sister.

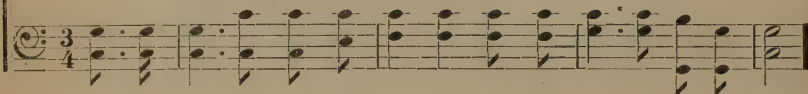
GUIDE US, FATHER.

No 308 Dr. FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

With feeling.



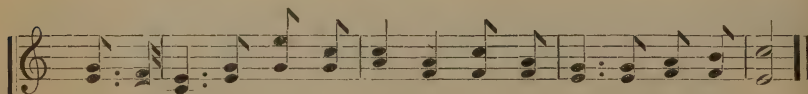
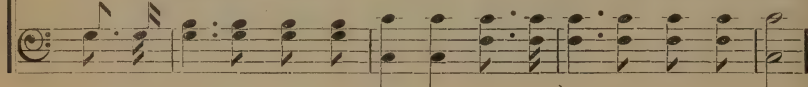
1. Guide and bless us, O our Fa - ther, Thro' this toil-some march of life;
2. Guide and bless us, O our Fa - ther, In the long and toil-some way;
3. Guide and bless us, O our Fa - ther, Lit - tle chil - dren tho' we be,



Keep us ev - er, ev - er near Thee, Keep our hearts from sin and strife.
Be Thou watchful o'er our foot steps, Lest our lit - tle feet should stray.
We are weak but Thou art might - y, And no oth - er strength have we.



Great temp - ta - tions lie be - fore us, And we fal - ter at the sight;
There are dan - gers that sur - round us, There are tri - als we must meet;
And when life's short day is o - ver, On a lov - ing Sav - iour's breast,



Be our Guardian, Guide, and Sav - iour, Thro' the day as well as night.
Be a light un - to our p^oth - way, And a lamp un - to our feet.
Bear us ten - der - ly to heav - en, To Thine ev - er - promised rest.



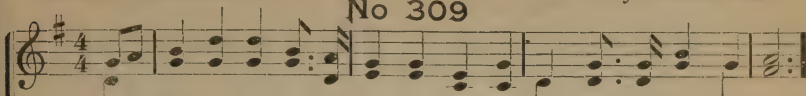
THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

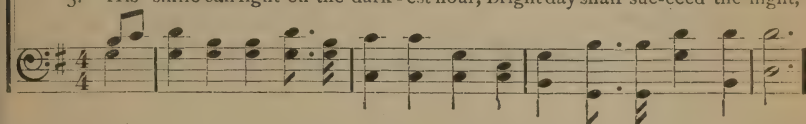
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

No 309



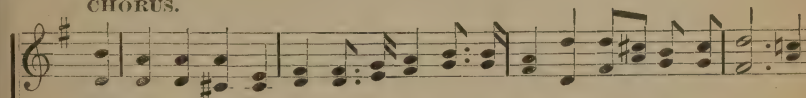
1. 'Tis sweet to lie in the lov - ing arms, From sor - row and care set free,
2. Those arms of might will not let me fall, No fear shall my heart an - noy,
3. His smile can light-en the dark - est hour, Bright day shall suc-ceed the night,



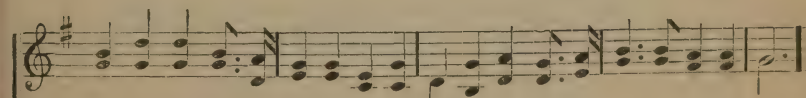
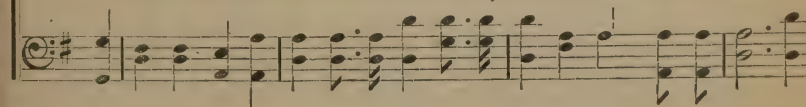
To lean my head on the Saviour's breast, And know that He cares for me.
While o'er my head are the wings of love, Well-filled is my cup with joy.
As flow'rs un-fold in the dew - y morn, My soul doth re-joice in light.



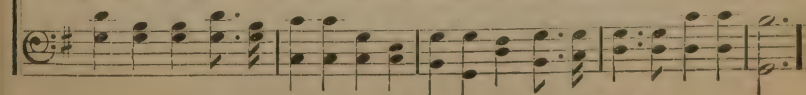
CHORUS.



I know not what the fut - ure shall be, But my soul shall dread no a - larms; I



know not what is in store for me, But underneath are the ev - er - last - ing arms.



By permission of A. J. SHOWALTER, Dalton, Ga.

"BY AND BY."

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."—1 COR. 15: 19.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

No 310

KNOWLES SHAW.

DUET.

Semi-Chorus.

1-4. What will it mat-ter, by and by, By and by? . . .
What will it mat-ter by and by?

DUET.

Whether my path be-low was bright, Whether it wound thro' dark or light,
Whether unhelped I toiled a-lone, Dashing my foot a-gainst a stone;
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain, Close by the pal-lid an-gel pain,
If I'm but sure the way I've trod, Gloomy or glad-dened, leads to God;

Un-der a gray or a gold-en sky, When I look back on it by and by.
Missing the charge of the an-gel nigh, Bidding me think of the by and by.
Soothing my-self thro' sob and sigh, All will be else-wise by and by.
Questioning not of the how or why, If I but reach Him by and by.

CHORUS.

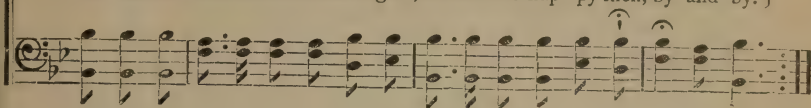
By and by, by and by, Watching and waiting till by and by; { Summer will
Yes, we shall

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"BY AND BY." Concluded.



come a - gain, Ro-ses will bloom a - gain, Joy shall be mine a - gain, by and by. }
live again, Friends shall all meet again, We shall be hap - py then, by and by. }

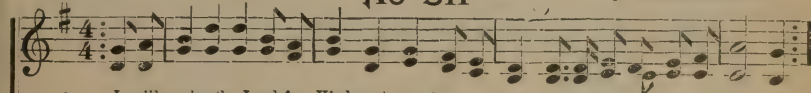


Washed in the Blood of My Redeemer.

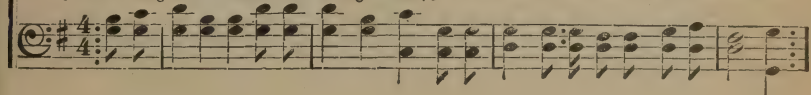
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

No 311

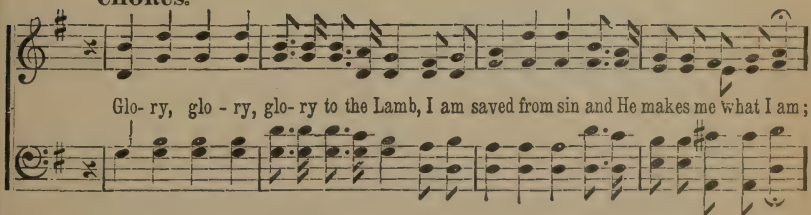
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



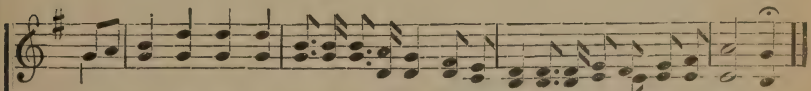
1. { I will praise the Lord for His love to me, } I am wash'd in the blood of my Re-deem-er.
In the fount that flows at the Cross so free,
2. { I am sav'd by grace, and to Him brought near, } I am wash'd in the blood of my Re-deem-er.
I would sing so loud that the world might hear,



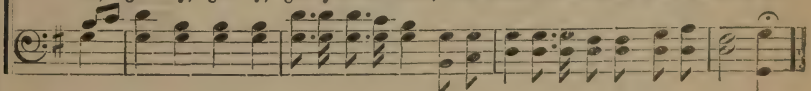
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, I am saved from sin and He makes me what I am;



Oh, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, I am wash'd in the blood of my Re-deem-er.



- 3 What a constant peace in my heart I feel,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer;
There's a holy joy I can ne'er reveal,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer.

- 4 I will lift my voice while on earth I stay,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer;
Then my soul shall sing in the realms of day,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer.

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LIVE FOR GOD.

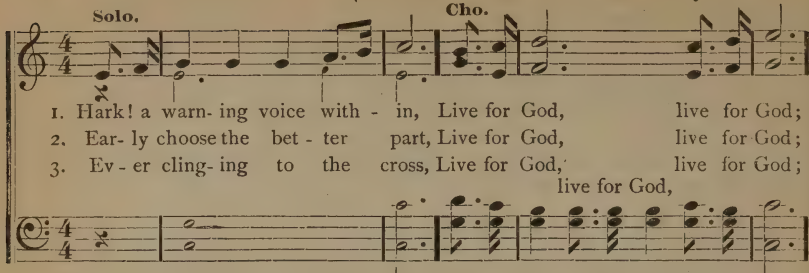
Mrs. V. A.

No 312

S. J. VAIL.

Solo.

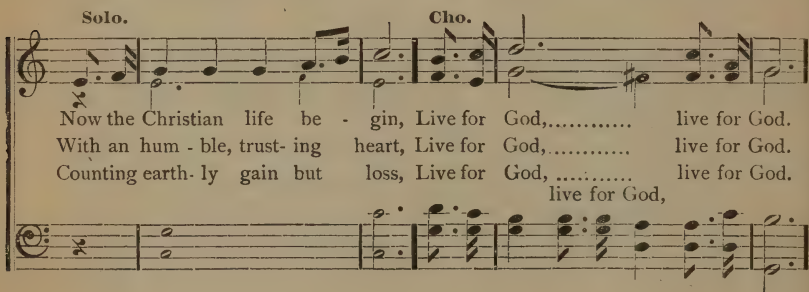
Cho.



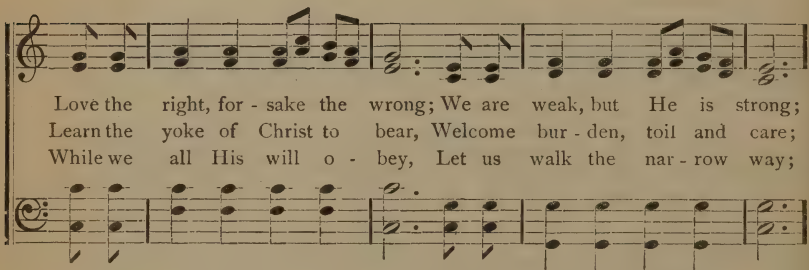
1. Hark! a warn- ing voice with - in, Live for God, live for God;
 2. Ear- ly choose the bet - ter part, Live for God, live for God;
 3. Ev- er cling- ing to the cross, Live for God, live for God;

Solo.

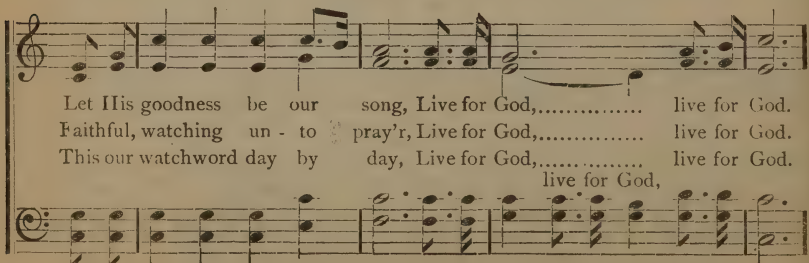
Cho.



Now the Christian life be - gin, Live for God,..... live for God.
 With an hum - ble, trust- ing heart, Live for God,..... live for God.
 Counting earth- ly gain but loss, Live for God, live for God.



Love the right, for - sake the wrong; We are weak, but He is strong;
 Learn the yoke of Christ to bear, Welcome bur - den, toil and care;
 While we all His will o - bey, Let us walk the nar - row way;



Let His goodness be our song, Live for God,..... live for God.
 Faithful, watching un - to pray'r, Live for God,..... live for God.
 This our watchword day by day, Live for God, live for God.

LIVE FOR GOD. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Let us all live for God, Let us all live for God;

Marching on-ward, look-ing up-ward, Let us all live for God.

GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

"Son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

Mrs. F. V. ALSTINE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Softly. Chanting style.

No 313

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour call ing,
2. Still that voice so gen- tly, Dost thou hear Him say: Tell me all thy sor-rows,
3. Wouldst thou find a ref- uge For thy soul oppressed? Je- sus kind-ly answers,
4. At the cross of Je- sus Let thy bur- den fall, While He gently whispers,

REFRAIN.

Soft, soft and clear. Give thy heart to me, Once I died for
Come, come a - way. }
I am Thy rest. }
I'll bear it all. just now

thee, oh, come, Hark! hark, thy Sav- iour calls, Come, sin- ner, come.

WHEN THEY GATHER IN THE SHEAVES.

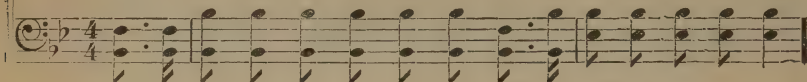
E. R. LATTI.

No 314

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



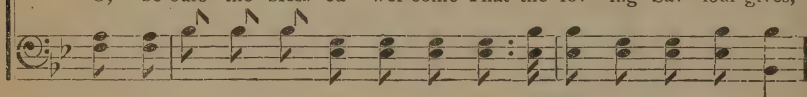
1. When the work of life is o - ver That is ours on earth to do,
2. O, how ma - ny who have striv - en For their dy - ing fel - low-men
3. When the wick - ed from the right - eous Shall be win - nowed by the Lord,



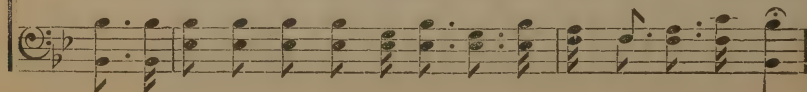
Then the pro - ducts of our sow - ing We shall all be called to view,
Shall be lá - den with their treasures, And shall come re - joic - ing then.
And each thought and word and ac - tion Shall re - ceive a just re - ward,



And if we have prov - en slug - gards We shall noth - ing see but leaves,
Now me - thinks my eyes be - hold them As each one a crown re ceives,
O, be ours the bless - ed wel - come That the lov - ing Sav - iour gives,



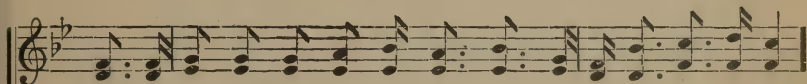
And we fain will hide our fa - ces When they gath - er in the sheaves.
They shall shine as stars in glo - ry When they gath - er in the sheaves.
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions When they gath - er in the sheaves.



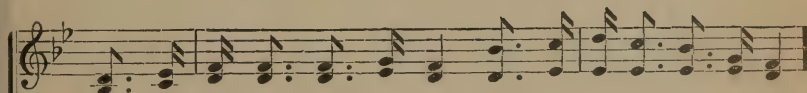
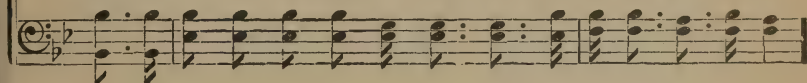
WHEN THEY GATHER, Etc. Concluded.



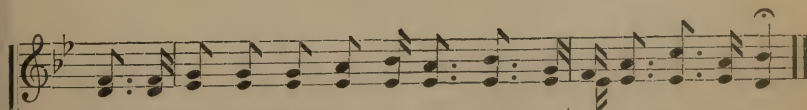
When they gath - er in the sheaves, When they gath - er in the sheaves,



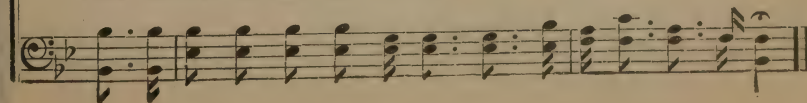
{ And we fain will hide our fa - ces
They shall shine as stars in glo - ry, } When they gath - er in the sheaves;
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions, }



When they gath - er in the sheaves, When they gath - er in the sheaves,



{ And we fain will hide our fa - ces
They shall shine as stars in glo - ry, } When they gath - er in the sheaves.
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions, }

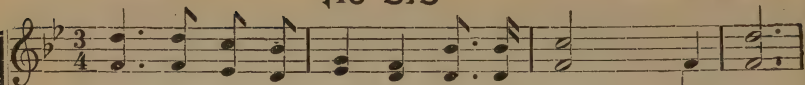


EVER WILL I PRAY.

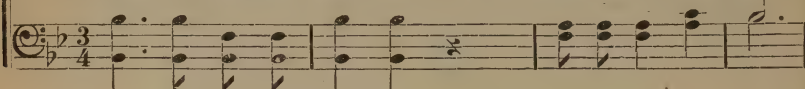
A. CUMMINGS.

No 315

J. H. TIERNEY, by per.



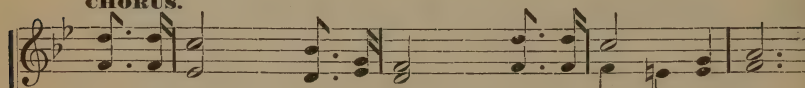
1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing, Un - to Thee I pray:
2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care,
3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light,
4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day,



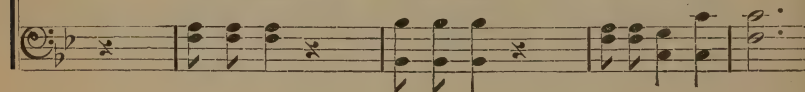
Let Thy lov - ing - kind - ness Keep me through this day.
 Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till He hears my prayer.
 Fa - ther, then I'll pray Thee: Bless Thy child to - night.
 In its shad - ovy eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.



CHORUS.



I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray,
 I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will



Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to Thee I'll pray.
 Un - to Thee

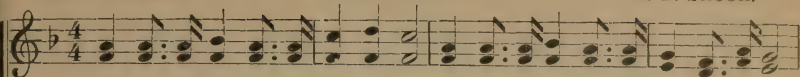


CALLING FOR ME.

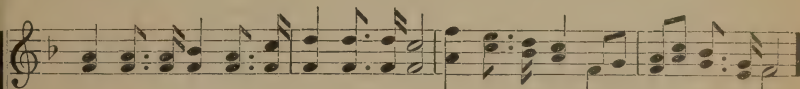
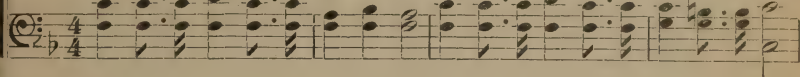
No 316

NEVA PARKHILL.

L. B. SHOOK.



1. O - ver the tide of the Jas - per sea Soft - ly a sweet voice is call - ing to me,
2. O - ver the tide of the Jas - per sea Soft - ly the accents are pleading with me,
3. O - ver the tide of the Jas - per sea Cometh a vis - ion of beau - ty to me,



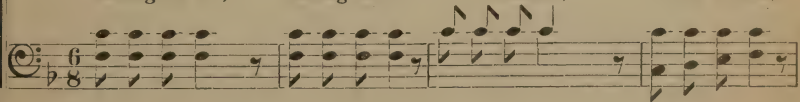
Loving and ten - der be - seech - ing its tone, Dearly beloved, oh, why longer roam ?
 Pleading so gen - tly in mu - sic - al tone, Dearly beloved, oh, why longer roam ?
 Angels are float - ing adown from the dome, Dearly beloved, oh, why longer roam ?



CHORUS.



Call - - ing for me..... O - - - ver the sea,.....
 Calling for me, yes, calling for me Jas - per sea,
 Calling for me, calling for me O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea,



Call - - - ing for me O - ver the Jas - per sea.
 Call - ing for me, yes, calling for me
 Call - ing for me, calling for me



STANDING, KNOCKING, WAITING.


"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3 : 20.

"Favorite song of A. W. Dunn, of Colorado, Texas, and put in this book at his request."

PETER VOGEL.


No 317

KNOWLES SHAW.

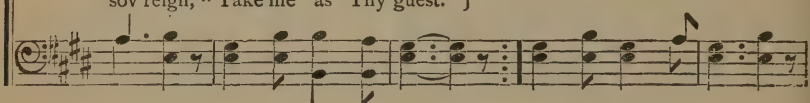
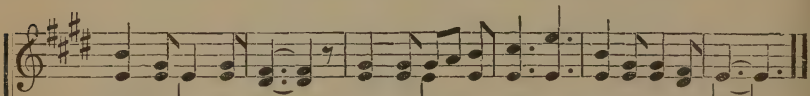


1. { Sin-ner, didst thou hear it? 'Tis the Saviour's call, Standing, knocking,
 2. { Seek-ing for an entrance In that heart of Thine, Pleading to trans-
 3. { Ten-der is His ac-cent, Winning is His tone, Standing, knocking,
 4. { Father's house of mansions, Beau-ti-ful and fair, Stands in grandeur
 5. { Oh, canst thou re-fuse Him, Knocking day by day, Standing, knocking,
 6. { Yes, the Lord Almighty, Humbled in the dust, Beggeth thee as

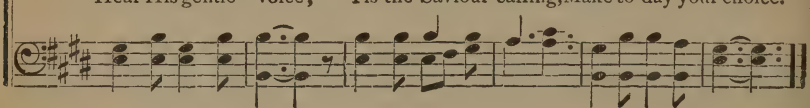
CHORUS. Lively.



wait-ing, Christ the Lord of all;
 -form thee By His grace di-vine. }
 wait-ing, Wants thee for a son.
 wait-ing, He would sup you there. } Stand-ing, knocking, wait-ing,
 wait-ing, Yield without de-lay;
 sov'reign, "Take me as Thy guest."

Hear His gentle voice; 'Tis the Saviour calling, Make to-day your choice.



4.
 Soon the day is coming,
 When no more, as now,
 Standing, knocking, waiting,
 Christ to thee will bow;
 On His throne of glory,
 Thou the beggar then,
 Judgment passing o'er thee,
 Thou wilt beg in vain.

5.
 Oh, I yield, I open,
 Saviour at the door,
 Standing, knocking, waiting,
 Thou shalt wait no more;
 Enter with forgiveness,
 Enter, Peerless One;
 Treat me as a servant,
 Never as a son.

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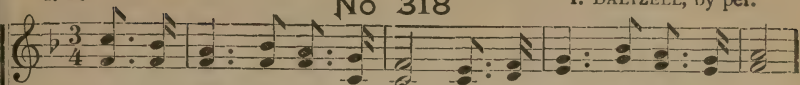
SCARCELY SAVED!

"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"—1 Peter 4: 18.

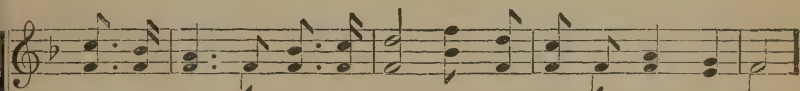
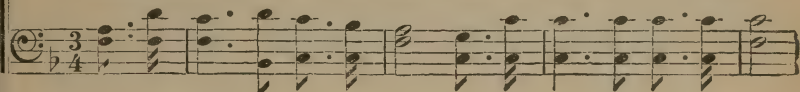
I. B.

No 318

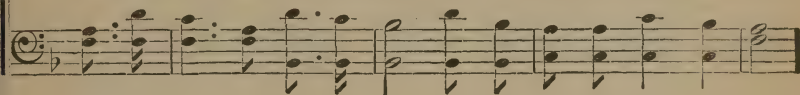
I. BALTZELL, by per.



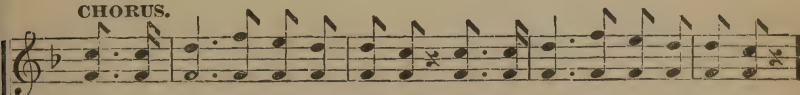
1. Scarce-ly saved! Oh, what a word! 'Tis the lan- guage of the Lord;
2. Scarce-ly saved! a warn- ing given; Rouse, thee, sin - ner! start for heaven;
3. Scarce-ly saved! if saved at all; Sin - ner, hear the Saviour's call;
4. Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin - ner, hear! Christ, the great Phy - si - cian's near;



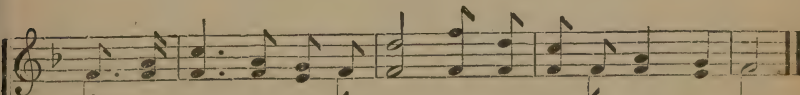
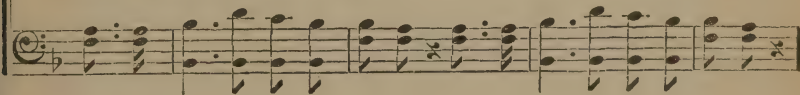
Scarce-ly saved the right-eous are; Sin - ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?
 Je - sus waits to save thee now, At His foot-stool hum - bly bow.
 Come with all your guilt and sin, Christ will free - ly take you in.
 Wilt thou now this truth be - lieve? "On - ly look to Christ and live."



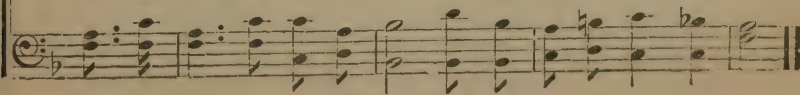
CHORUS.



Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, hear it! Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, fear it!



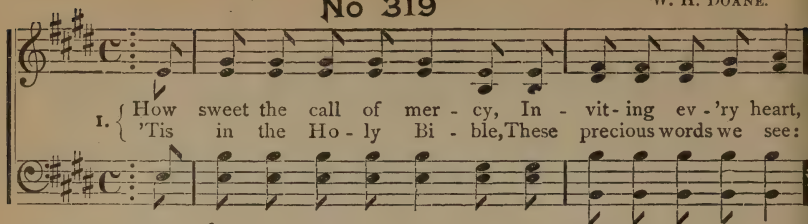
Fly to Je - sus while you may, He will wash your sins a - way.



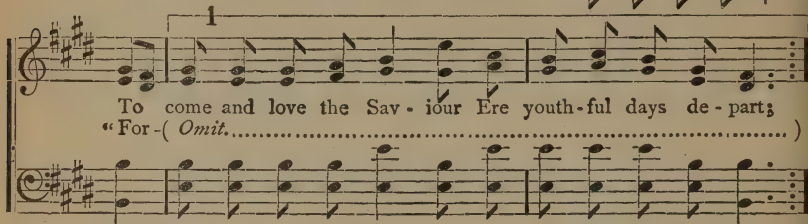
COMING, YES, WE'RE COMING.

No 319

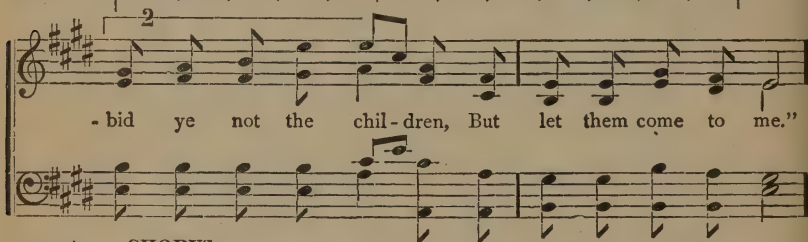
W. H. DOANE.



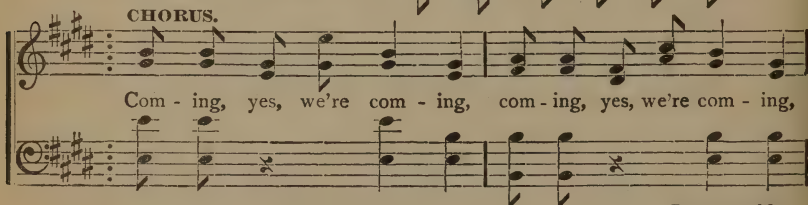
I. { How sweet the call of mer - cy, In - vit - ing ev - 'ry heart,
'Tis in the Ho - ly Bi - ble, These precious words we see:



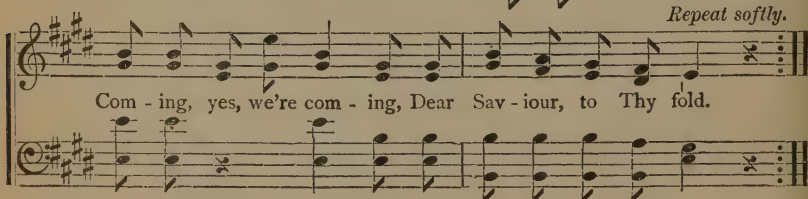
To come and love the Sav - iour Ere youth - ful days de - part;
"For - (*Omit.*.....)



- bid ye not the chil - dren, But let them come to me."



CHORUS.
Com - ing, yes, we're com - ing, com - ing, yes, we're com - ing,



Com - ing, yes, we're com - ing, Dear Sav - iour, to Thy fold.

Repeat softly.

2 O may His Spirit teach us,
To know and do the right,
To walk as He commands us,
That we may see the light;
The blessed light that shineth
Along the narrow way,
And always groweth brighter
Unto the perfect day.

3 Our Saviour loves the children,
On them His hands He laid,
Within His arms He held them,
And blessed them while He prayed;
And still His mercy calls them,
Just now we hear Him say:
I want your hearts, dear children,
I want your love to-day.

YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION.

Anon.

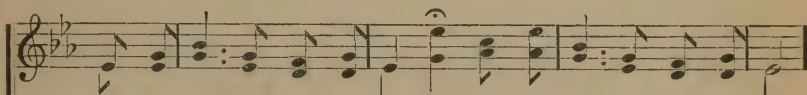
No 320

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

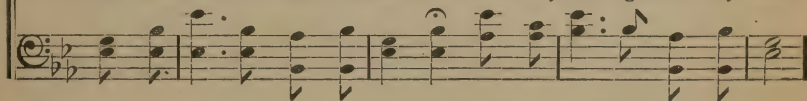
With expression.



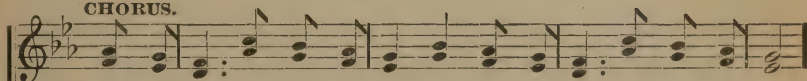
1. Sav - iour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee;
2. Lead me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou lead the way;
3. Let me do Thy will, or bear it, I would know no will but Thine;
4. May this sol - emn ded - i - ca - tion Nev - er once for - got - ten be,
5. Thine I am, O Lord, for - ev - er, To Thy serv - ice set a - part,



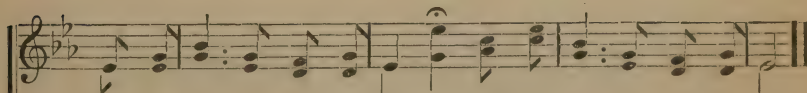
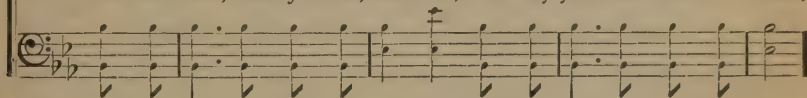
All my pow'rs to Thee sur - ren - der, Thine, and on - ly Thine to be.
 May Thy grace thro' life at - tend me, Glad - ly then shall I o - bey.
 Should Thou take my life or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign.
 Let it know no re - vo - ca - tion, Publish'd and con - firm'd by Thee.
 Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er, Seal Thy im - age on my heart.



CHORUS.



Take me now, Lord Je - sus, take me, Let my youth - ful heart be Thine;



Thy de - vot - ed serv - ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.



Little Willie, on returning from Sunday School, found his father, who was a very irreligious man, reading the Sunday morning paper. His lesson for the next Sunday was Matt 24: 36-44.

He stood before his Father and read the lesson, and in great earnestness said: "Tell me what that means, dear papa?" When this meeting closed, the Father had his left arm around Willie, the Bible pressed to his heart with the right, saying, "I'm ready now to meet Him."

EBEN. E. REXFORD.

W. E. PENN.

1. Wil-lie brought his lit - tle Bi - ble, With a grave and thoughtful look In the
 2. When I told him of the meaning Of the words that he had read, He was
 3. "If you can't tell when He's coming, I should think you'd want to be Al- ways
 4. Then I clasped my darling clos- er, Smit-ten with a sud-den fear, For the

eyes he lift - ed to me From the pa - ges of the book; "Tell me what this
 si - lent for a moment, Then looked up at me and said: "Tell me, are you
 read-y," said my Wil - lie, Looking gravely up at me. "Should He come to-
 words that he had spo-ken Seemed to bring life's end so near, And my heart cried:

means, dear pa - pa?" And he read me from God's word What it says of
 read - y, pa - pa?" O the child could lit-tle know How the sim - ple
 night and call you, You would have to say to Him: "I'm not read - y,
 "O my Mas-ter, There shall be no more de - lay, Make me read - y

CHORUS.

be - ing read-y For the coming of the Lord.
 question thrilled me As in shame I answered: "No!" } Are you ready for His coming,
 O dear papa!" And his eyes with tears were dim.
 for Thy coming, Be that coming when it may!" }

Papa, Are You Ready? Concluded.

Be that com-ing soon or late? Will you go and meet Him gladly When He

Omit here after 4th verse and go to closing for last verse.

knocketh at the gate? No! I can-not meet Him gladly, I'm not read-y

now, I know, And it may be that His footsteps E-ven now are at the door.

Closing for last verse.

Yes! I'm read-y now to meet Him, Be that com-ing soon or late;

I can run and meet Him glad-ly When He knocketh at the gate!

OVER THE RIVER.

No 322

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

D^{or}ET.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright
 2. O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old; There are en-
 3. O - ver the riv - er our sor - rows will cease, Hush'd by the

land of a verd - ure sub - lime, Val - leys of beau - ty in
 joy - ments and pleas - ures un - told; There is a cit - y with
 songs of a heav - en - ly peace; When we get there what a

splen - dor do shine; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
 streets of pure gold; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
 hap - py re - lease! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - er, O - - ver the riv - er,
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

O - - ver the riv - er, The fields..... are all green.
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.

HIM THAT COMETH.

W. E. P.

No 323

John 6: 37.

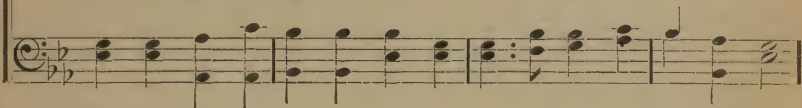
W. E. PENN.



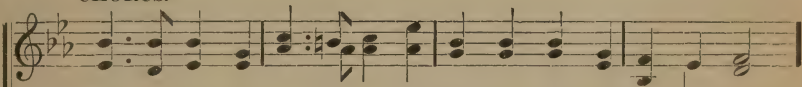
1. Wan - der - er, a - way from Je - sus, Hear Him speak, He speaks to thee;
2. Sin - ner, hear, O hear Him say - ing, "*I will in no wise cast out;*"
3. Canst thou doubt His love and mer - cy When He died to set thee free?
4. Come with all thy chains and fet - ters, He'll remove them ev - 'ry one,



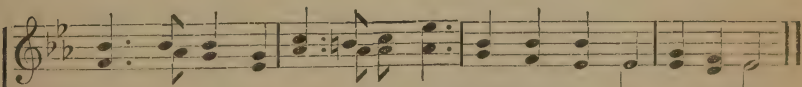
If thou on - ly wilt be - lieve Him, From all sin He'll set thee free.
 If thou'lt on - ly come be - liev - ing, He'll re - move each sin and doubt.
 From the gall - ing chains of dark - ness, And now whispers "Come to me."
 Write thy name in gold - en let - ters, *Not a serv - ant,* BUT A SON.



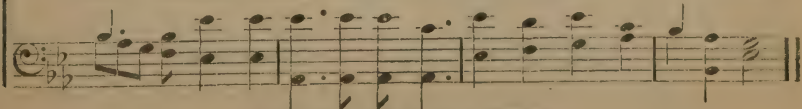
CHORUS.



"Him that com - eth, him that com - eth, Him that com - eth un - to me;"



Him that com - eth, him that com - eth, Shall from ev - 'ry sin be free.



SAVE, JESUS, SAVE!

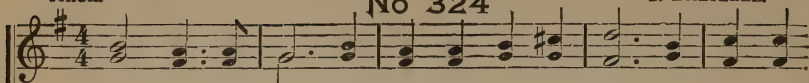
"Lord, save me."—Matt. 14: 30.

Written for Harvest Bells, No. 3.

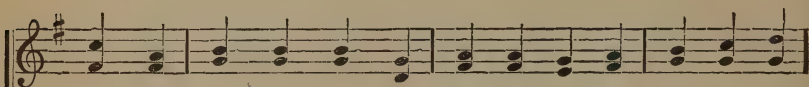
Anon.

No 324

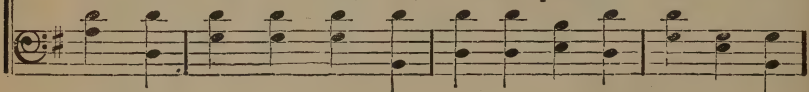
I. BALTZELL.



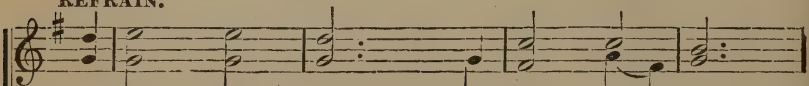
1. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy bless - ing now we crave; For ev - 'ry
2. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy ban - ner o'er us wave Of love e -
3. Save, Je - sus, save! Thou, Conquerer o'er the grave, Give ev - 'ry
4. Save, Je - sus, save! And Thou a - lone shalt have The glo - ry



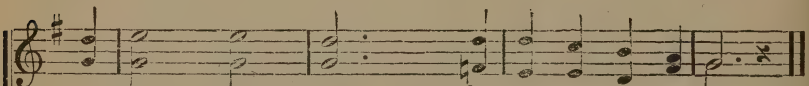
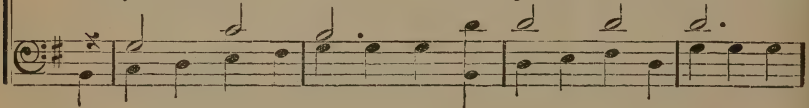
anx - ious sin - ner here, Oh, let Thy mer - cy now ap - pear.
 - ter - nal and di - vine; O Lord, let each one here be Thine.
 fet - tered soul re - lease, And to the trou - bled whis - per peace.
 of the work di - vine, Yea, end - less prais - es shall be Thine.



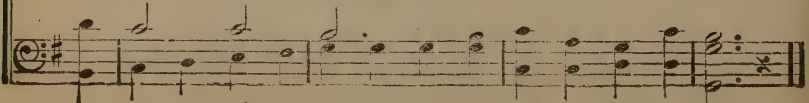
REFRAIN.



Lord, Je - sus, save! Lord, Je - sus, save!
 Lord, Je - sus, save, Oh, save me now! Lord, Je - sus, save, Oh, save me now!



Lord, Je - sus, save! Lord, Je - sus, save me now!
 Lord, Je - sus, save, Oh, save me now,



TAKE MY HAND, DEAR FATHER.

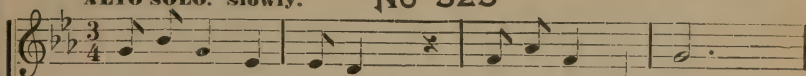
"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41 : 13.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

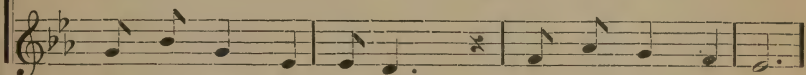
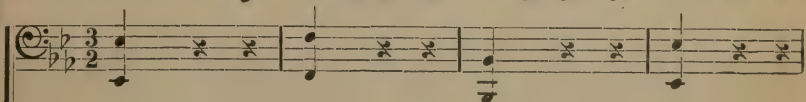
ALTO SOLO. *Slowly.*

No 325

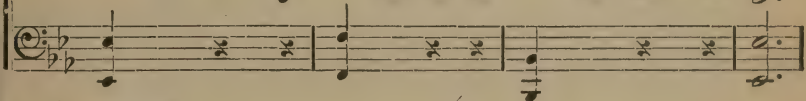
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



- | | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|-------------------|----------|
| 1. Take my hand, dear | Fa-ther, | Lead me safe - ly | through, |
| 2. Take my hand, dear | Fa-ther, | Lest I meet a | snare, |
| 3. Take my hand, dear | Fa-ther, | Be my guard and | guide, |



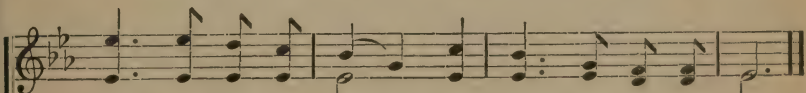
For the gate is nar-row,	And the way is new.
And my feet should stum-ble	While I'm un - a - ware.
Naught shall ev - er harm me	While I'm near Thy side.



CHORUS.



Take my hand, oh, take it, Hold me close to Thee,



For with Thee is safe - - ty, Hold then, hold Thou me!

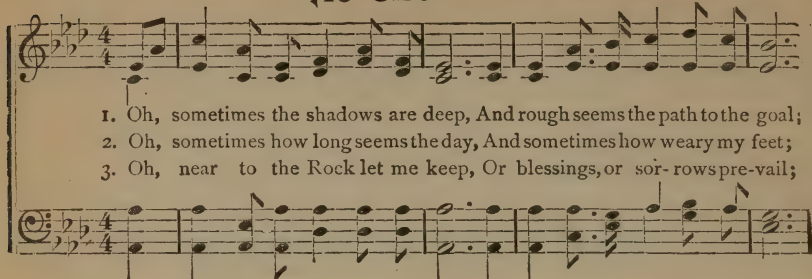


THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

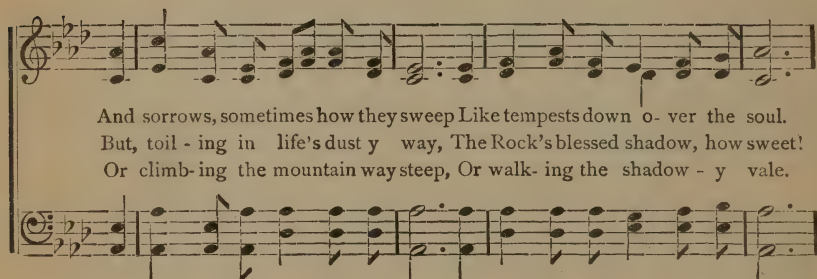
E. JOHNSON.

No 326

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

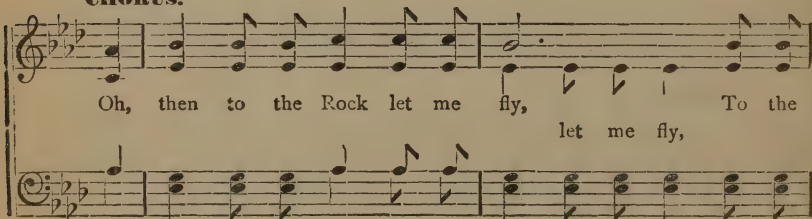


1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows pre-vail;

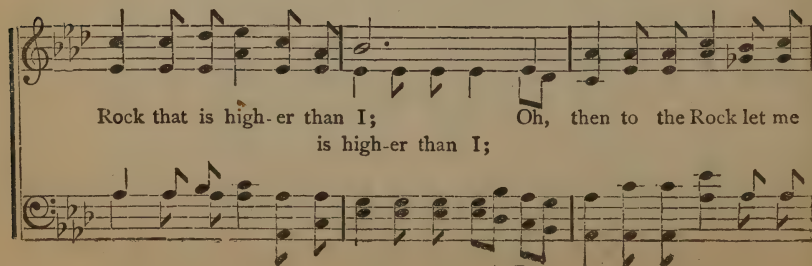


And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o- ver the soul.
 But, toil - ing in life's dust y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
 Or climb- ing the mountain way steep, Or walk- ing the shadow - y vale.

CHORUS.

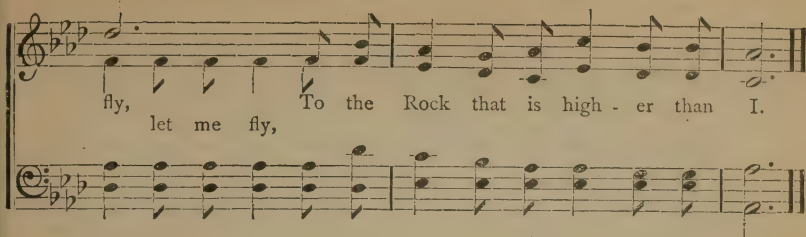


Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, To the
 let me fly,



Rock that is high-er than I; Oh, then to the Rock let me
 is high-er than I;

THE ROCK THAT, Etc. Concluded.



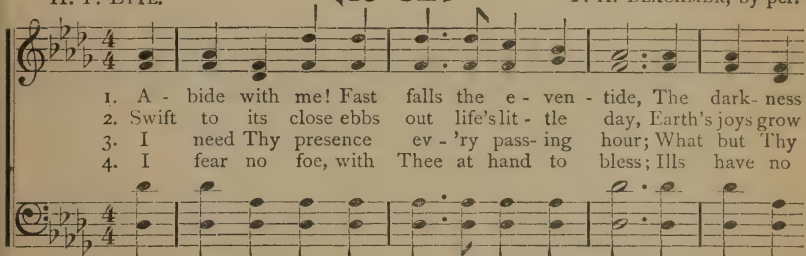
fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

ABIDE WITH ME.

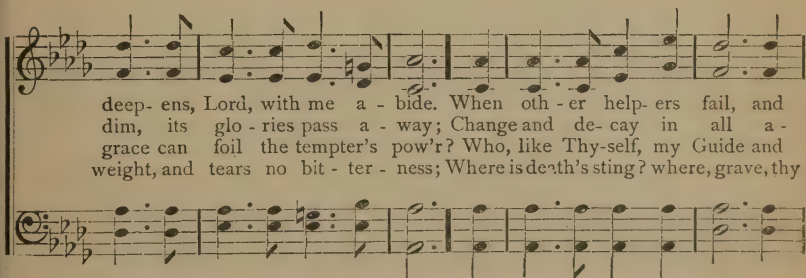
H. F. LYTE.

No 327

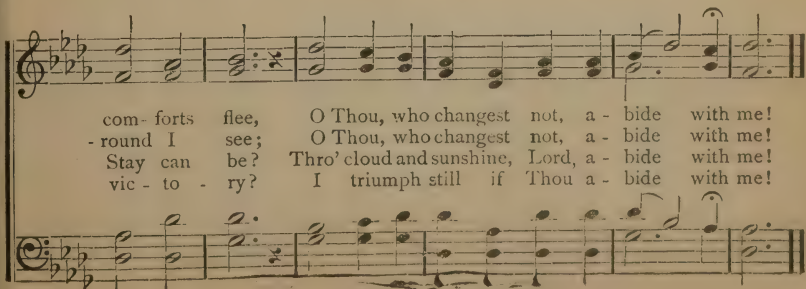
F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy presence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no



deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my Guide and
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy



com - forts flee, O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
- round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
Stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
vic - to - ry? I triumph still if Thou a - bide with me!

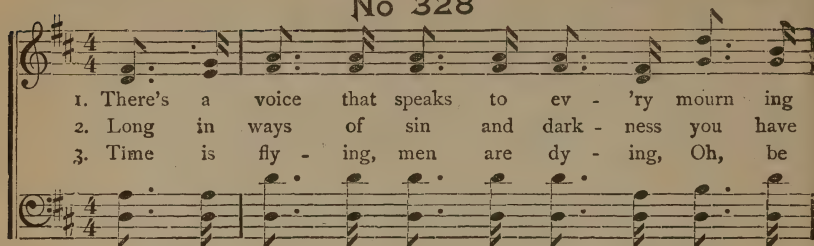
O SINNER, WILL YOU COME?

F. M. D

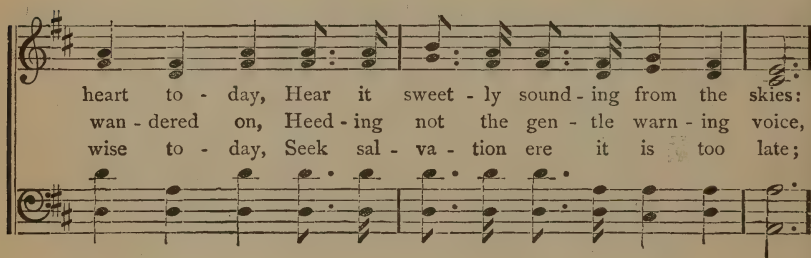
Written for Harvest Bells, No. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

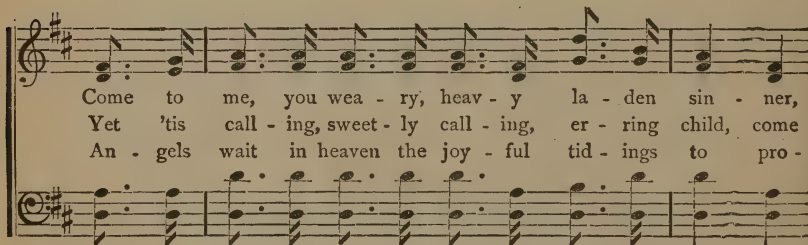
No 328



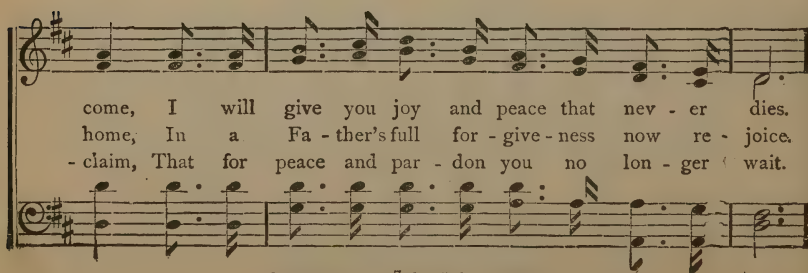
1. There's a voice that speaks to ev - 'ry mourn - ing
2. Long in ways of sin and dark - ness you have
3. Time is fly - ing, men are dy - ing, Oh, be



heart to - day, Hear it sweet - ly sound - ing from the skies:
wan - dered on, Heed - ing not the gen - tle warn - ing voice,
wise to - day, Seek sal - va - tion ere it is too late;



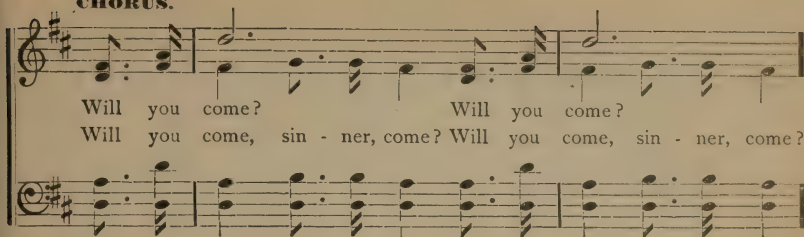
Come to me, you wea - ry, heav - y la - den sin - ner,
Yet 'tis call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, er - ring child, come
An - gels wait in heaven the joy - ful tid - ings to pro -



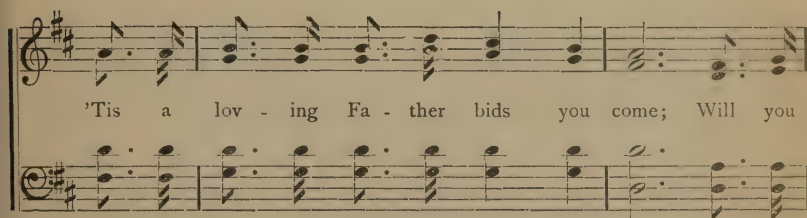
come, I will give you joy and peace that nev - er dies.
home, In a Fa - ther's full for - give - ness now re - joice.
- claim, That for peace and par - don you no lon - ger wait.

O SINNER, WILL YOU, Etc. Concluded.

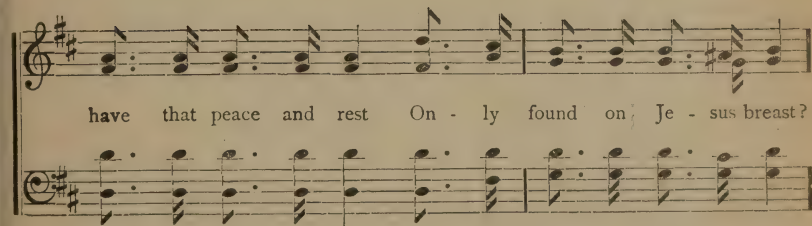
CHORUS.



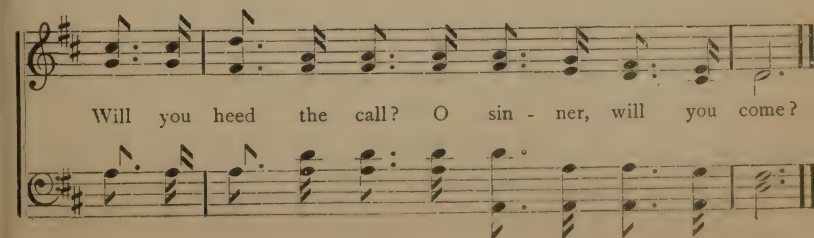
Will you come? Will you come?
Will you come, sin - ner, come? Will you come, sin - ner, come?



'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther bids you come; Will you



have that peace and rest On - ly found on Je - sus breast?



Will you heed the call? O sin - ner, will you come?

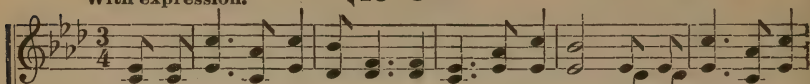
BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

"And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."—ACTS 27: 44.

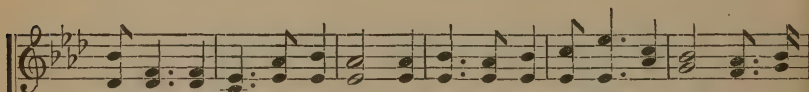
With expression.

No 329

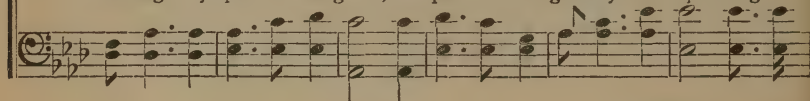
KNOWLES SHAW.



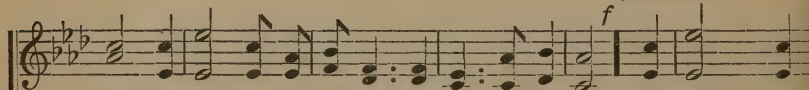
1. I am wea - ry, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I am watching, I'm
2. The cold surg-ing bil-lows, that dash at my feet, Have lost all their
3. Come, lov-ing Redeem-er, and take to Thy breast The heart that is
4. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at Thy feet, For lov'd ones are



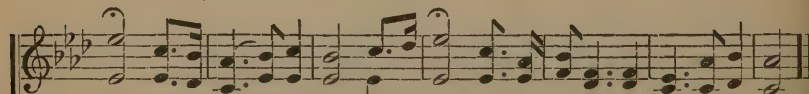
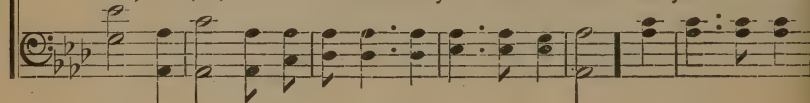
wait-ing for life's sink-ing sun; The shad-ows are stretch-ing a - far o'er the
ter-ror, their mu-sic is sweet; My Sav-iour is still-ing the tem-pest for
pant-ing and sigh-ing for rest; Blest Saviour, I'm watching and wait-ing for
watching my spir-it to greet; The port-als of glo-ry are ope-n-ing for



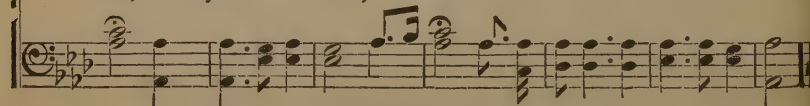
CHORUS.



lea; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the
me; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea! }
Thee; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea! }
me; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the dark



sea, Be - yond the sea; Then, oh, let me anchor be-yond the dark sea!
sea, Be - yond the dark sea;

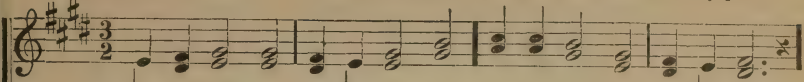


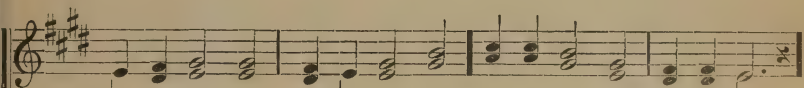
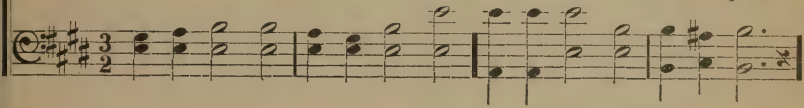
SWEETLY RESTING.

Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

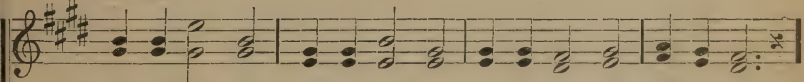
No 330 WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

- 
1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly sheltered I a - bide;
 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
 3. Peace, which passeth un - der - stand - ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me Till the storms of life are past;

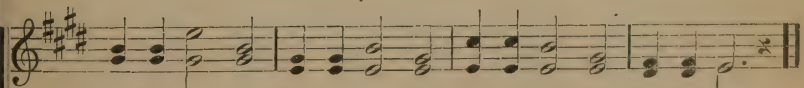
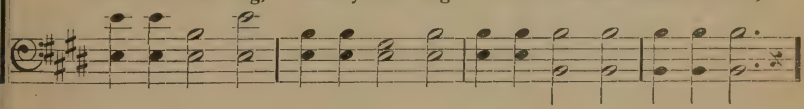


There no foes nor storms mo - lest me While with - in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel - ter Opened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fierc - est blast.

REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing In the cleft once made for me;



Je - sus, bless - ed, Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

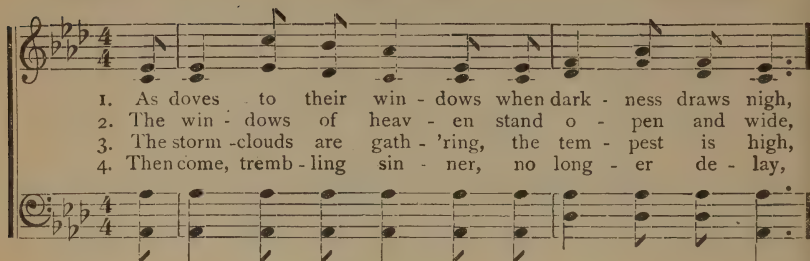
Written while in Nottingham, Eng., Feb., 1886.

Isaiah 60 : 9.

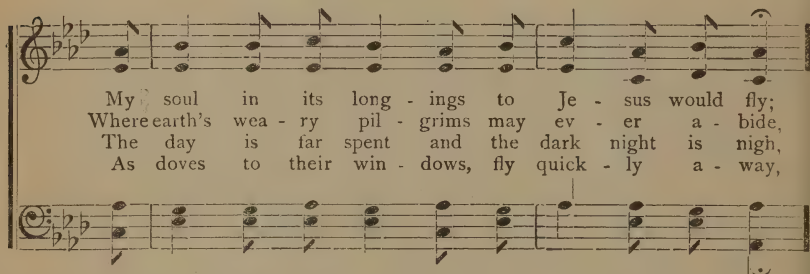
W. E. P.

No 331

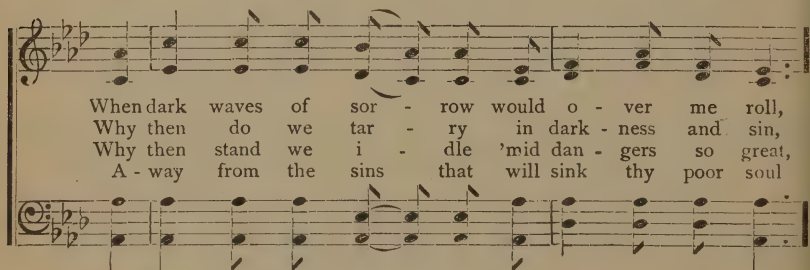
W. E. PENN.



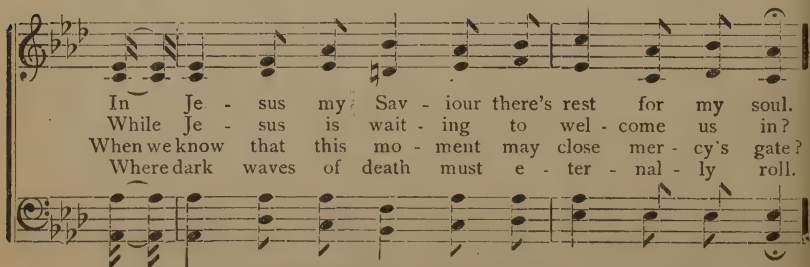
1. As doves to their win - dows when dark - ness draws nigh,
2. The win - dows of heav - en stand o - pen and wide,
3. The storm - clouds are gath - 'ring, the tem - pest is high,
4. Then come, tremb - ling sin - ner, no long - er de - lay,



My soul in its long - ings to Je - sus would fly;
Where earth's wea - ry pil - grims may ev - er a - bide,
The day is far spent and the dark night is nigh,
As doves to their win - dows, fly quick - ly a - way,



When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver me roll,
Why then do we tar - ry in dark - ness and sin,
Why then stand we i - dle 'mid dan - gers so great,
A - way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul



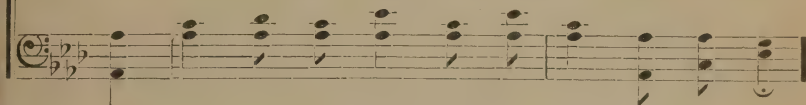
In Je - sus my Sav - iour there's rest for my soul.
While Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come us in?
When we know that this mo - ment may close mer - cy's gate?
Where dark waves of death must e - ter - nal - ly roll.

AS DOVES TO THEIR, etc. Concluded.

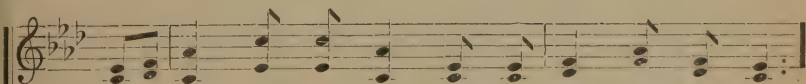
CHORUS.



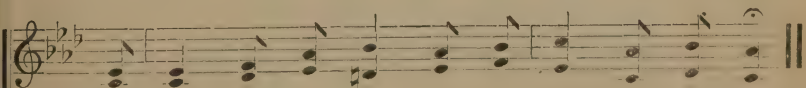
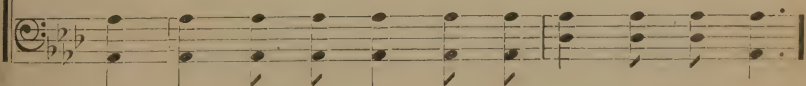
As doves to their win - dows when dark - ness draws nigh,



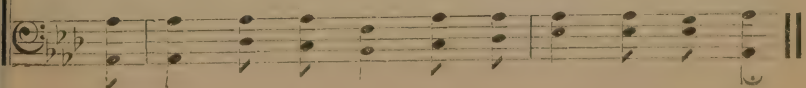
As doves to their win - dows when tem - pests are high;



There's ref - uge in Je - sus for each wea - ry soul,



When dark waves of sor - row would o - ver us roll.



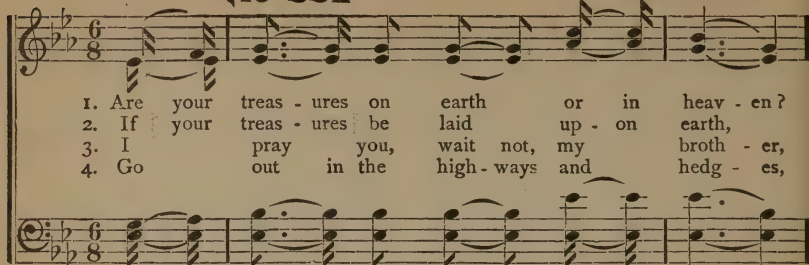
WHERE ARE YOUR TREASURES?

W. E. PENN.

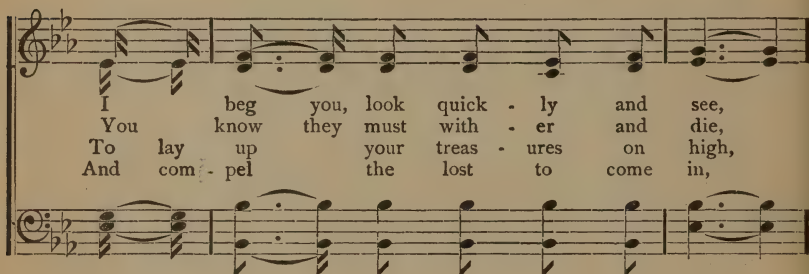
No 332

Matt. 6: 19, 20.

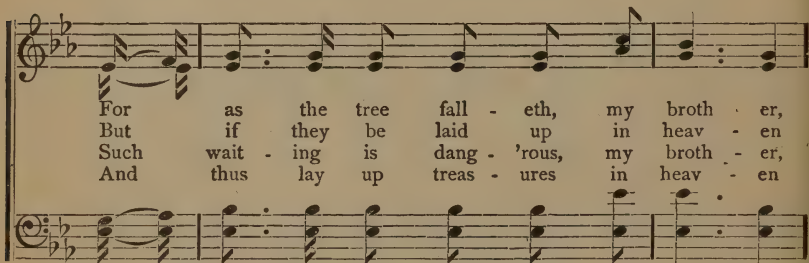
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



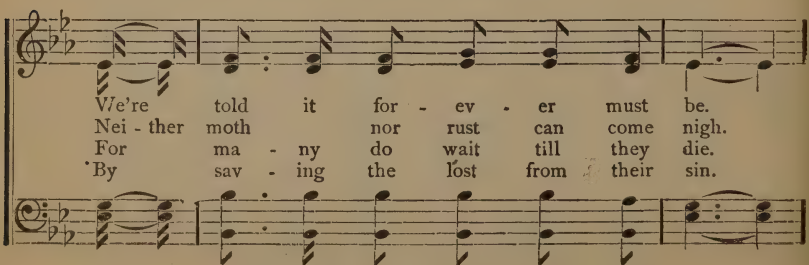
1. Are your treas - ures on earth or in heav - en?
 2. If your treas - ures be laid up - on earth,
 3. I pray you, wait not, my broth - er,
 4. Go out in the high - ways and hedg - es,



I beg you, look quick - ly and see,
 You know they must with - er and die,
 To lay up your treas - ures on high,
 And com - pel the lost to come in,



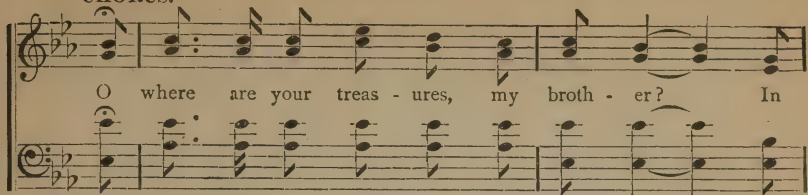
For as the tree fall - eth, my broth - er,
 But if they be laid up in heav - en
 Such wait - ing is dang - 'rous, my broth - er,
 And thus lay up treas - ures in heav - en



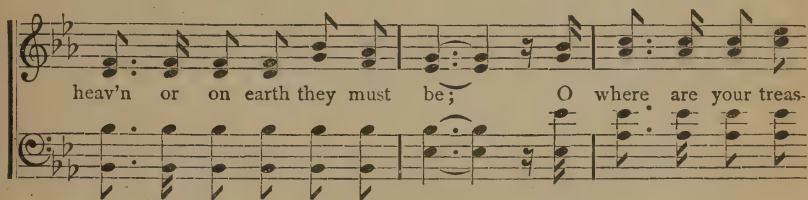
We're told it for - ev - er must be.
 Nei - ther moth nor rust can come nigh.
 For ma - ny wait till they die.
 By sav - ing the lost from their sin.

WHERE ARE YOUR TREASURES?

CHORUS.

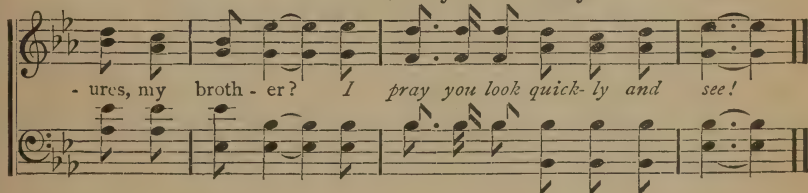


O where are your treasures, my brother? In



heav'n or on earth they must be; O where are your treasures,

Slowly and earnestly.

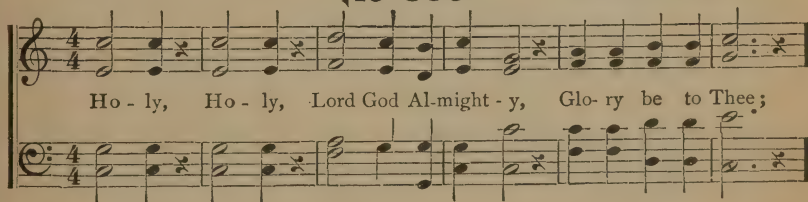


my brother? I pray you look quickly and see!

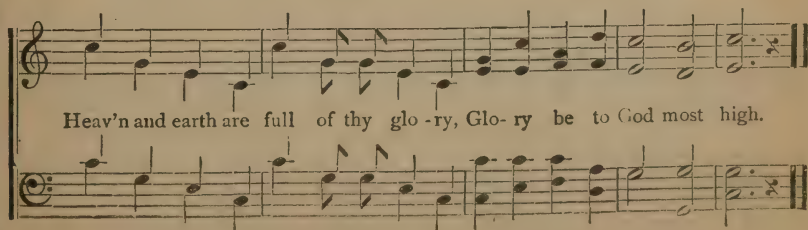
SANCTUS.

No 333

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y, Glo - ry be to Thee;



Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

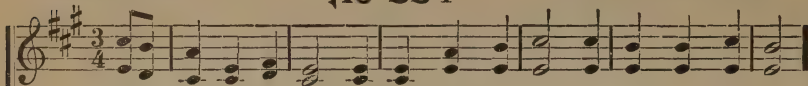
SOWING AND REAPING.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

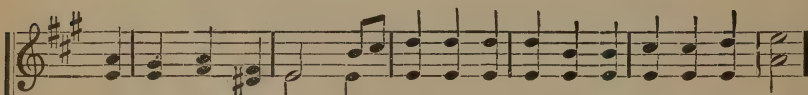
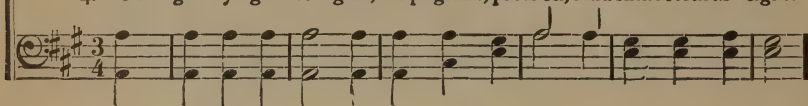
SAMUEL PEACH.

No 334

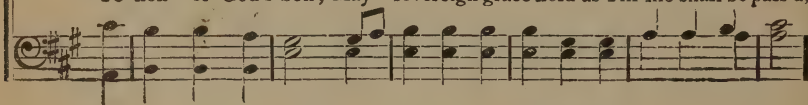
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. How true is God's word! We prove it each day, And love to re-cord
2. O "be not deceived," For "God is not mocked;" The law we've received
3. May God give us grace, To keep the heart pure; All weeds to e-rase,
4. To glo-ry's grand heights, Ye pilgrims, press on, And shine forth as "lights"



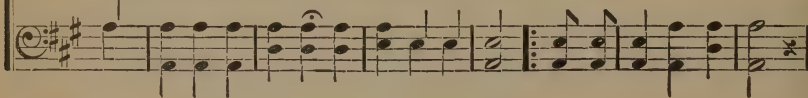
Its ex-cel-lent way. The "Fruits of the Spir-it," The wise and the good
Is nev-er re-voked; For sin ev-ersheweth Where wretchedness weeps,
Good fruit to ensure; Grant "love" which abideth, And "faith" that prevails,
To hon-or God's Son; May sovereign grace hold us Tiil life shall be pass'd,



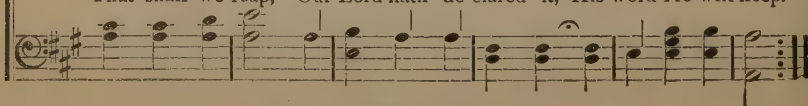
CHORUS.



For-ev-er in-her-it Thro' Je-sus' shed blood.
The seed a man soweth He cer-tain-ly reaps. } Whatsoev-er we sow
And "hope" which outrideth Each storm that assails.
And in-er-cy en-fold us In heav-en at last.



That shall we reap, Our Lord hath de-clared it, His word He will keep.

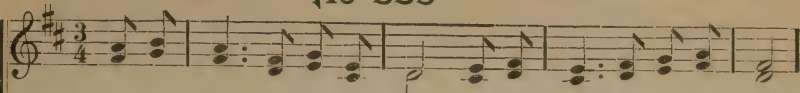


SIMPLY TRUSTING CHRIST MY LORD.

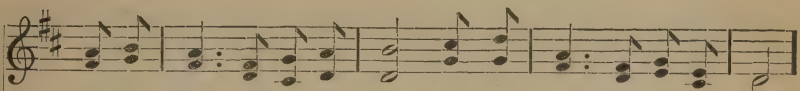
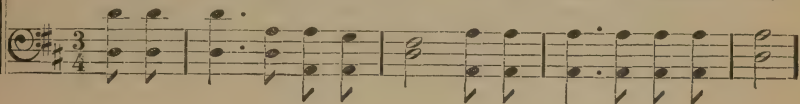
F. A. B.

No 335

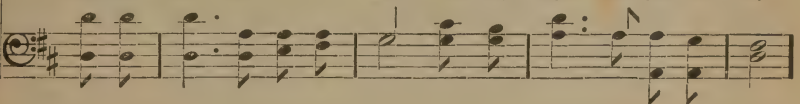
F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



1. Simply trust - ing Christ my Lord, Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day;
2. Trusting when the shades of night Hide each glim'ring, guiding ray;
3. Trusting when the heart is light, Trusting 'neath a load of care;
4. Simply trust - ing, e - ven when Ev - 'ry cher - ished hope is gone,
5. Simply trust - ing to the end Of this earth - ly pil - grim way,



Trusting Him whate'er be - tide, As I walk the nar - row way.
 Trusting Him I yet can sing, As I on - ward press my way.
 On the mount - ain, in the vale, Trust - ing Je - sus ev - 'ry - where.
 And each earth - ly prop re - moved, That my poor heart leaped up - on.
 When my faith shall end in sight, And my night in per - fect day.



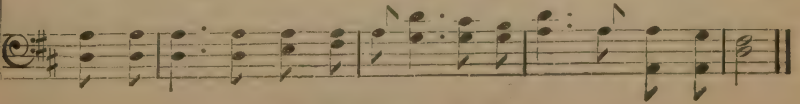
CHORUS.



Sim - ply trust - ing, sim - ply trust - ing, Trust - ing Je - sus day by day;



Thro' life's long and toil - some journey, Sim - ply trust - ing all the way.



MY GUIDE. (Infant Class.)

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."—Psa. 18: 1.

C. E. CARSON.

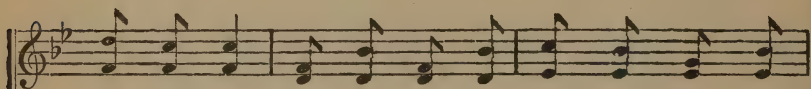
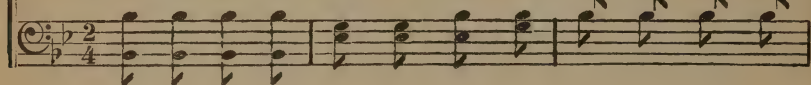
No 336

Melody by C. E. CARSON.

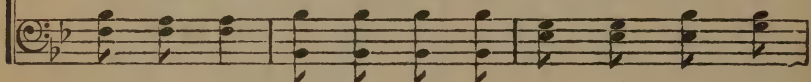
Har. by T. J. LAWRENCE.



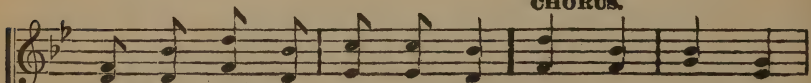
1. Je - sus is my bless - ed Sav - iour, I am trav - ling
2. Ma - ny times, when I am wea - ry, With the trou - ble
3. When I'm in the lone - ly val - ley, And the way looks



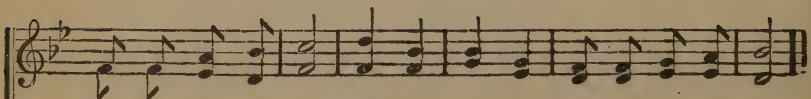
by His side, For He keeps me from all dan - ger,
of the day, I can on - ly look to Je - sus,
dark as night, Je - sus comes and whis - pers soft - ly:



CHORUS.



He's my shep - herd and my guide. }
He'll re - move them all a - way. } Je - sus, Sav - iour,
I will guide you to the right. }



Bless me now, I pray; Keep me ev - er In the nar - row way.



HOME.

No 337

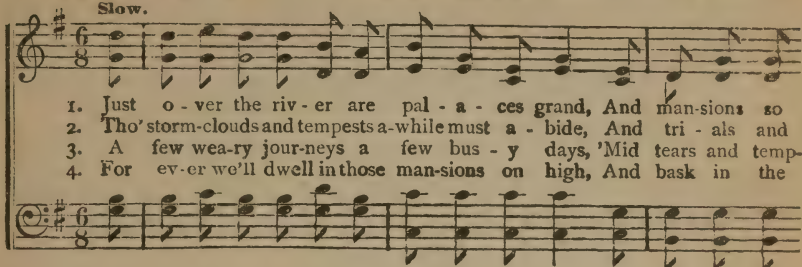
Affectionately dedicated to my wife, Mrs. C. F. PENN.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

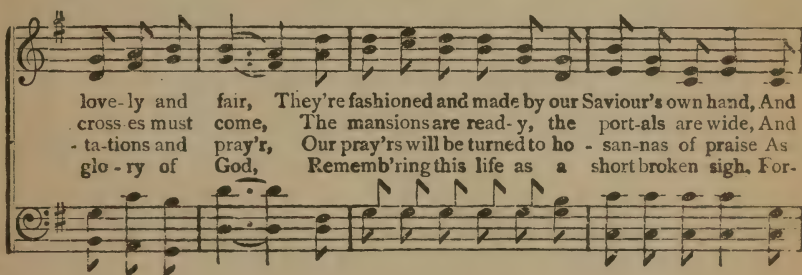
Mrs. I. M. GRIFFIN.

Words arr. Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.

Slow.

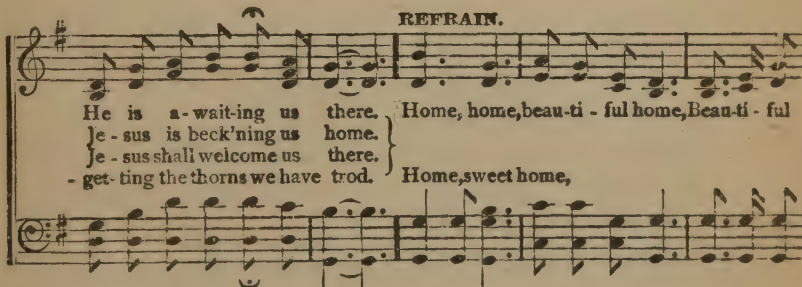


1. Just o-ver the riv-er are pal-a-ces grand, And man-sions so
 2. Tho' storm-clouds and tempests a-while must a-bide, And tri-als and
 3. A few wea-ry jour-neys a few bus-y days, 'Mid tears and temp-
 4. For ev-er we'll dwell in those man-sions on high, And bask in the

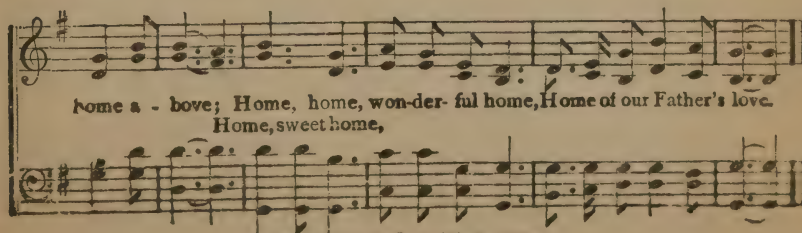


love-ly and fair, They're fashioned and made by our Saviour's own hand, And
 cross-es must come, The mansions are read-y, the port-als are wide, And
 ta-tions and pray'r, Our pray'rs will be turned to ho-san-nas of praise As
 glo-ry of God, Rememb'ring this life as a short broken sigh, For-

REFRAIN.



He is a-wait-ing us there. Home, home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful
 Je-sus is beck'n-ing us home.
 Je-sus shall wel-come us there.
 -get-ting the thorns we have trod. Home, sweet home,



home a-bove; Home, home, won-der-ful home, Home of our Father's love.
 Home, sweet home,

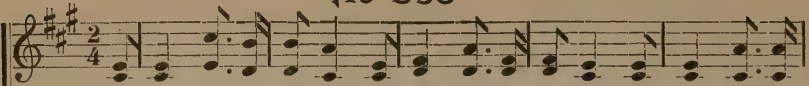
155

"Rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us."—Eph. 2: 4.

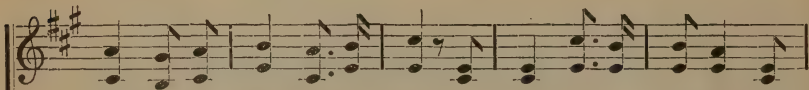
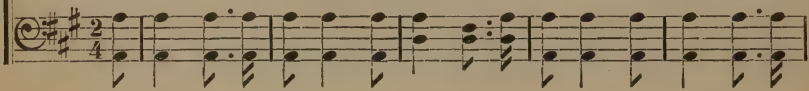
WM. BAXTER.

No 338

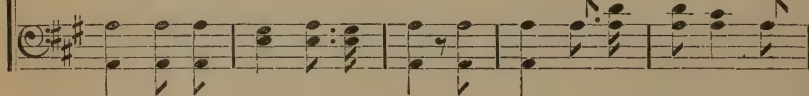
KNOWLES SHAW.



1. I'm sin - ful and wretched; from sin and from sor-row, O Lord! well Thou
2. Be-fore Thee I'm ly-ing in tears and in anguish, No Help-er, un-
3. I long have neg-lect-ed Thy kind in - vi - ta - tion, But oh, I en-
4. I hear Thy dear welcome, oh, can I be-lieve it? Ye sin - ful and
5. My glad heart re-joic-es, my bur-den has fall-en; From sin's gall-ing



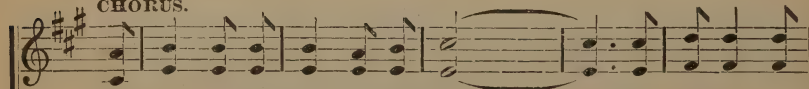
know-est, I faint would be free; No hope can I cher-ish; save,
-less Thou my Help-er wilt be; Then hear my pe-ti-tion, for
-treat, be not deaf to my plea; Show that Thy com-pas-sion can
wea-ry, oh, come un-to me! I'm sin-ful, I'm wea-ry, I
fet-ters my soul is set free; O Lord! I will praise Thee, for-



Lord, or I per-ish, O Je - sus, have mer-cy	on me,	e- ven me.
peace and for par-don, On me, Lord, have mer-cy	on me,	e- ven me.
reach to the vil- est, Dear Sav-iour, have mer-cy	on me,	e- ven me.
come, for Thou call-est, For Thou wilt have mer-cy	on me,	e- ven me.
ev - er I'll praise Thee, For Thou hast had mer-cy	on me,	e- ven me.



CHORUS.



Have' mer - cy, my Sav - iour, on me,..... Have mer - cy, my
e - ven me,



HAVE MERCY ON ME. Concluded.

Sav - iour, on me;..... No hope can I cher-ish; save,
e - ven me;

Lord, or I per-ish, O Je - sus, have mer-cy on me, e - ven me. Rit.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No 339

Dr. W. H. DOANE, by per.

I. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - iour dwell with me;

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove; Fine.

D.S.—Poor in spir-it would I be: Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.

More like Je - sus while I go, Pil - grim in this world be-low. D. S.

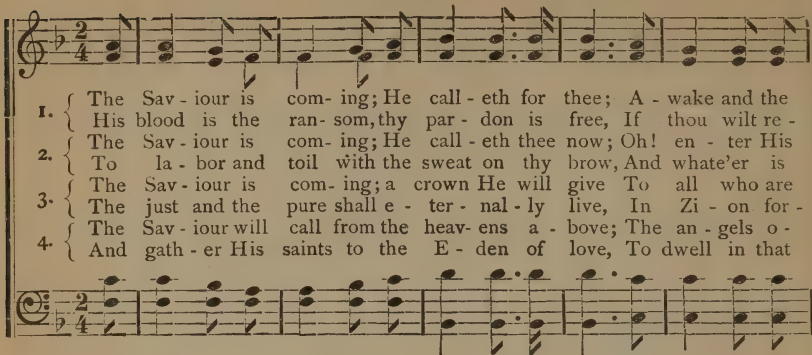
2 If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever-watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive.
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born again, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued.
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

HE CALLETH THEE.

No 340

G. W. SEDERQUIST, by per.

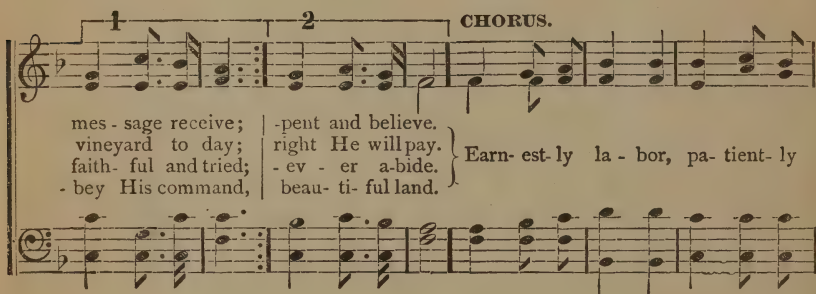


1. { The Sav - iour is com - ing; He call - eth for thee; A - wake and the
His blood is the ran - som, thy par - don is free, If thou wilt re -

2. { The Sav - iour is com - ing; He call - eth thee now; Oh! en - ter His
To la - bor and toil with the sweat on thy brow, And whate'er is

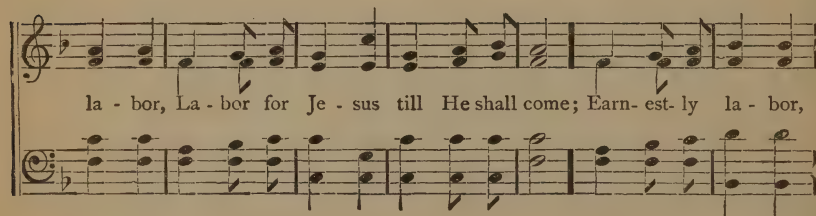
3. { The Sav - iour is com - ing; a crown He will give To all who are
The just and the pure shall e - ter - nal - ly live, In Zi - on for -

4. { The Sav - iour will call from the heav - ens a - bove; The an - gels o -
And gath - er His saints to the E - den of love, To dwell in that

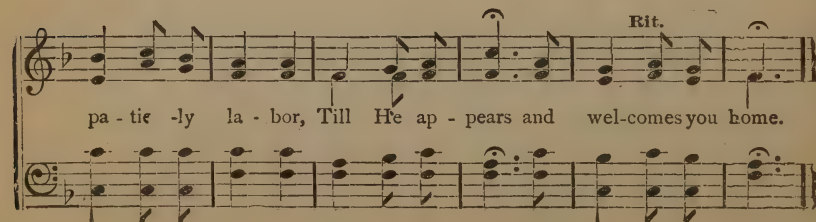


1 2 CHORUS.

mes - sage receive; - pent and believe.
vineyard to day; right He will pay.
faith - ful and tried; - ev - er a-bide. } Earn - est - ly la - bor, pa - tient - ly
- bey His command, beau - ti - ful land.



la - bor, La - bor for Je - sus till He shall come; Earn - est - ly la - bor,



Rit.

pa - tie - ly la - bor, Till He ap - pears and wel - comes you home.

JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR ME.

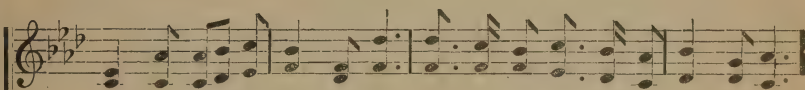
W. H. CLARK.

No 341

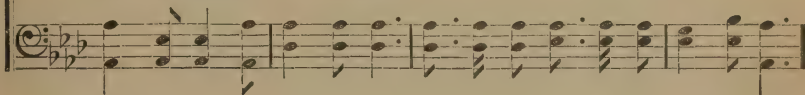
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



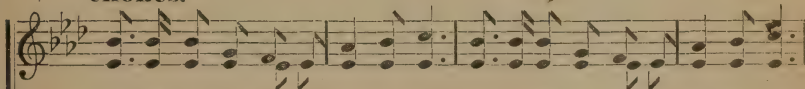
1. I'm helpless, Lord, to Thee I fly, In mer - cy hear me when I cry, While
2. I know Thou wilt my sins for-give, For Thou hast bid me turn and live, With
3. My Sav-iour now is lift-ed up, I look to Him, my on - ly hope, I
4. And now I hear Thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in Thy love re-joice, My



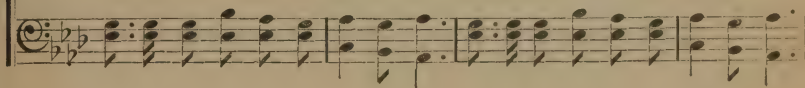
now I urge one on - ly plea:
long-ing heart I come to Thee; } Je - sus of Naz - a - reth died for me!
trust Thy word and press the plea: }
soul doth triumph in the plea:



CHORUS.



Je - sus of Naz - a - reth died for me, Died to redeem me and set me free;



This is my hope my on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a - reth died for me!

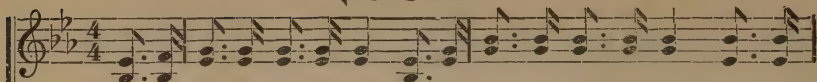


MEET ME THERE.

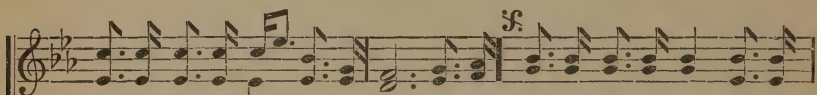
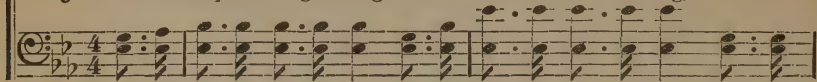
H. E. BLAIR.

No 342

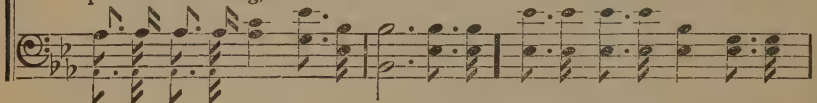
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



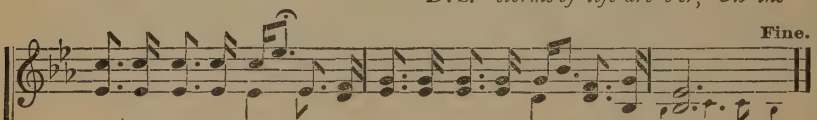
1. On the hap- py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels' ring, And the blest for- ev - er sing, In the



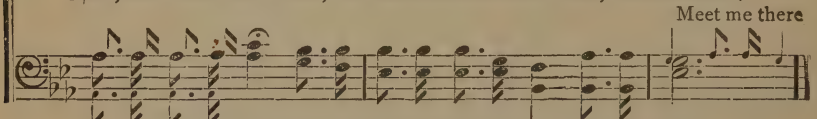
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the riv- er sparkling bright, In the
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend Heart with



D. S.—storms of life are o'er, On the



pure and per-fect day, I am go- ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

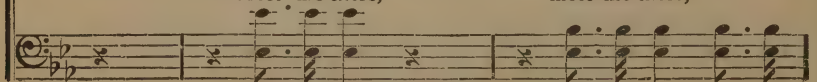


hap- py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.



Meet me there, meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, meet me there,



MEET ME THERE. Concluded.

D. S.

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there; When the
Meet me there;

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Watch therefore."—Matt. 24: 42.

Mrs. E. E. ELLSWORTH.

No 343 WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

1

1. { Will Je - sus find us watch-ing His voice with joy to hear,
When He with saints and an - gels (*Omit*.....)
2. { Will Je - sus find us watch-ing, When He, the Bridegroom fair,
Shall come to claim His cho - sen, (*Omit*.....)

2

REFRAIN.

In glo - ry shall ap - pear? } Will Jesus find us watching, Who will this hour be-
And saints His glory share? }

- gin, Be read - y for His com - ing, With Christ to en - ter in?

3 Will Jesus find us watching,
Our lamps all burning bright,
Though He should give us warning,
Come 'ere 'tis morning light?

4 Will Jesus find us watching,
Though others choose to sleep?
O who will wake from slumber,
This vigil now to keep?

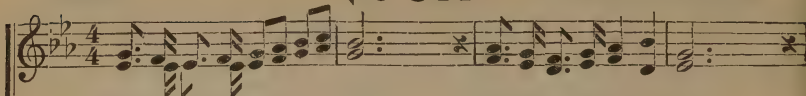
CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

"He only is my rock and my salvation,"—Psa. 62: 2.

Selected.

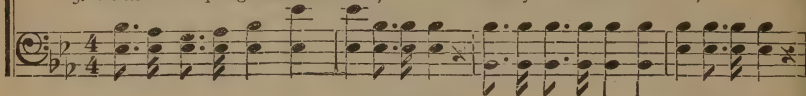
No 344

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



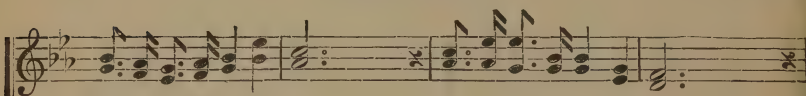
1. When, the tem-pest rag-es high,
2. When 'mid drifting wrecks I'm cast,
3. When the conq'ring waves shall close,

Sail-ing o'er life's stormy sea,
Darkness set-ling thick a-round,
Proud-ly o'er me as I die,



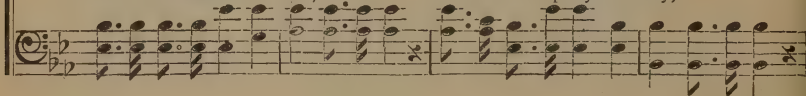
rag-es high,
wrecks I'm cast,
waves shall close,

storm-y sea,
thick a-round,
as I die,



Storm-y billows I de-fy,
Hopes shall lift her light at last,
O-ver these brief vic-tor foes,

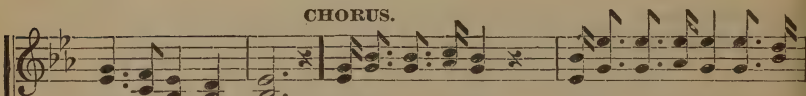
If I then may on-ly be,
If I then be on-ly found,
I shall tri-umph by and by,



I de-fy,
light at last,
vic-tor foes,

on-ly be,
on-ly found,
by and by,

CHORUS.



Cling-ing to the Rock.
Cling-ing to the Rock.
Cling-ing to the Rock.

Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock, I shall
still I shall



Cling-ing to the rock,



tri-um-ph by and by, Cling-ing, firm-ly cling-ing to the Rock.
triumph by and by, I shall triumph by and by, Clinging, firmly clinging to the Rock.

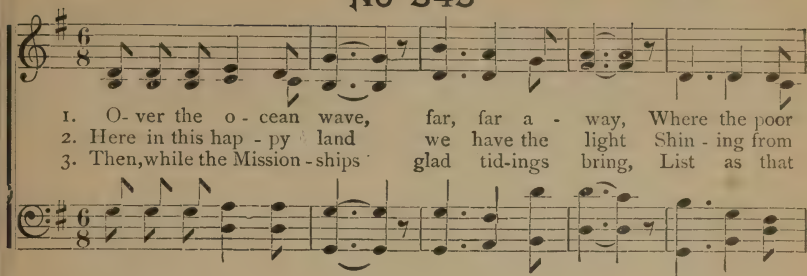


THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

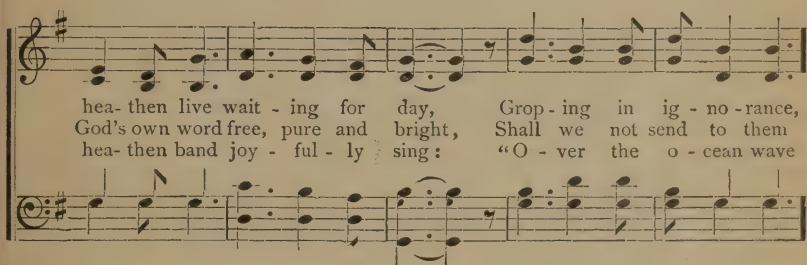
Anon.

No 345

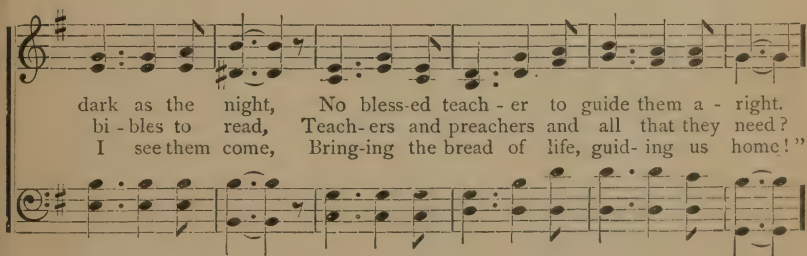
W. E. PENN.



1. O-ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, Where the poor
 2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from
 3. Then, while the Mission - ships glad tid-ings bring, List as that

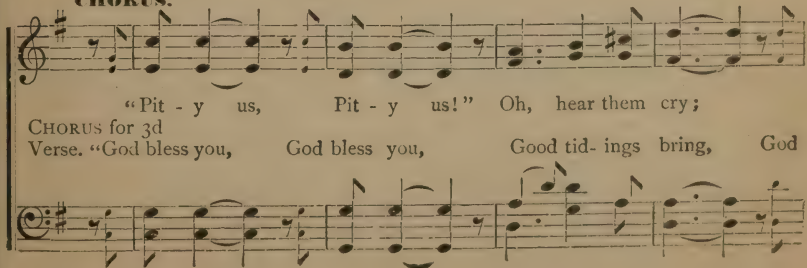


hea-then live wait - ing for day, Grop - ing in ig - no - rance,
 God's own word free, pure and bright, Shall we not send to them
 hea-then band joy - ful - ly sing: "O - ver the o - cean wave



dark as the night, No bless-ed teach - er to guide them a - right.
 bi - bles to read, Teach - ers and preachers and all that they need?
 I see them come, Bring-ing the bread of life, guid-ing us home!"

CHORUS.



"Pit - y us, Pit - y us!" Oh, hear them cry;
 CHORUS for 3d
 Verse. "God bless you, God bless you, Good tid - ings bring, God

THE MACEDONIAN CRY. Concluded.

"Pit - y us, Pit - y us, Or we must die!"
bless you, God bless you, we'll ev - er sing!"

TOUCH BUT THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

F. A. B.

Matt. 9: 20-23.

No 346

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Once to the Lord there came A trembling soul; She touched His garment's hem,
2. No mighty task to do, Sim- ply be-lieve; Touch but His garment's hem
3. Tho' bow'd with weight of sin Seek now the Lord; Touching His garment's hem
4. Sin- ner, stretch forth thy hand This ver- y hour; Touch now His garment's hem,

CHORUS.

And was made whole.
And health re- ceive.
Shall peace af- ford.
Find sav- ing power.

Touch but the hem of His garment, Haste, sinner, haste, I

pray; Touch but the hem of His gar-ment, And thou shalt be whole to- day.

APPENDIX.

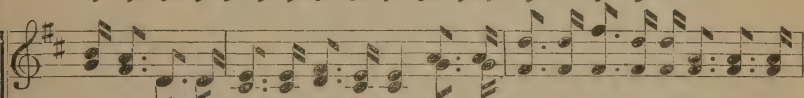
No. 1. WALKING AND TALKING WITH JESUS.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Last verse by Rev. J. M. MARTIN.

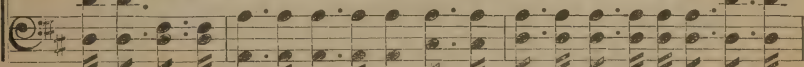
W. E. PENN.



1. When I read the dear old story of the cross and Cal-va-ry, With what joy my heart runs
2. O to walk and talk with Jesus, what a rap-ture in the tho't! O to be like His Dis-
3. I can walk and talk with Jesus, tho' I can-not see His face; I can feel the Lord who
4. When I reach the gate of heaven I shall meet His smiling face, Then I'll walk and talk with



o-ver, as I think He died for me; And my soul is fill'd with longing as I
ci-ples, by the world's great teacher taught! And my heart o'erflows with gladness, as the
loves me, near in ev-'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up-on me; "Fol-low
Je-sus, Of His good-ness, love, and grace; As I range the fields of glo-ry, With the



read that long a-go Persons walk'd and talk'd with Jesus as He journey'd to and fro.
sto-ry I re-peat, Let me walk and talk with Je-sus, let me learn at Je-sus' feet.
Me," I hear Him say; Soul be glad; with those who love Him, Jesus walks and talks to-day.
saints who've gone before, I shall walk and talk with Jesus, And be with Him ev-er-more.



CHORUS.



O to walk and talk with Je-sus! 'Tis a bless-ed tho't to me;



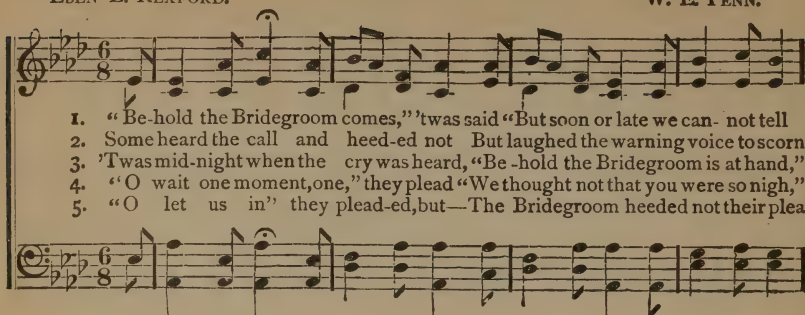
This my dai-ly pray'r, my Sav-iour, Let me walk and talk with Thee.



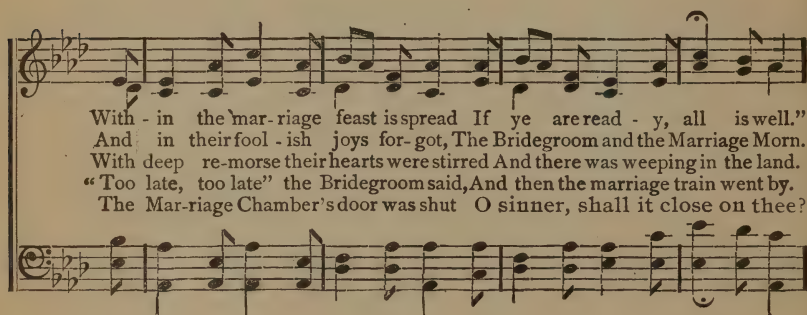
No. 2. THE CLOSED DOOR.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

W. E. PENN.

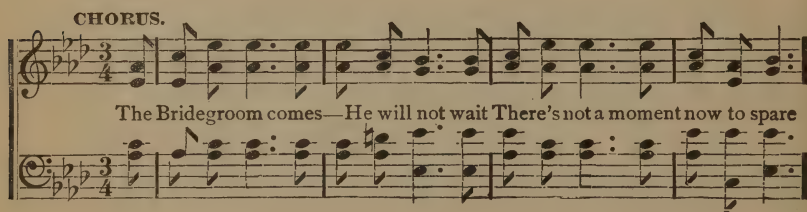


1. "Be-hold the Bridegroom comes," 'twas said "But soon or late we can- not tell
2. Some heard the call and heed-ed not But laughed the warning voice to scorn
3. 'Twas mid-night when the cry was heard, "Be -hold the Bridegroom is at hand,"
4. "O wait one moment, one," they plead "We thought not that you were so nigh,"
5. "O let us in" they plead-ed, but—The Bridegroom heeded not their plea

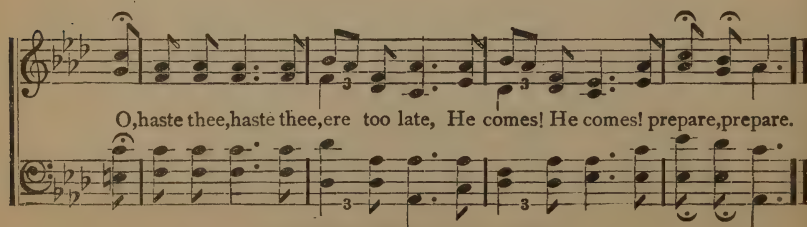


With - in the mar-riage feast isspread If ye are read - y, all is well."
 And in their fool - ish joys for-got, The Bridegroom and the Marriage Morn.
 With deep re-morse their hearts were stirred And there was weeping in the land.
 "Too late, too late" the Bridegroom said, And then the marriage train went by.
 The Mar-riage Chamber's door was shut O sinner, shall it close on thee?

CHORUS.



The Bridegroom comes— He will not wait There's not a moment now to spare



O, haste thee, haste thee, ere too late, He comes! He comes! prepare, prepare.

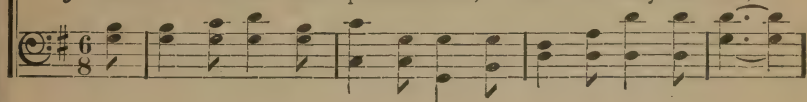
No. 3. CHRIST THE ARK.

W. E. P.

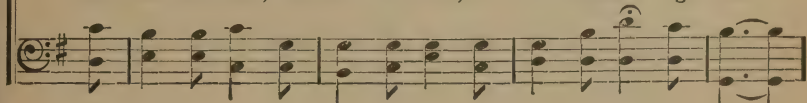
W. E. PENN.



1. O sin-ner cast all doubts a-way, This gos-pel truth re-ceive,
2. The Ark of old do not for-get, 'Twas rid-i-culed by men;
3. They hastened to the mountaintops Ex-pect-ing safe-ty there,
4. So when the gos-pel door is shut, On God thou wilt not call;
5. There'll be no Sav-iour's precious blood, To turn a-way God's ire,



That Je-sus is the sin-ner's Ark, For all who will be-lieve.
 But when they found the door was shut, Their hearts were troubled then.
 But on-ly to be food for beasts, O'erwhelmed by deep de-spair.
 But in thy mad-ness thou wilt cry, "O mount-ains on us fall."
 For we are told, "God out of Christ, Is a con-sum-ing fire."



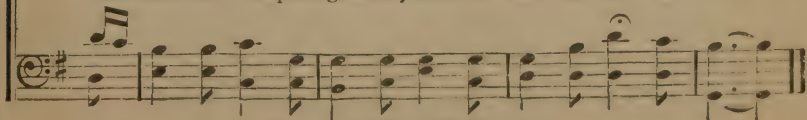
CHORUS.



Then haste thee, haste to Christ the Ark, E'er God shall close the door;



And thou shalt weep and gnash thy teeth In hell for-ev-er-more.

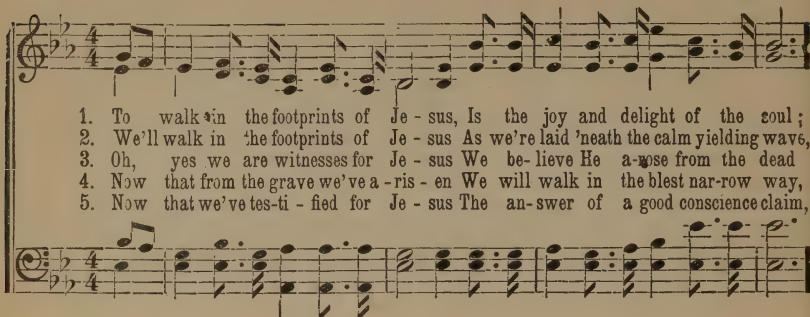


No. 4. WITNESSES FOR JESUS.

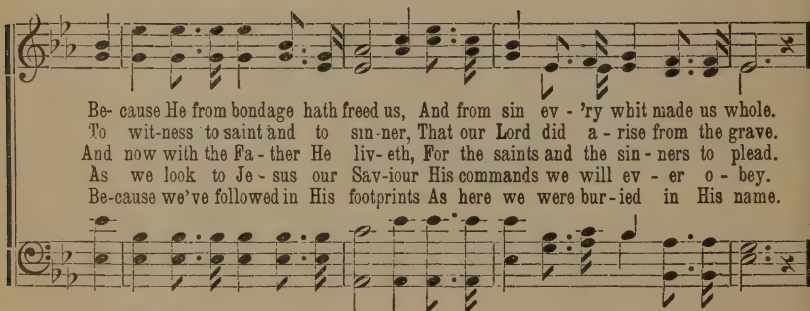
W. E. PENN.

"Ye are my witnesses."—Isaiah 43: 10.

W. E. PENN.

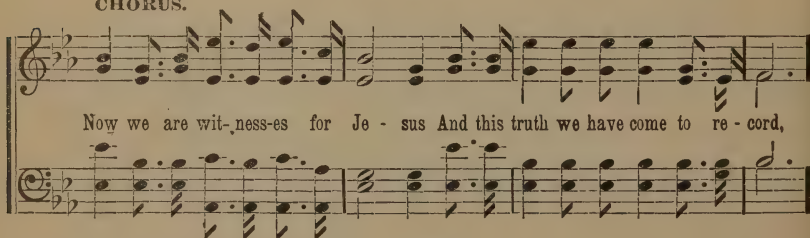


1. To walk in the footprints of Je - sus, Is the joy and delight of the soul;
 2. We'll walk in the footprints of Je - sus As we're laid 'neath the calm yielding wave,
 3. Oh, yes we are witnesses for Je - sus We be - lieve He a - rose from the dead
 4. Now that from the grave we've a - ris - en We will walk in the blest nar - row way,
 5. Now that we've tes - ti - fied for Je - sus The an - swer of a good conscience claim,

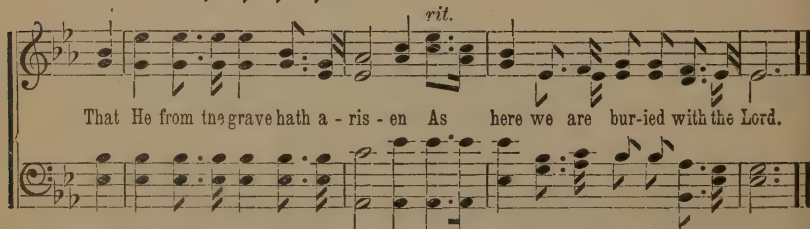


Be - cause He from bondage hath freed us, And from sin ev - 'ry whit made us whole.
 To wit - ness to saint and to sin - ner, That our Lord did a - rise from the grave.
 And now with the Fa - ther He liv - eth, For the saints and the sin - ners to plead.
 As we look to Je - sus our Sav - iour His commands we will ev - er o - bey.
 Be - cause we've followed in His footprints As here we were bur - ied in His name.

CHORUS.



Now we are wit - ness - es for Je - sus And this truth we have come to re - cord,



rit.
 That He from the grave hath a - ris - en As here we are bur - ied with the Lord.

I am trying to supply a long felt need. Suitable songs for Baptism.

Copyright, 1890, by W. E. PENN.

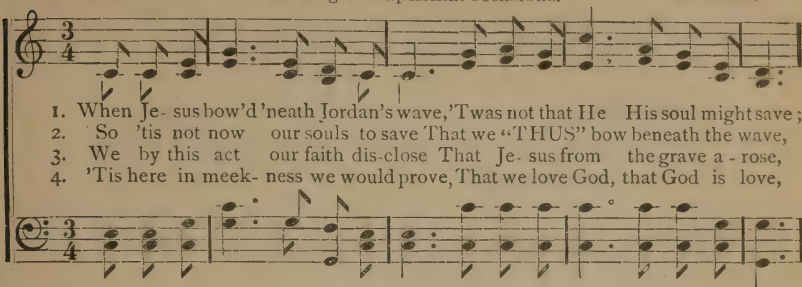
NO. 5. THE GOOD OLD WAY.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls." Jer. 6: 16 See Matt. 11: 29,

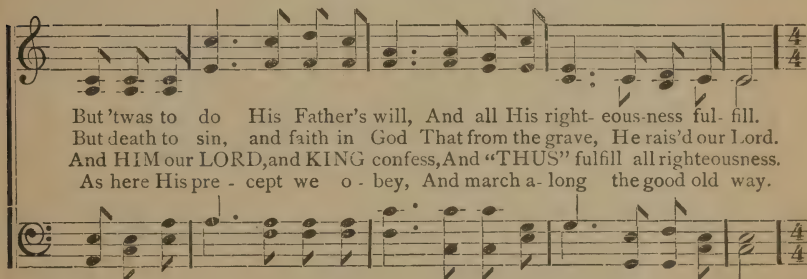
W. E. PENN.

To be sung on baptismal occasions.

W. E. PENN.

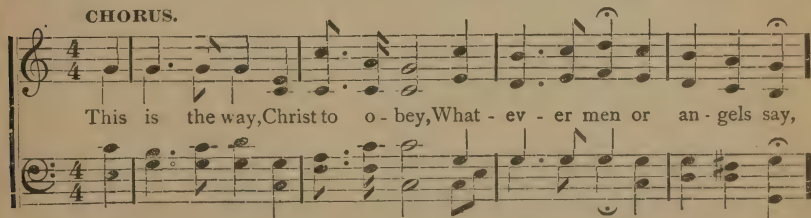


1. When Je- sus bow'd 'neath Jordan's wave, 'Twas not that He His soul might save;
 2. So 'tis not now our souls to save That we "THUS" bow beneath the wave,
 3. We by this act our faith dis-close That Je- sus from the grave a - rose,
 4. 'Tis here in meek- ness we would prove, That we love God, that God is love,

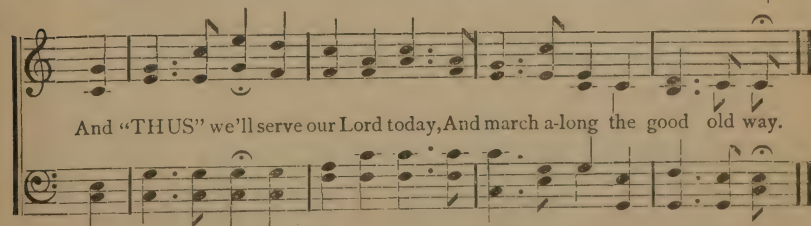


But 'twas to do His Father's will, And all His right- eous-ness ful- fill.
 But death to sin, and faith in God That from the grave, He rais'd our Lord.
 And HIM our LORD, and KING confess, And "THUS" fulfill all righteousness.
 As here His pre - cept we o - bey, And march a - long the good old way.

CHORUS.



This is the way, Christ to o - bey, What - ev - er men or an - gels say,



And "THUS" we'll serve our Lord today, And march a-long the good old way.

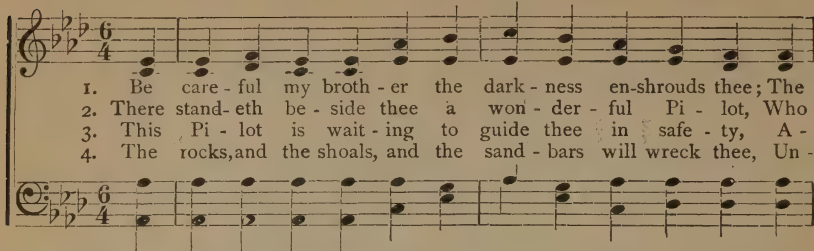
5 The good old way, is to obey,
 What'er we hear the Saviour say,
 And serve in SPIRIT night and day,
 And march along the good old way

6 And when we reach our heavenly home,
 Which lies beyond life's setting sun,
 We'll shout His praise thro' endless day,
 That we are found the good old way.

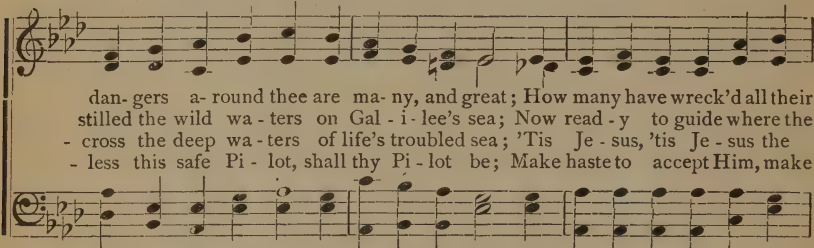
No. 6. BE CAREFUL, MY BROTHER!

E. A. H.

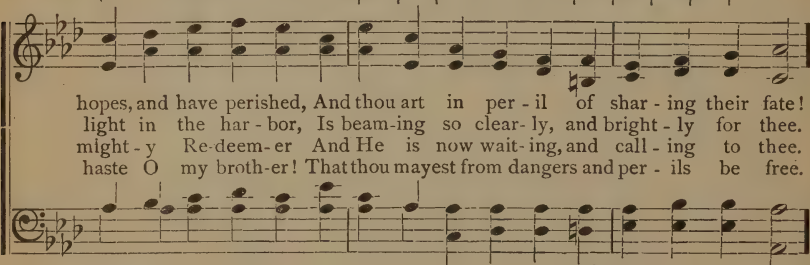
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Be care-ful my broth-er the dark-ness en-shrouds thee; The
 2. There stand-eth be-side thee a won-der-ful Pi-lot, Who
 3. This Pi-lot is wait-ing to guide thee in safe-ty, A-
 4. The rocks, and the shoals, and the sand-bars will wreck thee, Un-

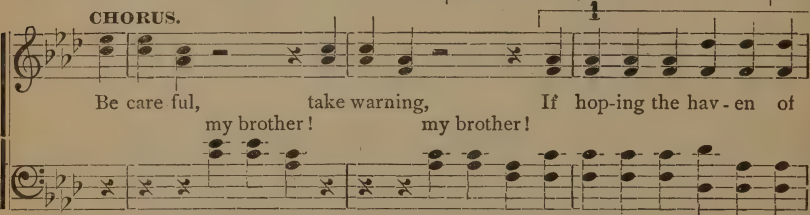


dan-gers a-round thee are ma-ny, and great; How many have wreck'd all their
 - stilled the wild wa-ters on Gal-i-lee's sea; Now read-y to guide where the
 - cross the deep wa-ters of life's troubled sea; 'Tis Je-sus, 'tis Je-sus the
 - less this safe Pi-lot, shall thy Pi-lot be; Make haste to accept Him, make

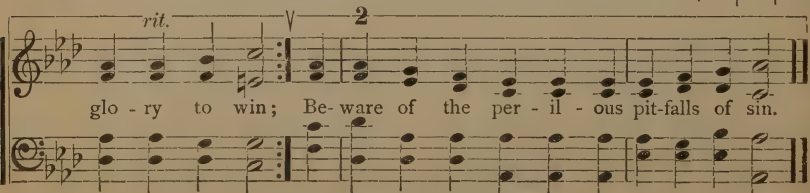


hopes, and have perished, And thou art in per-il of shar-ing their fate!
 light in the har-bor, Is beam-ing so clear-ly, and bright-ly for thee.
 might-y Re-deem-er And He is now wait-ing, and call-ing to thee.
 haste O my broth-er! That thou mayest from dangers and per-ils be free.

CHORUS.



Be care-ful, take warn-ing, If hop-ing the hav-en of
 my brother! my brother!



glo-ry to win; Be-ware of the per-il-ous pit-falls of sin.

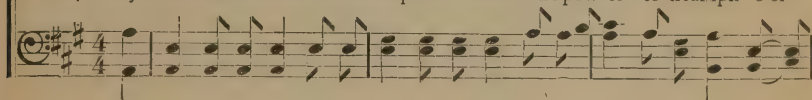
Zech. 13: 1.

Rev. 1: 5.

Mrs. E. E. ELSWORTH. First Verse, Chorus arranged, and Music by W. E. PENN.



1. I'm told that a fountain was opened for sin In the house of King David where
2. Thy blood oh, my Saviour was poured out for me So pre-cious, so cost-ly yet
3. Tho' red as the crimson like wool I shall be If plunged neath the waves of this
4. My faith would receive the redemption I crave The pow-er to triumph o'er



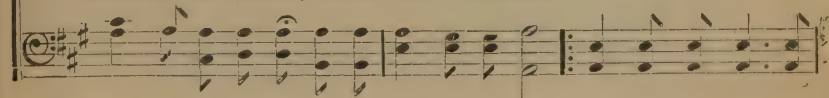
all may be cleansed; This fount is the blood that from Je-sus did flow, If I'm
of-fered so free; Tho' sins be as scar-let this truth I would know, If I'm
fath-om less sea; I come, oh, my Saviour where pure wa-ters flow, If I'm
death and the grave; To stand uncondem'd for most sure-ly I know, I've been



CHORUS.



washed in that fountain, I'll be whit-er than snow.
washed in that fountain, I'll be whit-er than snow. } Whit-er than snow, yes,
washed in that fountain, I'll be whit-er than snow.
washed in that fountain, And am whit-er than snow.



whit-er than snow, If I'm washed in that fountain, I'll be whit-er than snow.
For 4th ver. I've been &c. And am &c.

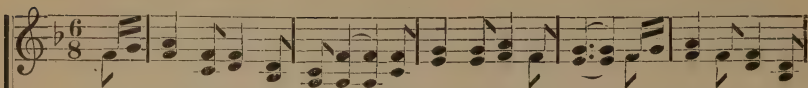


No. 8. WAITING FOR THE CROWN.

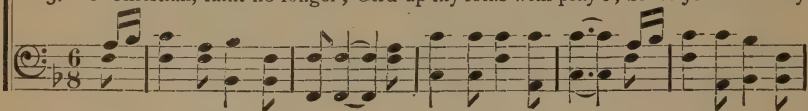
will give thee crown of life. Rev. 2: 10.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHMAN.

JAMES A. SMITH.



1. The Christian, faint and weary, Still journeys bravely on; His brow with home-light
2. The war will soon be o - ver, The wear-y strife be done; O Christian, do not
3. O Christian, faint no longer; Gird up thy loins with pray'r; Since Jesus bore thy

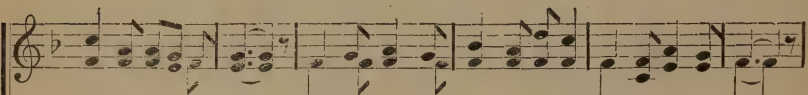
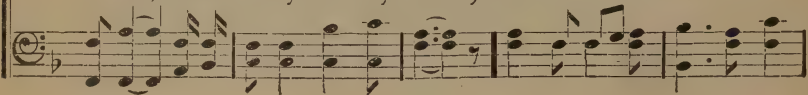


REFRAIN.



beaming, He is waiting for the crown.
fal - ter, For the victory's al - most won.
sor - rows, He will car - ry all thy care.

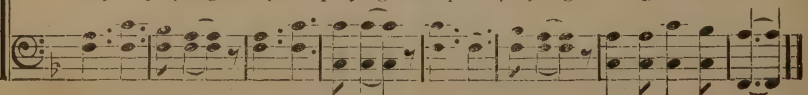
} Wait ing for the crown, Christian,



Waiting for the crown, Trusting in the name of Jesus, Waiting for the crown;



Keep on pray ing, keep on praying, keep on pray ing, Waiting for the crown.



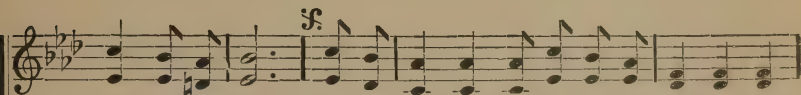
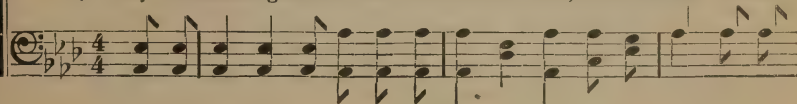
No. 9. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

E. A. H.

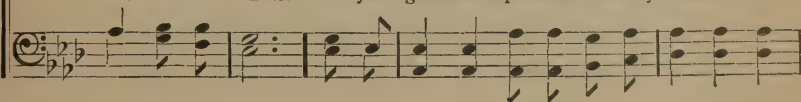
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



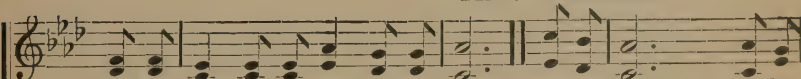
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white; Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the



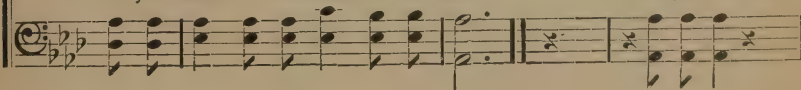
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright?
 blood of the Lamb? There's a foun - tain flow - ing for the soul un - clean;
D.S.—Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?



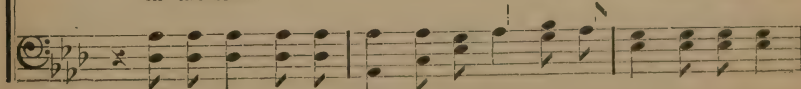
FINE. REFRAIN.



Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 Oh! be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd



blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb?
 in the blood of the Lamb?



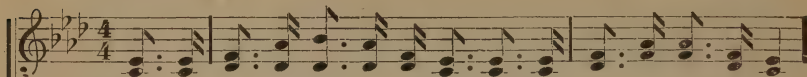
By per. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 10. THEN WE'LL SEE HIM.

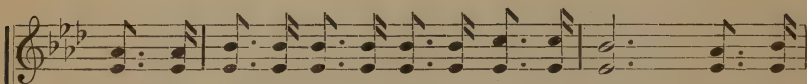
"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."—Isaiah 33: 17.

Dr. J. FERDINAND V. SAUL.

W. E. PENN.



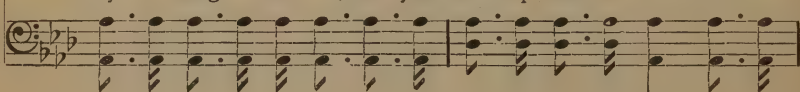
1. When the peo - ple of all na - tions have been told of Je - sus' birth,
2. When on Greenland's i - cy mountains and far In - dia's cor - al strands
3. Praise the Lord! the mist is clearing, and the her - alds of the day
4. Hark! we hear the trum - pet sounding, see the heav - ens like a scroll,



And the sto - ry of His dy - ing love is known, When the
Ev - 'ry ear shall hear of Je - sus Christ the son How they
Bring the joy - ful news—oh! Bud of prom - ise bloom! For a
Roll - ing back for us to hear the grand roll call, Then de -



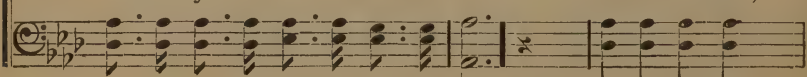
tid - ings of sal - va - tion have been preached o'er all the earth He will
mocked Him, how they scourged Him, how they nailed His loving hands How He
saddened world invokes Thee, pre - cious one; oh! come we pray Sweep in
- lay no long - er sin - ner, have your name up - on Christ's roll E - ven



CHORUS.



come and claim the blood wash'd for His own. Then we'll see Him, then we'll
died on Calvary's Cross for ev - 'ry one.
view and let Thy ransomed en - ter home. }
so Lord Je - sus come and take us all. Then we'll see Him,



THEN WE'LL SEE HIM.—Concluded.

see Him, then we'll see Him Robed in beau-ty if we've
then we'll see Him,

lived in chris-tian du-ty, Then we'll see Him, then we'll
Then we'll see Him,

see Him, We will see Him in His beau-ty at the dawn.
then we'll see Him,

No. 11. THE SUPPER. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

Tune, MEAR.

1. Here at Thy ta-ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di-vine;
2. Here peace and par-don sweet-ly flow; Oh, what de-light-ful food!
3. Sure, there was nev-er love so free, Dear Sav-iour,—so di-vine;

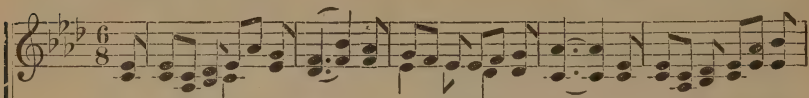
Thy bod-y is the bread we eat, Thy pre-cious blood the wine.
We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on no-bler good.
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me, Which owes so much to Thine.

No. 12. A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

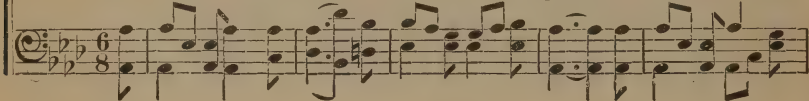
That great day of God Almighty.—REV. 16: 14.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

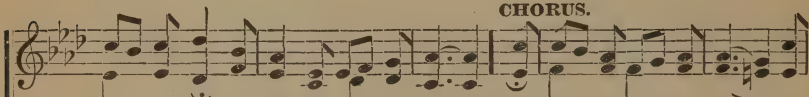
EDWARD ROBERTS.



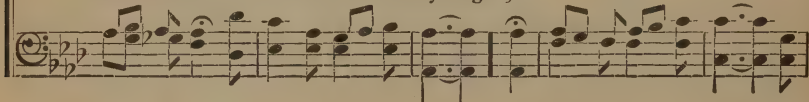
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a
3. 'Tis but a lit-tle while, And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might



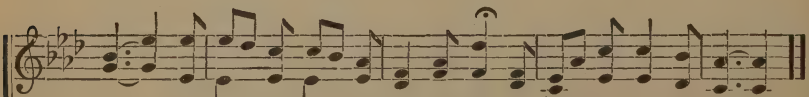
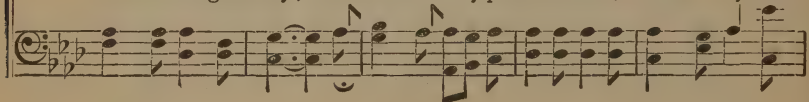
CHORUS.



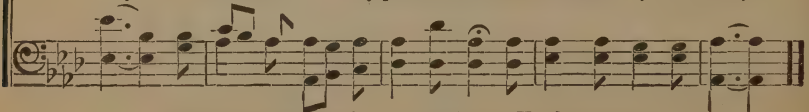
those that rest, A- sleep within the tomb.
few more tears, And we shall weep no more. } Then, O my Lord, prepare My
live who lives That we with Him may reign. }



soul for that great day ; O wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a-



way ; O wash me in Thy precious blood, And wash my sins a way.



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No. 13. LET US BUILD ON THE ROCK.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On a firm foundation let us build our hopes, And not on the drift-ing sand ;
 2. On the Rock of A-ges let us strong-ly build, The Rock that is steadfast, sure :
 3. Christ is that firm Rock on which we all should build, All other founda-tions fail :

For the tempest's shock will surely come at last; Then how can we safe-ly stand ?
 On a firm foun-da-tion that no storm can shake, That will to the end en-dure.
 If our hopes are firm-ly planted on that Rock, We're safe, let what will as-sail.

REFRAIN.

Let us build on the Rock, Let us build on the Rock,
 Let us build on the Rock, on the mighty Rock, Let us build on the Rock, on the mighty Rock,

Let us build on the Rock, the mighty Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock of A-ges.

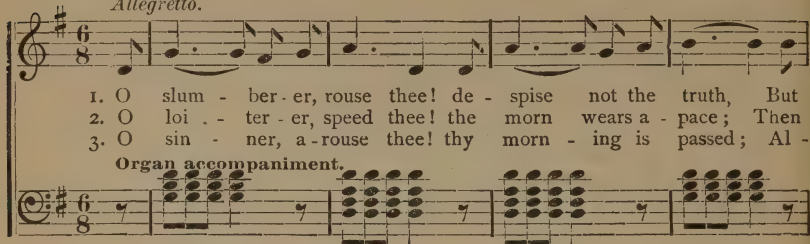
No. 14. THE THREE CALLS.

The "Third," "Sixth and Ninth," and "Eleventh Hour."—Matt. 20: 3, 5, 6.

Words arranged by W. E. PENN.

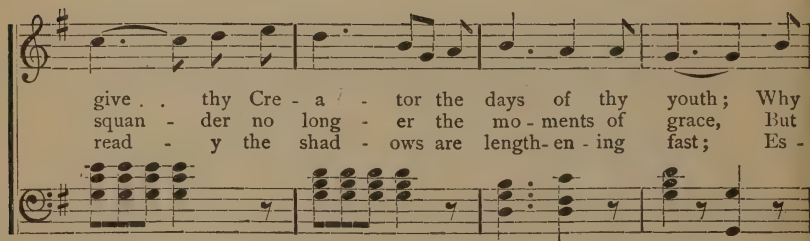
I. B. WOODBURY.

Allegretto.

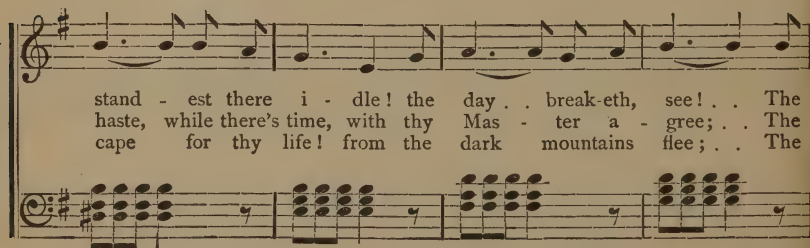


1. O slum - ber - er, rouse thee! de - spise not the truth, But
 2. O loi - ter - er, speed thee! the morn wears a - pace; Then
 3. O sin - ner, a - rouse thee! thy morn - ing is passed; Al -

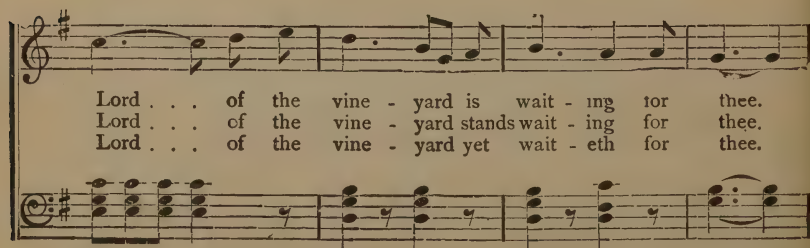
Organ accompaniment.



give . . thy Cre - a - tor the days of thy youth; Why
 squan - der no long - er the mo - ments of grace; But
 read - y the shad - ows are length - en - ing fast; Es -



stand - est there i - dle! the day . . break - eth, see! . . The
 haste, while there's time, with thy Mas - ter a - gree; . . The
 cape for thy life! from the dark mountains flee; . . The



Lord . . . of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
 Lord . . . of the vine - yard stands wait - ing for thee.
 Lord . . . of the vine - yard yet wait - eth for thee.

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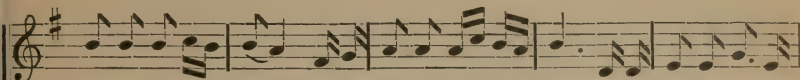
Arrangement of words Copyrighted, 1890, by W. E. PENN.

THE THREE CALLS. Concluded.

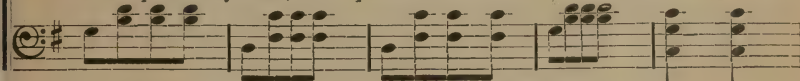
Andante affetuoso.



"Ho-ly Spir-it, by Thy power, Grant me yet an-oth-er hour; Earthly
 "Gentle Spir-it, stay, oh, stay, Brightly beams the early day; Let me
 "Spir-it, cease thy mournful lay, Leave me to my-self, I pray; Let me

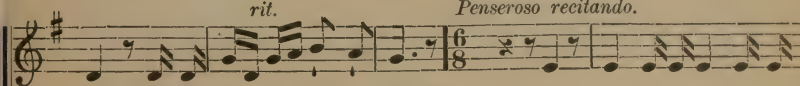


pleasures I would prove, Earthly joy, and earthly love; Scarcely yet has dawned the
 linger in these bowers, God shall have my noontide hours: Chide me not for my de-
 drink and quench my thirst, Of the pleasures of the earth; When the sun his path hath



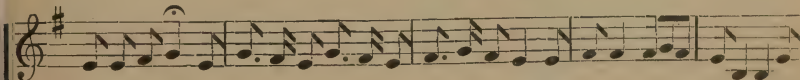
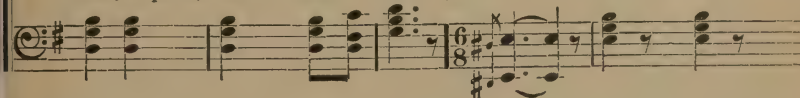
After 3d verse.

Penseroso recitando.



day, Ho-ly Spir-it, wait, I pray!" }
 lay, Gen-tle Spir-it, wait, I pray!" }
 trod, Spir-it, then I'll turn to God!" }

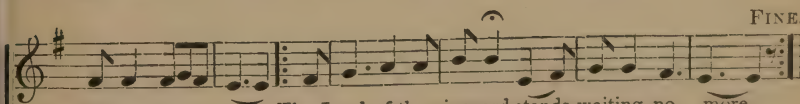
Hark! borne on the winds is the



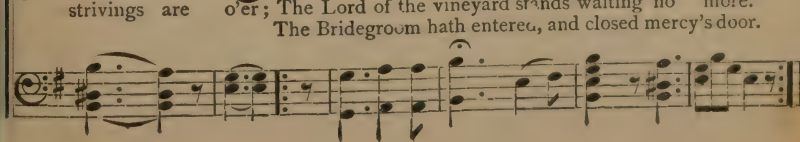
bell's solemn toll; 'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul, The Spirit's sweet pleadings and



FINE.



strivings are o'er; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more.
 The Bridegroom hath entered, and closed mercy's door.



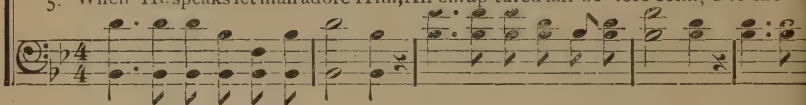
No. 15. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

F. A. B.

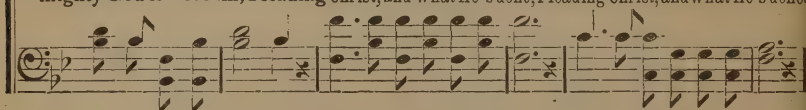
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Glorious scene, those three appalling! Blinded see them prostrate falling, While the
2. God is speaking, mortals hear Him; Aw-ful voice, creation fears Him; Owns His
3. Through that voice to ev'ry na - tion, God is of - fer - ing sal - va - tion, Free to
4. Hear ye Him for sin enthalls you; Hear ye Him ere harm befalls you; Hear ye
5. When He speaks let man adore Him, All enrapt - u - red fall be - fore Him; For the



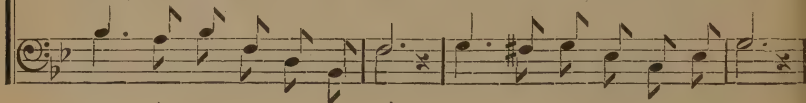
voice of God is call - ing, "This is my be - lov - ed Son, This is my be - lov - ed Son."
 Son, bids men revere Him, Bids them hear the gracious One, Bids them hear the gracious One.
 men of ev'ry station, Hear ye Him, He speaks to - day, Hear ye Him, He speaks to - day.
 Him while yet He calls you, Do not from Him turn away, Do not from Him turn away.
 mighty God is o'er him, Pleading Christ, and what He's done, Pleading Christ, and what He's done



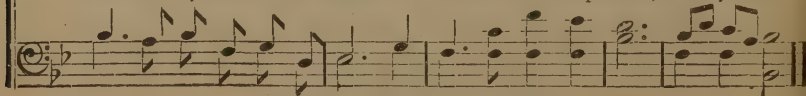
CHORUS. (Unison.)



"This is my be - lov - ed Son, This is my be - lov - ed Son,



This is my be - lov - ed Son, In whom I am well pleased, Hear ye Him.



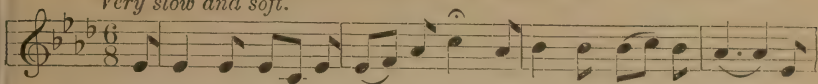
No. 16. THAT BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

W. E. P.

In memory of my Father and Mother.

W. E. PENN.

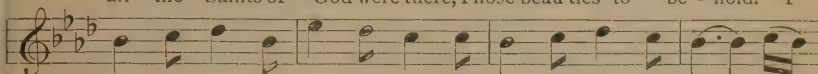
Very slow and soft.



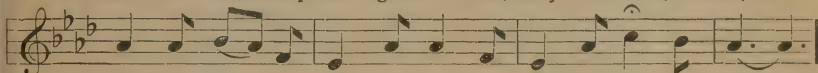
1. 'T was night, and all a - round was still, I lay up - on my bed, I
2. The sweet-est voice fell on mine ear, It thrill'd my in - most soul: "A -
3. I dream'd I saw the Jas - per walls, And streets of pur-est gold; And



dream'd death's por-tals I had pass'd And was a - mong the dead; I
rise, my love, and come a - way Un - to thy prom-ised goal." I
all the Saints of God were there, Those beau-ties to be - hold. I

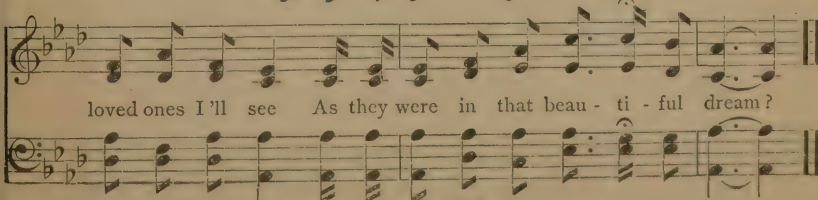
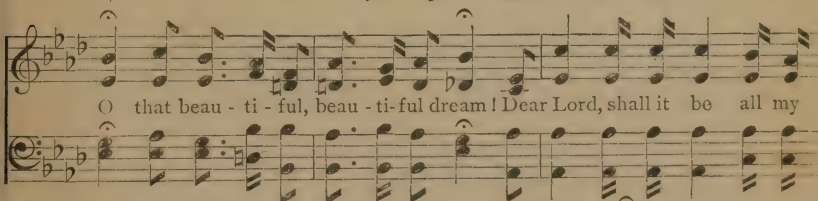
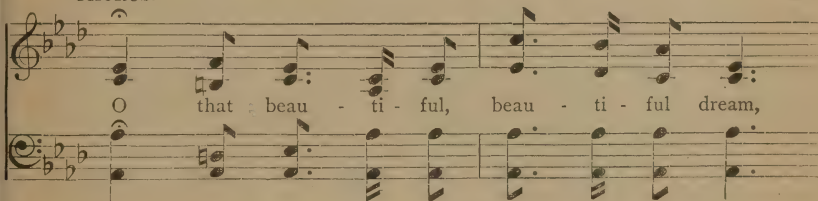


heard the trump of God re-sound, The dead in Christ to raise, I
looked—I saw—I can - not tell, There's noth-ing will com - pare; I
heard the wel-come plaud-itgiv'n: "Come, all ye bless-ed, come; Re -



saw the Saints pre-pared to shout Our blest Re-deem-er's praise.
saw my Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, And loved ones gath-ered there.
joyce, re - joyce for - ev - er - more, In this thy heav'n-ly home."

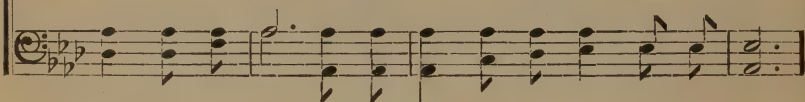
CHORUS.



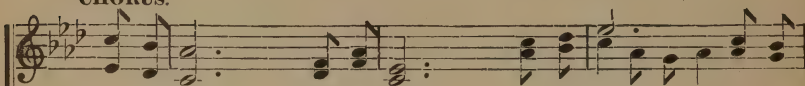
No. 17. THEY SHALL WALK IN HIS NAME.



Lord they shall know, And their lips shall be tuned to His song.
pre - cepts a - broad, That the world of His good - ness may know.
ar - my a - bove, And shall ev - er keep spot - less with - in.



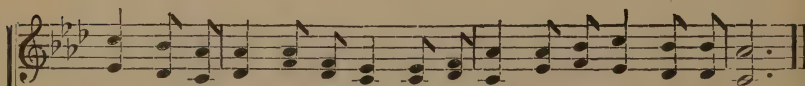
CHORUS.



In His name! In His name! In His name! In His
In His name! In His name! In His name!



name! What a blessing His loved ones shall claim; They shall walk in His
In His name!



light, in their garments of white, They shall walk up and down in His name.



THEY SHALL WALK IN HIS NAME. Concluded.

"They shall walk up and down in His Name."—ZECH. 10: 12.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

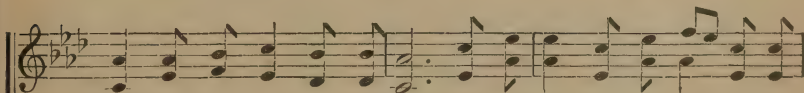
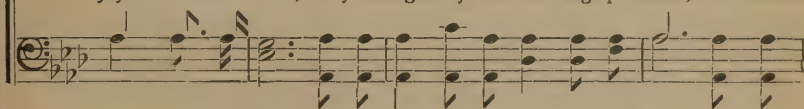
W. E. PENN.



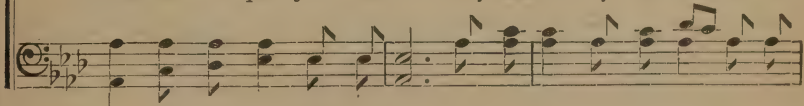
1. They shall walk up and down in His name, Who are sav'd and re-
2. They shall walk up and down in His name, Scatt'ring words of sal-
3. They shall walk up and down in His name, Who have tast - ed the



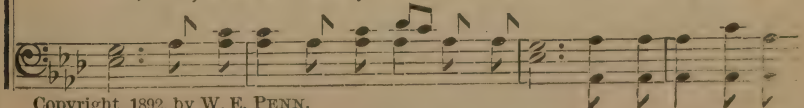
deem'd by His blood, They shall ev - er His prom - is - es claim, Who are
va - tion and peace They shall la - bor the lost to re-claim, And their
joys of their Lord, They shall glad-ly His mes - sage proclaim, *Who with*



wash'd in the life - giv - ing flood; And their souls shall be whit - er than
in - flu - ence nev - er shall cease; They shall hon - or the king - dom of
Him are in per - fect ac - cord; They shall car - ry His ban - ner of



snow, Free from mal - ice and en - vy and wrong, For the peace of the
God, As they work in His vine - yard be - low, They shall her - ald His
love, They shall val - iant - ly bat - tle with sin, They shall fight for the

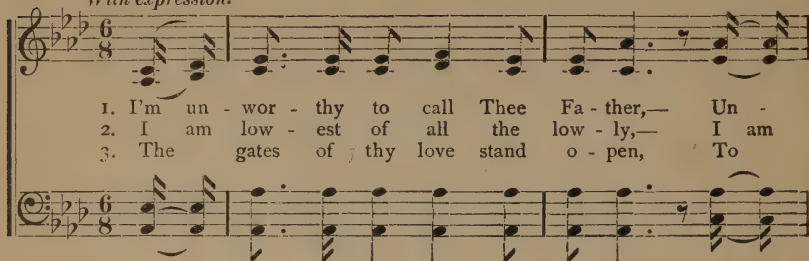


No. 18 MY PRAYER.

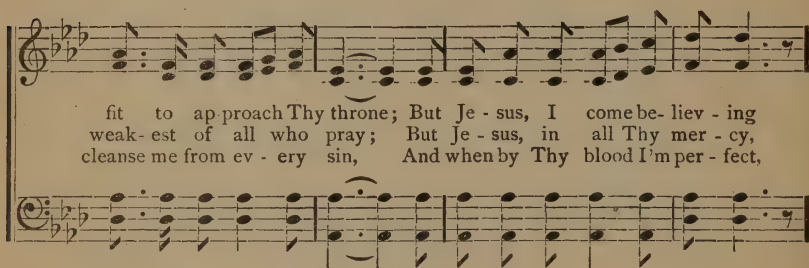
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

With expression.

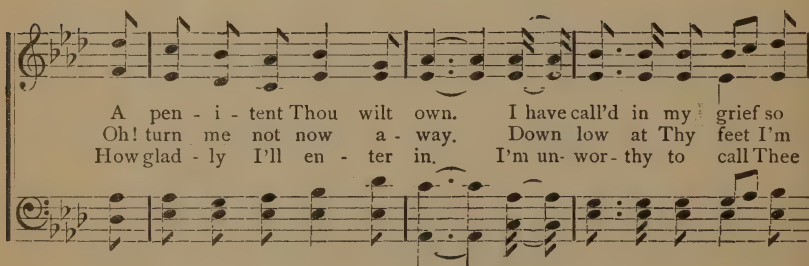
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



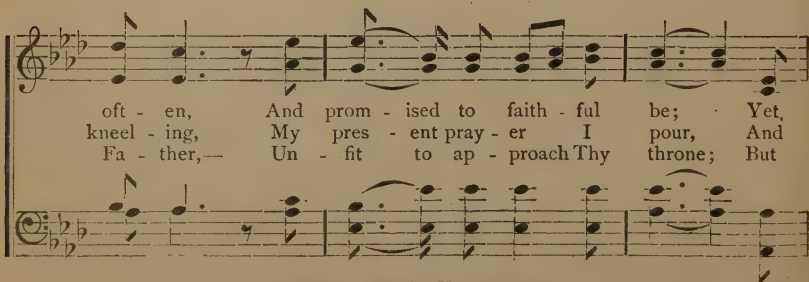
1. I'm un - wor - thy to call Thee Fa - ther, — Un -
 2. I am low - est of all the low - ly, — I am
 3. The gates of thy love stand o - pen, To



fit to ap - proach Thy throne; But Je - sus, I come be - liev - ing
 weak - est of all who pray; But Je - sus, in all Thy mer - cy,
 cleanse me from ev - ery sin, And when by Thy blood I'm per - fect,

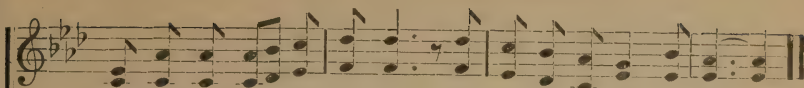


A pen - i - tent Thou wilt own. I have call'd in my grief so
 Oh! turn me not now a - way. Down low at Thy feet I'm
 How glad - ly I'll en - ter in. I'm un - wor - thy to call Thee



oft - en, And prom - ised to faith - ful be; Yet,
 kneel - ing, My pres - ent pray - er I pour, And
 Fa - ther, — Un - fit to ap - proach Thy throne; But

MY PRAYER. Concluded.



Fa-ther, in hu-man weak-ness, I wan-dered a-gain from thee.
 through Thee, my blest Re-deem-er, A par-don I now im-plore.
 Je-sus, I come be-liev-ing A pen-i-tent Thou wilt own.



No. 19 'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

"Continue in prayer."—Col. 4 : 2.

E. A. BARNES.

G. J. KURZENKNABE, by per.



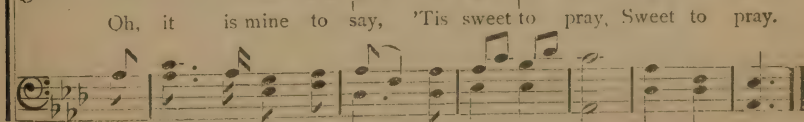
1. To God, in realms above, 'Tis sweet to pray; To God, so rich in love, 'Tis
2. As He is always near, 'Tis sweet to pray; As He will help to cheer, 'Tis
3. At morn-ing's ear-ly light 'Tis sweet to pray; Then at the coming night 'Tis



sweet to pray. I call up-on His name; I do not call in vain;
 sweet to pray. I know He cares for me; I know His love so free;
 sweet to pray. I knock and I be-lieve; I ask and I re-ceive;



Oh, it is mine to say, 'Tis sweet to pray, Sweet to pray.

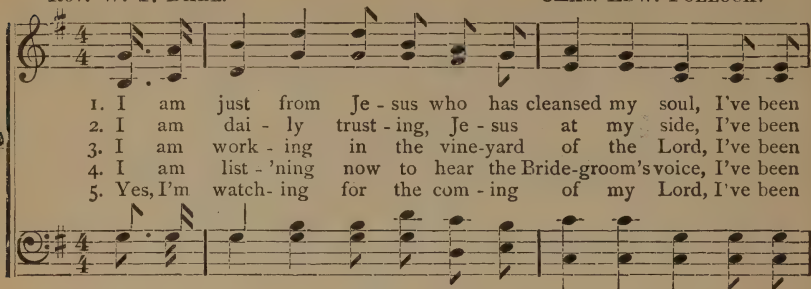


NO. 20 I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

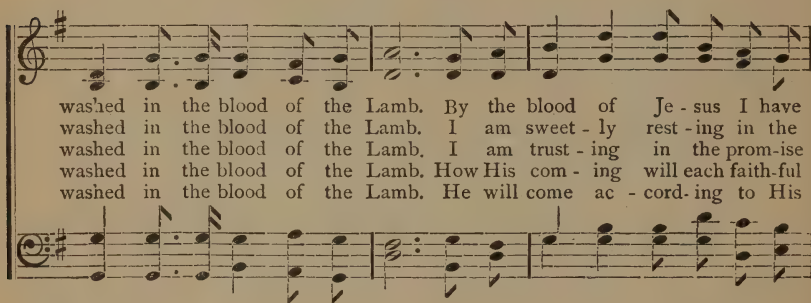
Answer to "Are you washed in the blood?"

Rev. W. T. DALE.

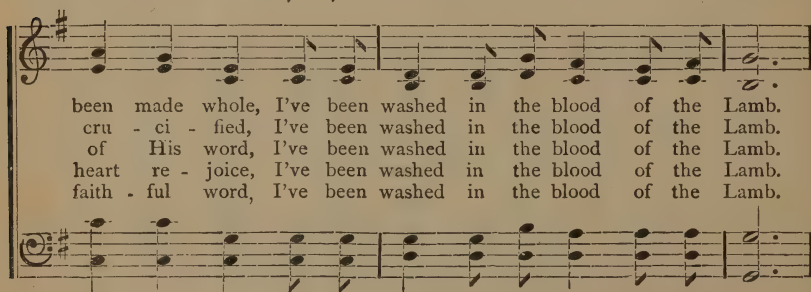
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I am just from Je - sus who has cleansed my soul, I've been
 2. I am dai - ly trust - ing, Je - sus at my side, I've been
 3. I am work - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord, I've been
 4. I am list - 'ning now to hear the Bride - groom's voice, I've been
 5. Yes, I'm watch - ing for the com - ing of my Lord, I've been

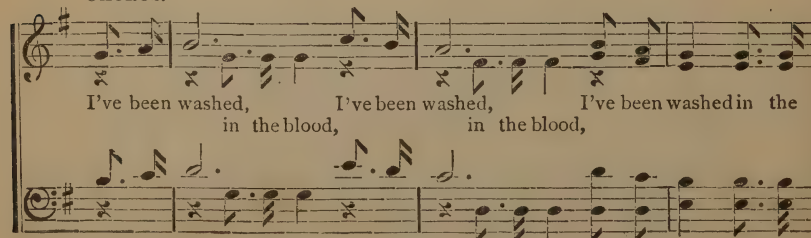


washed in the blood of the Lamb. By the blood of Je - sus I have
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am sweet - ly rest - ing in the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am trust - ing in the prom - ise
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. How His com - ing will each faith - ful
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. He will come ac - cord - ing to His



been made whole, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 cru - ci - fied, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 of His word, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 heart re - joice, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 faith - ful word, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.



I've been washed, I've been washed, I've been washed in the
 in the blood, in the blood,

I'VE BEEN WASHED, Etc. Concluded.

blood of the Lamb, And my robe is spot-less, it is
of the Lamb,

white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 21 HARVEY. C. M.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Devotional.

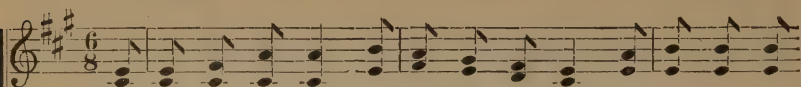
1. In mer - cy, Lord, re-mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night,
2. With cheer-ful heart I close mine eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move:
3. Or, if this night should prove my last, And end my tran - sient days;

And grant to me most gra - cious - ly The safe guard of Thy might.
O in the morn - ing let me rise Re-joic - ing in Thy love.
Lord, take me to Thy prom - ised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

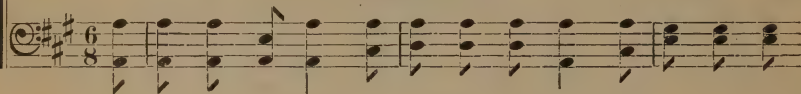
No. 22. I'M AN HEIR TO THE KINGDOM

F. A. BLACKMER.

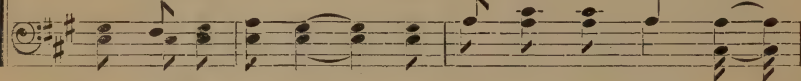
W. E. PENN.



1. All praise to the Son, For what He has done, My sins He has
2. De - spis - ing the shame, To this earth He came That an heir with Him -
3. The Fa - ther is pleased, His wrath is ap-peased, He smiles thro' the
4. A reb - el was I, Condemmed soon to die, When Christ to me



free - ly for - giv - en; His blood has suf - ficed, I'm an
 self He might own me, By dy - ing for me On the
 Son so for - giv - ing; His blood for me spilt, Takes a -
 of - fered sal - va - tion; So, dy - ing one, you May for



heir with Christ, An heir to the king dom of heav - en.
 cru - el tree; O, rare con - de - scen - sion He's shown me!
 way my guilt, And now by His love I am liv - ing.
 par - don sue, And share in this great ex - al - ta - tion.



CHORUS.



The blood has suf - ficed, I'm an heir with Christ, Joint



I'M AN HEIR TO THE KINGDOM. Concluded.

heir to the heav - en - ly king - dom; A creat - ure of
earth by His matchless worth, Is made an heir to the king - dom.

No. 23. TEACH US TO PRAY.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE 11: 1.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gently.

1. Teach us to pray, O Sav - iour, we look up to Thee, And this our
2. Teach us to pray, A form of words will not suf - fice; The heart must
3. Teach us to pray, To whom shall we, Thy children, turn; Teach us the
4. Teach us to pray, To Thee a - lone our hearts look up; Pray'r is our

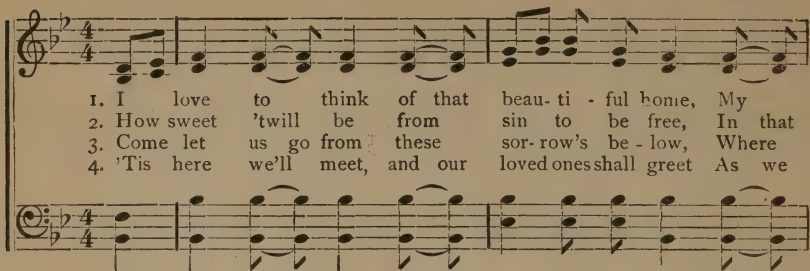
Rit e dim.

one re - quest shall be: Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
bring its sac - ri - fice; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
les - son we should learn; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
on - ly door of hope; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.

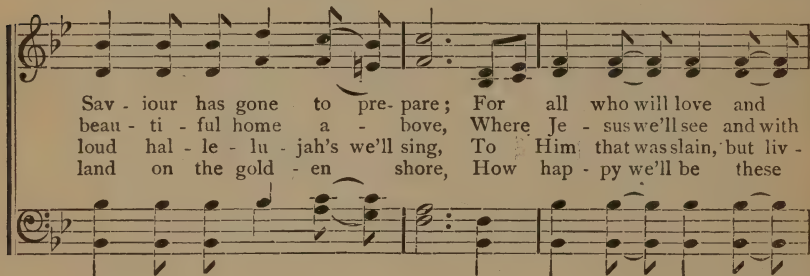
No. 24. THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

W. E. PENN.

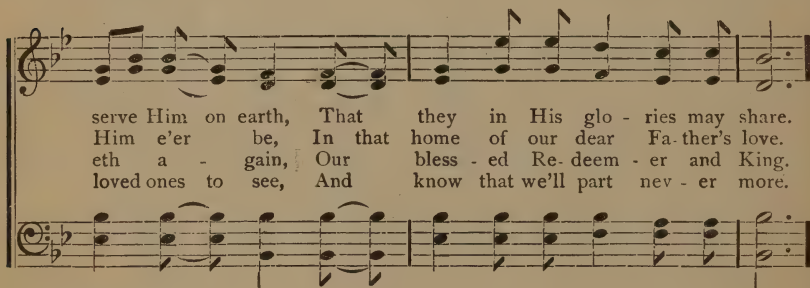
C. M. BARNES.



1. I love to think of that beau-ti-ful home, My
 2. How sweet 'twill be from sin to be free, In that
 3. Come let us go from these sor-row's be-low, Where
 4. 'Tis here we'll meet, and our loved ones shall greet As we

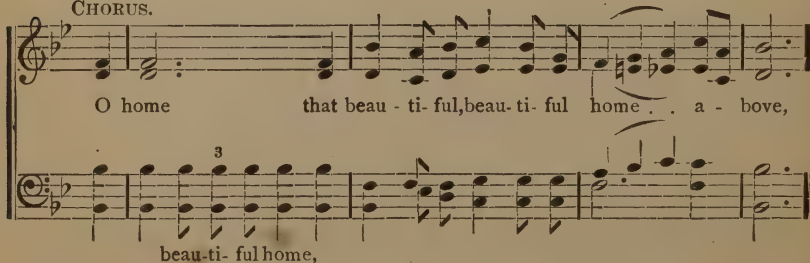


Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare; For all who will love and
 beau-ti-ful home a-bove, Where Je-sus we'll see and with
 loud hal-le-lu-jah's we'll sing, To Him that was slain, but liv-
 land on the gold-en shore, How hap-py we'll be these



serve Him on earth, That they in His glo-ries may share.
 Him e'er be, In that home of our dear Fa-ther's love.
 eth a-gain, Our bless-ed Re-deem-er and King.
 loved ones to see, And know that we'll part nev-er more.

CHORUS.



O home that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home . . a-bove,
 beau-ti-ful home,

THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

That home of the blest, Where saints shall rest, That beau-ti- ful home of love.

No. 25. IN DARKNESS BE THOU NEAR.

J. KEBLE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gently.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep Thy wear - ied
3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with - out
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the

night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born
eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought how
Thee I can - not live; A - bid with me when
world my way I take; A - bid with me till

cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!
sweet to rest For - ev - er - on my Sav - iour's breast!
night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
in Thy love I lose my - self in heaven a - bove.

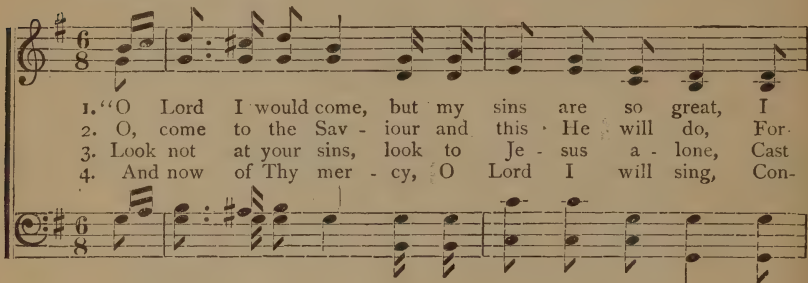
No.26 "CAN THERE BE MERCY FOR ME?"

In one of my meetings an old man seventy years old being deeply convicted, asked for a private interview, in which he said, "I ran away from my Father when sixteen years old—went to the far West, and without knowing it, joined a band of Robbers; while with them, I saw more than 200 men, women and children brutally murdered, I got away from them—changed my name—married, and have raised a family—I have drank over fifty barrels of whiskey in trying to get a moment's ease. I have been in hell over fifty years, have never closed my eyes day or night, but I have seen the bleeding gaping wounds of the murdered, you have it all, can there be mercy for me?" W. E. P.

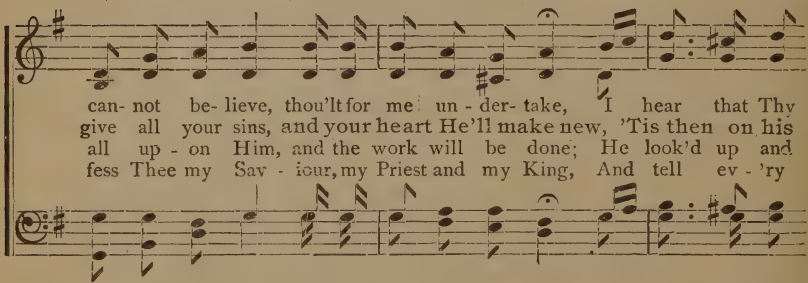
W. E. PENN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

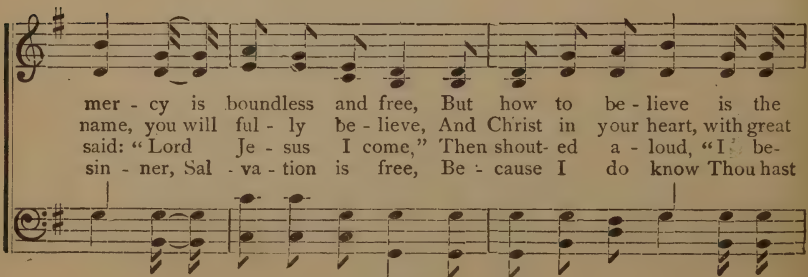
With marked expression.



1. "O Lord I would come, but my sins are so great, I
 2. O, come to the Sav - iour and this He will do, For -
 3. Look not at your sins, look to Je - sus a - lone, Cast
 4. And now of Thy mer - cy, O Lord I will sing, Con -



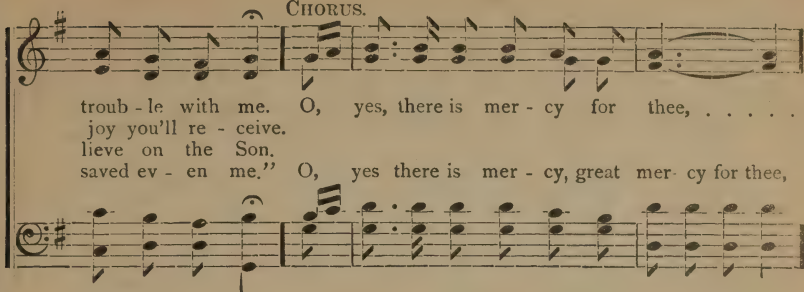
can - not be - lieve, thou'lt for me un - der - take, I hear that Thy
 give all your sins, and your heart He'll make new, 'Tis then on his
 all up - on Him, and the work will be done; He look'd up and
 fess Thee my Sav - iour, my Priest and my King, And tell ev - 'ry



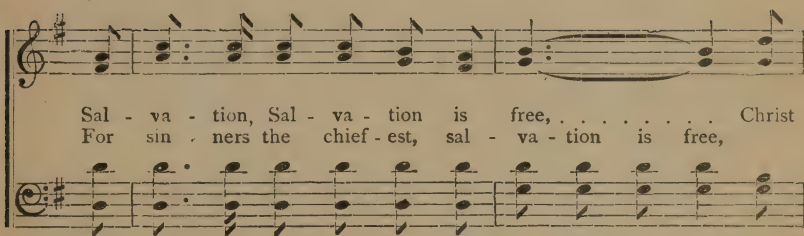
mer - cy is boundless and free, But how to be - lieve is the
 name, you will ful - ly be - lieve, And Christ in your heart, with great
 said: "Lord Je - sus I come," Then shout - ed a - loud, "I be -
 sin - ner, Sal - va - tion is free, Be - cause I do know Thou hast

CAN THERE BE MERCY. Etc. Concluded.

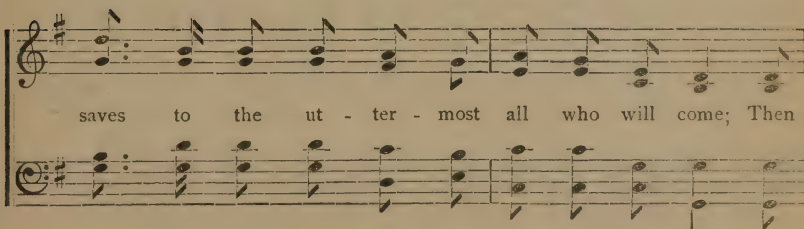
CHORUS.



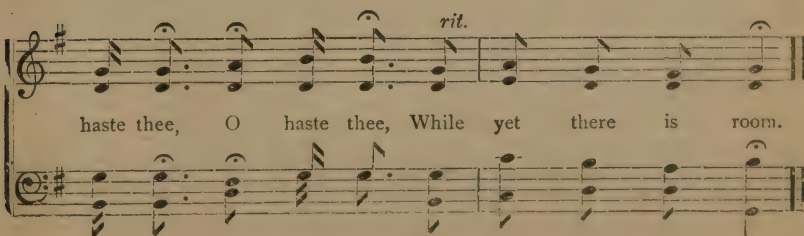
trou - ble with me. O, yes, there is mer - cy for thee,
 joy you'll re - ceive.
 lieve on the Son.
 saved ev - en me." O, yes there is mer - cy, great mer - cy for thee,



Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion is free, Christ
 For sin - ners the chief - est, sal - va - tion is free,



saves to the ut - ter - most all who will come; Then



haste thee, O haste thee, While yet there is room.

No. 27 I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

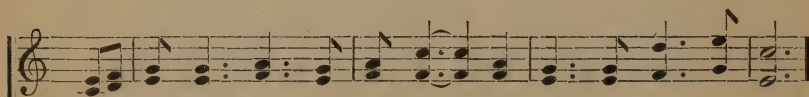
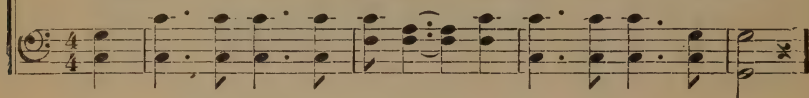
SOLO OR DUET.

KNOWLES SHAW.

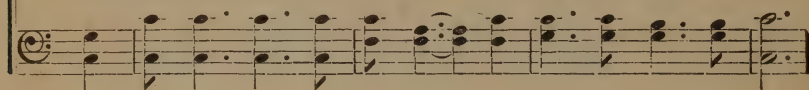
With tender expression.



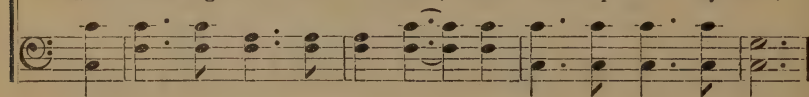
1. I hear the soft wind sigh-ing Thro' ev - 'ry bush and tree,
2. I see the pale moon shin-ing On moth - er's white grave-stone,
3. My heart is ev - er lone-ly, My spir - it ev - er sad,



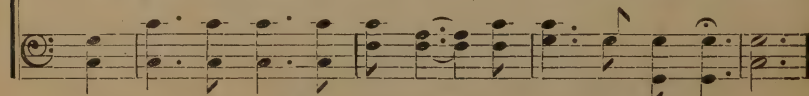
Where moth-er dear is ly-ing, A-way from love and me.
The rose-bush round it twin-ing, Is here, like me, a-lone.
'Twas her dear pres-ence on-ly, That kept my spir-it glad.



Tears from mine eyes are start-ing, And sor-row shades my brow,
And too, like me, 'tis weep-ing, The dew-drops on the bough,
From morn-ing un-til e-ven, Care rests up-on my brow,



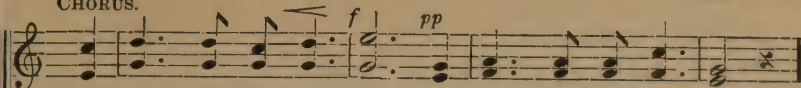
Ah, wea-ry was our part-ing, I have no moth-er now.
Long time has she been sleep-ing, I have no moth-er now.
She's gone from earth to heav-en, I have no moth-er now.



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I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW. Concluded.

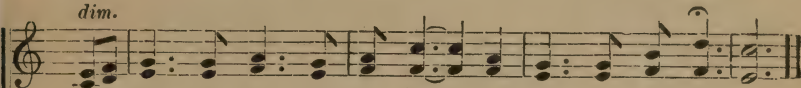
CHORUS.



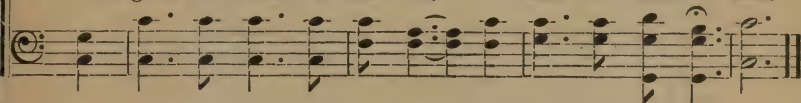
I have no moth - er now, I have no moth - er now;
I have no moth er now, I have no moth - er now;
I have no moth - er now, I have no moth - er now;



dim.



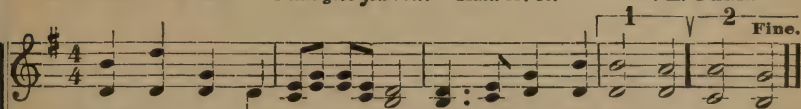
Ah, wea - ry was our part - ing, I have no moth - er now.
Long time has she been sleep - ing, I have no moth - er now.
She's gone from earth to heav - en, I have no moth - er now.



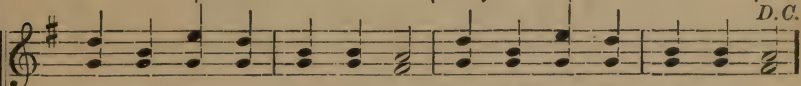
No. 28 LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. "I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. E. PENN.

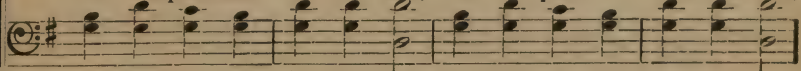


I. { Have you an - y cross to bear? Leave it all with Je - sus:
Are you bow'd with grief and care? Leave it all with (Omit.) Je - sus:
D.C.—He will help you to the end,—Leave it all with Je - sus:



D.C.

He has prom-ised to de - fend, He will prove a con-stant friend,



2 Have you felt the weight of sin?

Leave it all with Jesus:
He will make you clean within—
Leave it all with Jesus:
In the sacred healing flow,
He will wash you white as snow
If you humbly, trusting go;—
Leave it all with Jesus.

3 Would you in His image live?

Leave it all with Jesus:
He can every blessing give,—
Leave it all with Jesus:
He will lead you safely through,
He is merciful and true,
He has died for love of you—
Leave it all with Jesus.

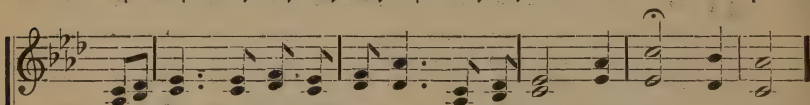
No. 29. THEY ROLLED THE STONE AWAY.

Rev. GEO. W. SEDERQUIST.

W. E. PENN.



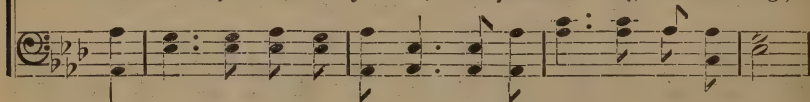
1. 'Twas ear - ly in the morn-ing, at the break-ing of the day,
2. They saw two shin-ing an-gels clad in gar-ments pure and white,
3. But Ma - ry wept in an-guish, for her heart was torn with grief;
4. He burst death's bars a - sun-der, and He tri-umphed o'er the grave;



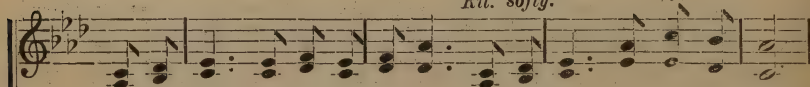
That Ma - ry came with spi-ces to the place where Je - sus lay;
They saw the lin-en grave clothes, and they trem-bled at the sight.
She said, "Where have you laid Him?" then the an - gels brought re - lief:
He holds the keys of heav-en, the almight - y one to save:



She met her friends in sor-row as she jour-neyed from her home,
But Christ their Lord and Mas-ter was not found with-in the tomb,
"He is not here, but ris-en, as He said to you be-fore;
"Be-hold my hands," said Je-sus, "I'm your liv-ing Lord and King;



Rit. softly.

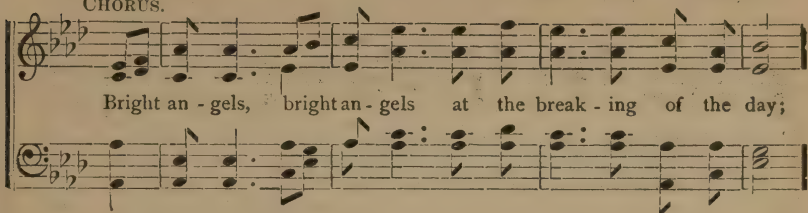


And they said to one an-oth-er, "Who will roll a-way the stone?
For He conquer'd death when angels came and-rolled a-way the stone.
On-ly wait, and you will see Him, He's a live for-ev-er more."
From the grave I will re-deem you; all my jew-els I will bring."

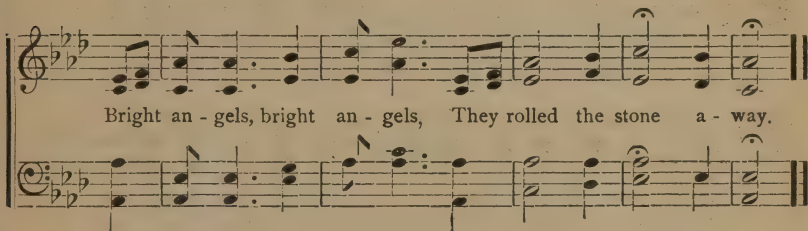


THEY ROLLED THE STONE, &c. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Bright an - gels, bright an - gels at the break - ing of the day;

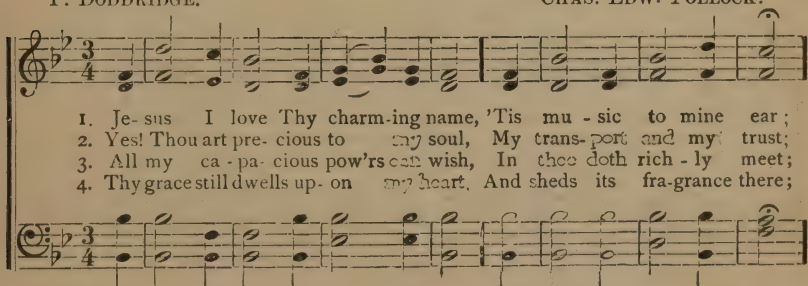


Bright an - gels, bright an - gels, They rolled the stone a - way.

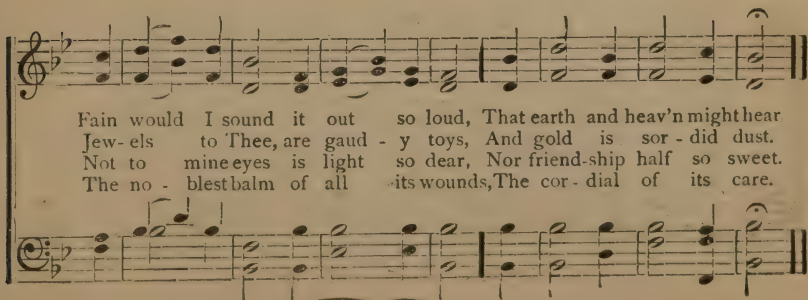
No. 30. EMMAUS. C. M.

P. DODDRIDGE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - sus I love Thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
2. Yes! Thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans - port and my trust;
3. All my ca - pa - cious pow'rs can wish, In thee doth rich - ly meet;
4. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fra - grance there;



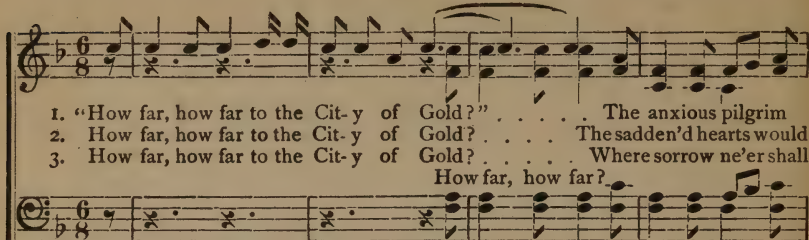
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear
Jew - els to Thee, are gaud - y toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend - ship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care.

No. 31 HOW FAR TO THE CITY OF GOLD?

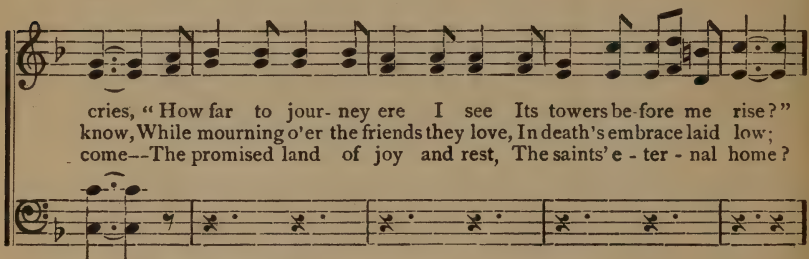
Mrs. E. E. MILES. Arr. by F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

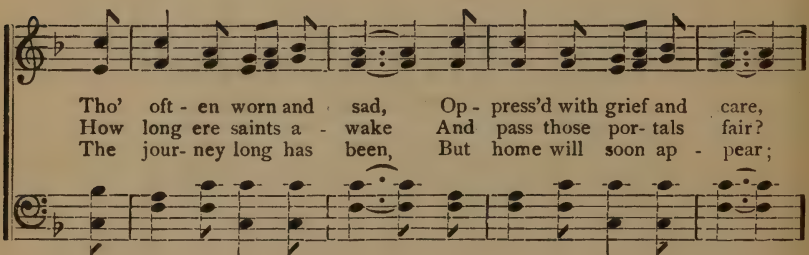
How far, how far?



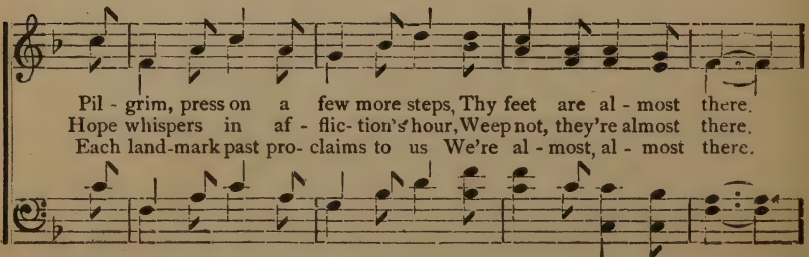
1. "How far, how far to the Cit-y of Gold?" The anxious pilgrim
 2. How far, how far to the Cit-y of Gold? The sadden'd hearts would
 3. How far, how far to the Cit-y of Gold? Where sorrow ne'er shall
 How far, how far?



cries, "How far to jour-ney ere I see Its towers be-fore me rise?"
 know, While mourning o'er the friends they love, In death's embrace laid low;
 come--The promised land of joy and rest, The saints'e-ter-nal home?



Tho' oft - en worn and sad, Op - press'd with grief and care,
 How long ere saints a - wake And pass those por - tals fair?
 The jour-ney long has been, But home will soon ap - pear;



Pil - grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al - most there.
 Hope whispers in af - flic-tion's hour, Weep not, they're almost there.
 Each land-mark past pro - claims to us We're al - most, al - most there.

HOW FAR TO THE CITY OF GOLD? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Press on, . . . Press on, . . . Where lies thy home so fair;
Press on, press on, press on, press on, so fair;

Pil-grim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al- most, al- most there.
there.

No. 32. MENDON. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Come Ho-ly Spir - it, Dove di-vine, On these bap-tis - mal wa - ters shine;
2. We love thy name, we love thy laws, And joy-ful-ly em- brace thy cause;
3. We sink be-neath thy mys-tic flood; O, bathe us in thy cleans-ing blood;
4. And as we rise, with thee to live, O, let the Ho - ly Spir - it give

And teach our hearts, in high-est strain, To praise the Lamb, for sin - ners slain.
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain.
We die to sin, and seek a grave, With thee, beneath the yield - ing wave.
The sealing unc- tion from a - bove, The breath of life, the fire of love.

No. 33 A GOSPEL CHURCH.

To all who love a Gospel Church.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.



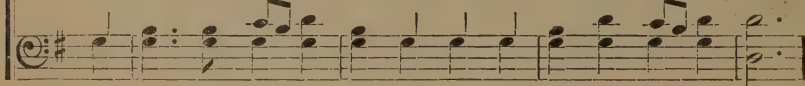
1. Well, wife, I've found a gos - pel church, And worshipp'd there to - day;
2. The sex - ton took me by the arm, And led me down the aisle;
3. The preach-er preach'd the gos - pel truth, "Ye must be born a - gain"
4. I know it is a gos - pel church, I heard the preach-er say,



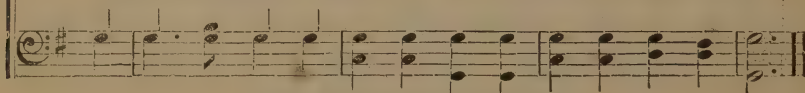
It fill'd my soul with ec - sta - sy, To hear the preach-er pray,
And put me in a cush - ion'd seat, My dear, it made me smile.
And said to all, "you must re - pent, Or sink to end - less pain."
"If all your sins have been for - giv'n, Then Christ you must o - bey -"



And O, I wish'd that you were there To hear the peo - ple sing;
The peo - ple did not gaze at me, Nor did they at me frown,
I tell you, wife, it did me good, To hear them say "A - men,"
Be bu - ried in a liq - uid grave, To show your death to sin,



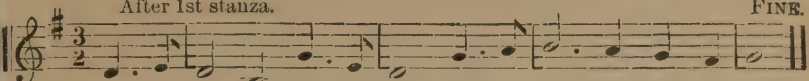
They sung the good old songs we love, They made the arch - es ring.
Be - cause I had on com - mon clothes, And did not live in town.
To ev - 'ry thing the preach-er said It made me young a - gain.
And raised there - from to show to all Your love and faith in Him;



A GOSPEL CHURCH. Concluded.

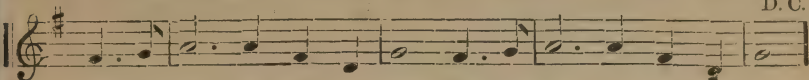
After 1st stanza.

FINE.



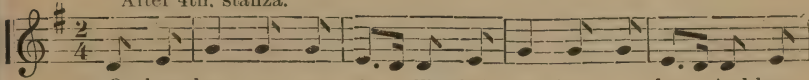
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. C.

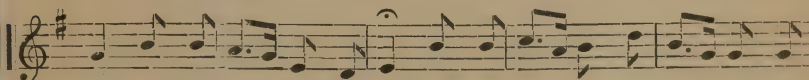


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

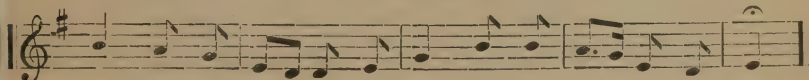
After 4th. stanza.



O how hap - py are they, Who their Sav - iour o - bey, And have



laid up their treas - ure a - bove, Tongue can nev - er ex - press the sweet



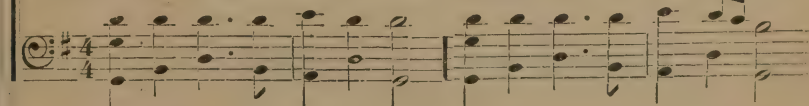
com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

No. 34. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.



1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed;
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice;
3. Day by day with strength supplied, Through the life of Him who died,



Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give; To Thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life, oh let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on Thee.

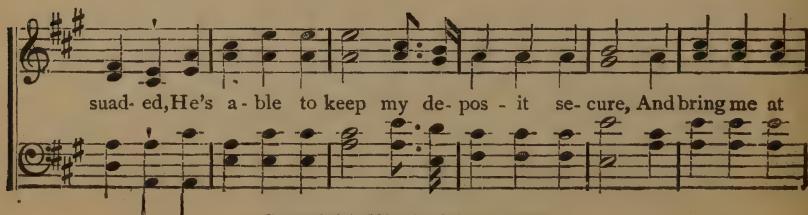
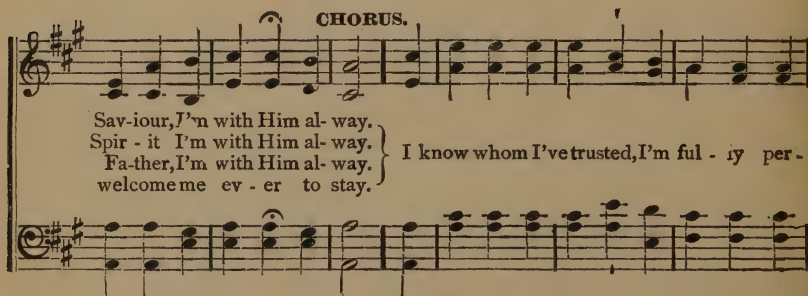
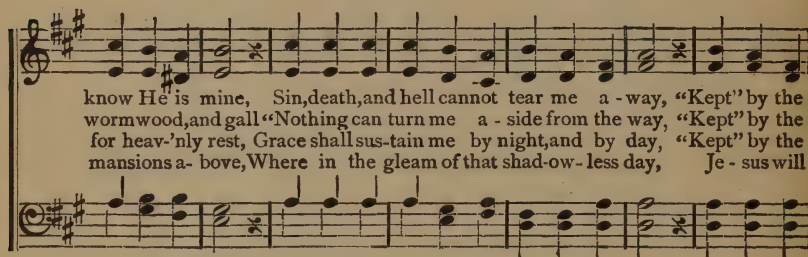
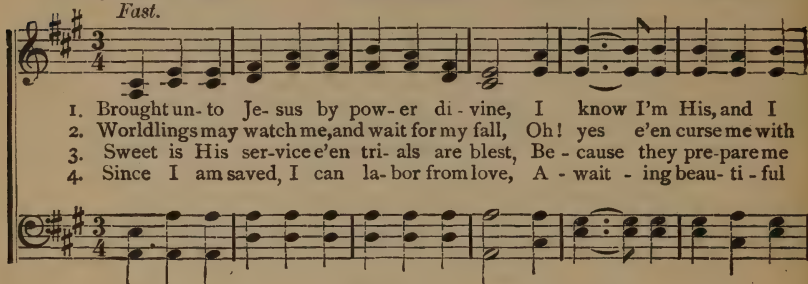


"Who are kept by the power of God."—1st. Pet. 1: 5.

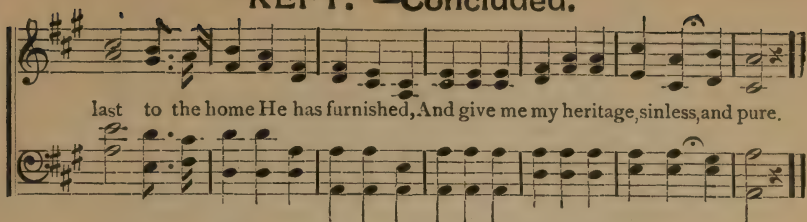
To my highly esteemed friend and brother W. M. Senter. W. E. P.

Rev. J. C. MIDYETT.

Words arranged and Music by Rev. W. E. PENN.

Fast.

"KEPT."—Concluded.



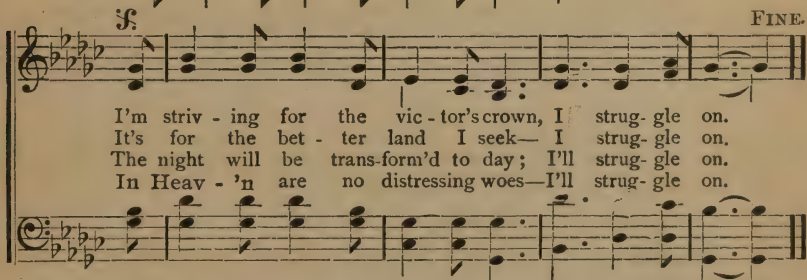
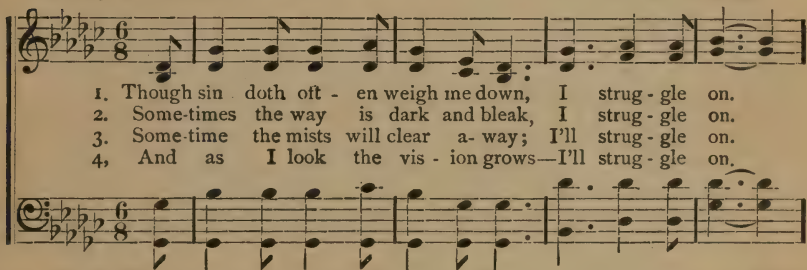
No. 36 —I'LL STRUGGLE ON.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—HEB. 4: 9.

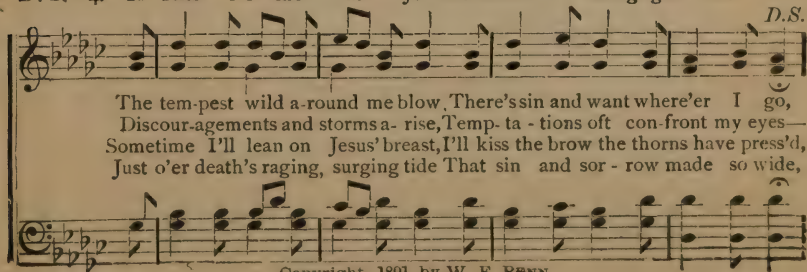
To all the faithful laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

Rev. J. B. CRANFILL.

Rev. W. E. PENN.



- D. S.*—1. And yet the Lord will guide, I know—I strug - gle on.
D. S.—2. But I am journeying to the skies—I strug - gle on.
D. S.—3. And in His arms find peace and rest—I'll strug - gle on.
D. S.—4. Is bliss for me at Je - sus' side—I'll strug - gle on.



No. 37 WHY WILL YE DIE?

W. E. PENN.

W. E. PENN.

Moderato.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for "why will ye die?" While God in His mercy is
 2. Your loved ones, and friends are now praying for you; That God in His mercy your
 3. The sup - per is read - y, the feast is now spread; O come, sin - ner, come to this
 4. This sup - per's made ready at in - fin - ite cost, And all who re - ject it for -

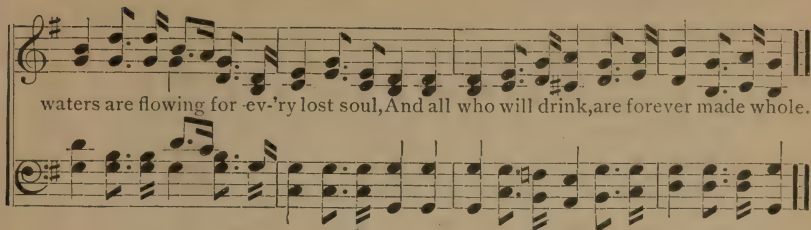
draw - ing so nigh? While Je - sus is pleading, O sin - ner draw near, That
 heart will re - new, Then sin - ner, dear sin - ner no long - er de - lay, But
 life - giv - ing bread; Come drink of this wa - ter that flows like the sea, Oh,
 ev - er are lost; The Bride, and the Spir - it are whis - per - ing "come," In

CHORUS.

you in His glo - ries for - ev - er may share. Then sin - ner, dear sin - ner, O,
 come that your sins may be all washed a - way.
 come without mon - ey, to all it is free.
 ac - cents so sweet - ly, say "Yet there is room."

"why will ye die?" Why will you the well of sal - va - tion pass by? Its

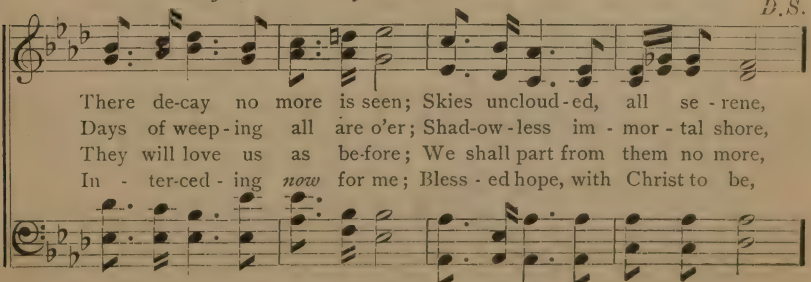
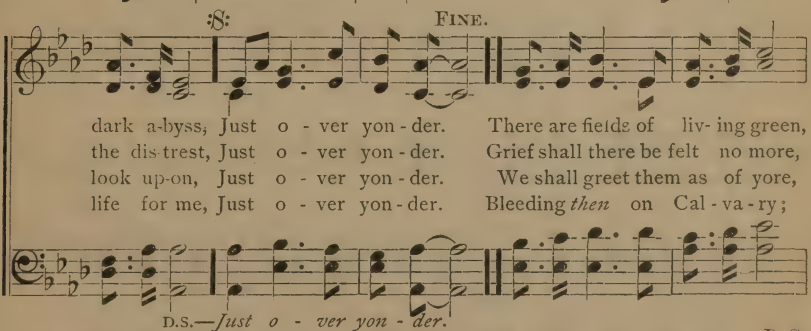
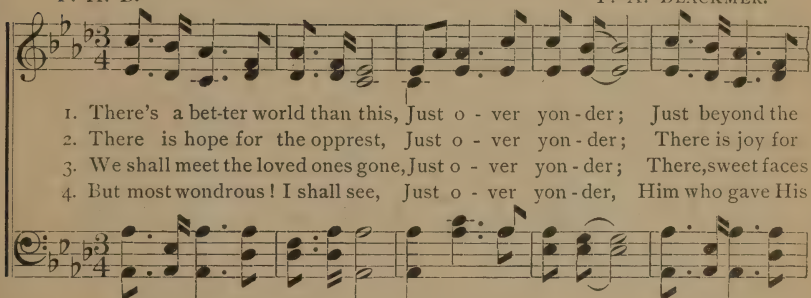
WHY WILL YE DIE?—Concluded.



No. 38 JUST OVER YONDER.

F. A. B.

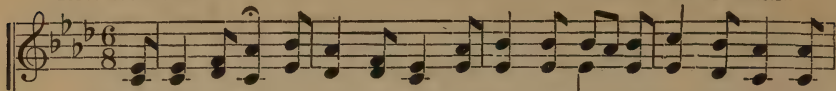
F. A. BLACKMER.



"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Rom. 10: 13.

Rev. W. E. P.

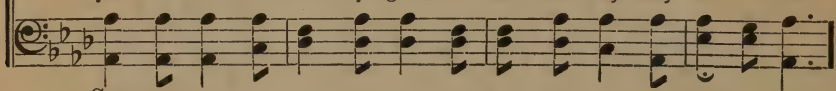
Rev. W. E. PENN.



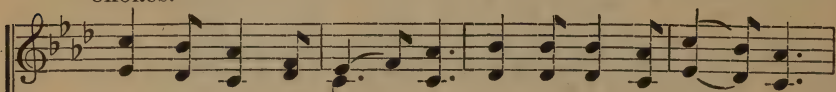
1. Yes - ev - er words to mortals giv'n, That savored more of love and heav'n Than
2. Yes, "who-so - ev - er" includes all Brought under sin by Ad-am's fall; To
3. Oh! lis - ten to these words I pray, "He lim - it - eth a cer - tain day;" And
4. Now is the time, this is the day, And mer - cy pleads "do not de - lay;" For



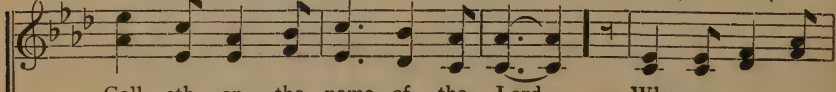
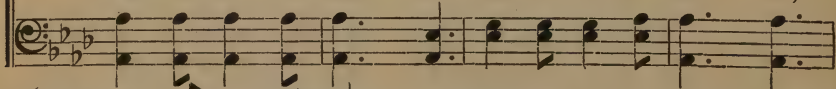
the sweet prom - ise of our Lord We find re - cord - ed in His Word?
 ev - 'ry one sal - va - tion's free, In - clud - ing you, and e - ven me.
 this may be the last ap - peal, O sin - ner, sin - ner, quick - ly yield!
 jus - tice cries "Close mer - cy's gate," Oh! one more day may be too late.



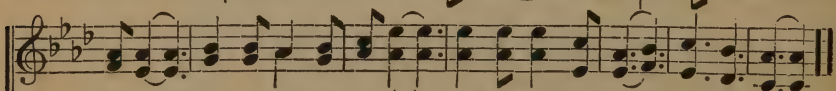
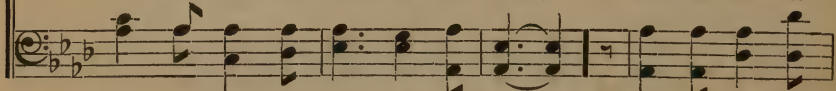
CHORUS.



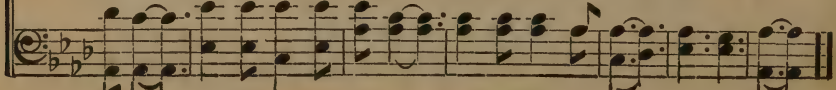
Who - so - ev - er call - eth, who - so - ev - er call - eth,



Call - eth on the name of the Lord, Who - so - ev - er

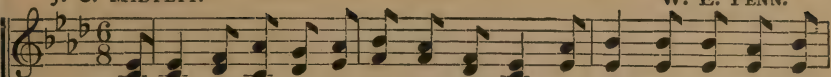


call - eth, who - so - ev - er call - eth, Call - eth on the Lord shall be saved.

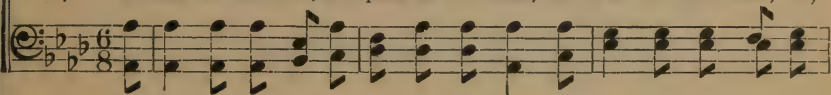


J. C. MIDYETT.

W. E. PENN.



1. We've met to-day in the name of our Lord, Met here to drink from the
 2. Speak of His mer-cy, Oh, speak of His love, Speak of the home He's pre
 3. Of-fer Him thanks for each blessing bestowed, Pray for the mer-cy and
 4. Fa-ther of mer-cies, We speak un-to Thee, Sav-iour of sin-ners, Oh,



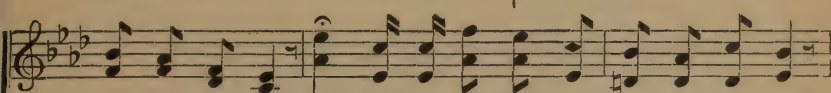
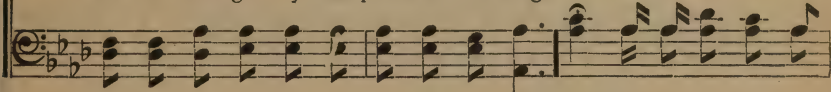
fount of His word, Met here to speak, and to pray, and to sing,
 par-ing a-bove, Speak of His help in the path you have trod,
 pres-ence of God, Pray that His will in your life may be done,
 hear now our plea, Spir-it of com-fort, Oh, help us to sing,



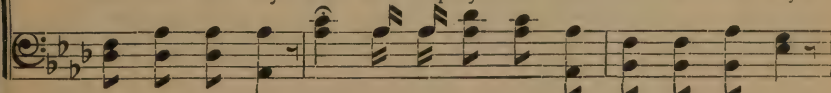
CHORUS.



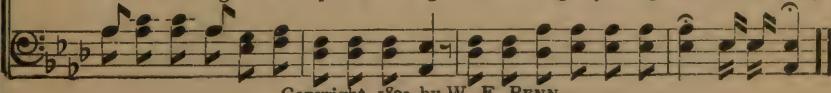
All for the glo-ry and praise of our King. Who has a word for the
 Speak, broth-er, speak for the glo-ry of God.
 Pray-ing in faith in the name of the Son.
 All for the glo-ry and praise of our King.



Mas-ter to say? Who has a pray'r he can of-fer to-day?



Who has a song in the Spir-it to sing? All for the glory and praise of our King.



No. 41 —NO HOPE OF A HEREAFTER.

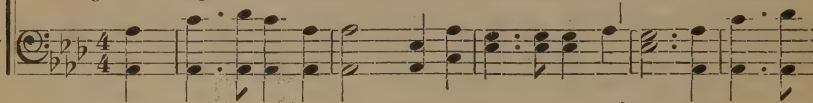
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

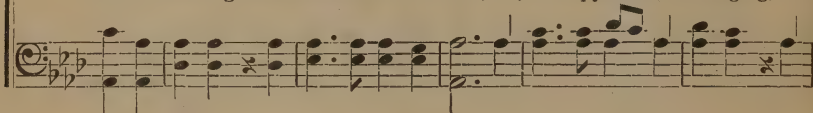
W. E. PENN.



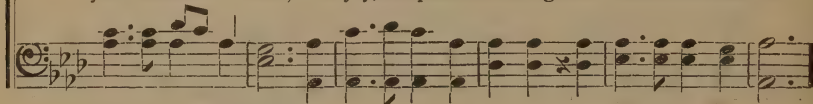
1. No hope of a here-af - ter, Oh! des - o-late in-deed Must be the
2. No hope of a here af - ter, When earthly life shall cease Nopart a-
3. No hope of a here-af - ter, No christian's blest reward, No crown to



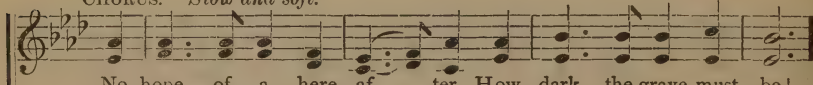
mortal spir-it, That feels of Christ no need; Of all the earth-ly sorrows, That
mong the ransom'd No share in heaven's peace; No place among our lov'd ones Be-
wait our coming No welcome from our Lord, Oh, soul oppress'd with longing, Can



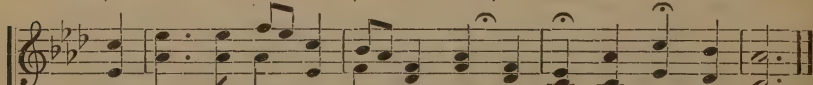
mingles with our bliss, No human tongue could utter A sadder thing than this!
yond earth's dark abyss, Oh, sure-ly there is noth-ing So sor- rowful as this!
you af-ford to miss, The joy, and peace attending, A bet-ter life than this?



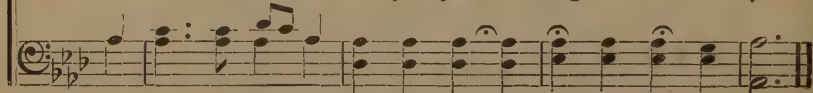
CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*



No hope of a here-af - ter, How dark the grave must be!



And where, oh sin - ner will you spend Your long e - ter - ni - ty?



No. 42 I'VE HAD A TALK WITH JESUS.

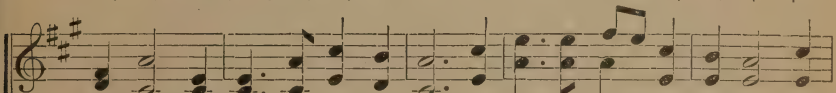
To my very dear sister in Christ, Mrs. W. M. Senter. W. E. P.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

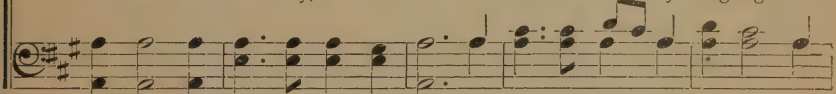
W. E. PENN.



1. I've had a talk with Je-sus, I've told Him all my care; I've sought His blessed
2. I've had a talk with Je-sus, His promised peace to share, We walk'd by healing
3. I've had a talk with Je-sus, We held communion sweet; I've laid my joys and



pres-ence, And dropped my burden there; And when I knelt be-fore Him, I
wa-ters Thro' pastures green and fair; His arms of love were round me, And
sor-rows Like Ma-ry, at His feet—I've told Him ev-ry long-ing That



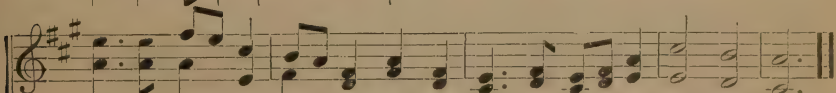
felt my spir-it thrill To hear His gen-tle whis-per, "I love thee, peace be still."
blest indeed was I, And oh, I dwelt in safe-ty With such a ref-uge nigh!
throbb'd within my breast, He fill'd my soul with comfort; And gave His peace and rest.



CHORUS.



O blest com-mun-ion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com-plete; And



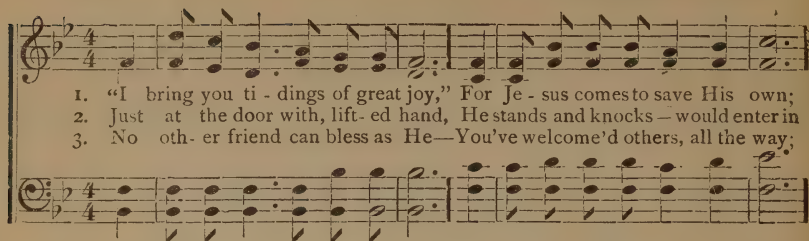
oh, I love to steal a-way, And talk with Je-sus ev-ry day.



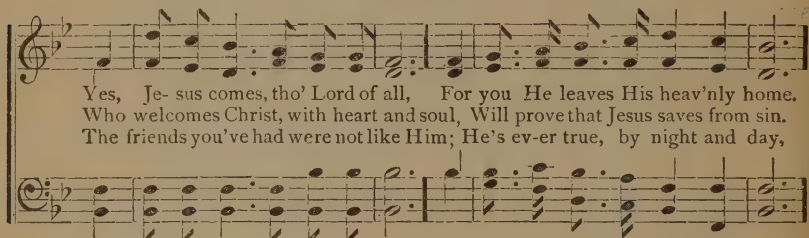
No. 43. REJOICE, HIS NAME IS JESUS.

L. H.

L. HARTSOUGH, by per.

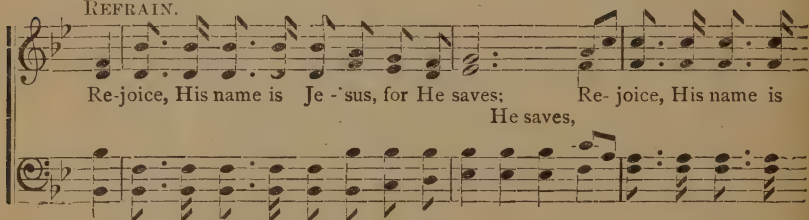


1. "I bring you ti - dings of great joy," For Je - sus comes to save His own;
 2. Just at the door with, lift - ed hand, He stands and knocks — would enter in
 3. No oth - er friend can bless as He—You've welcome'd others, all the way;

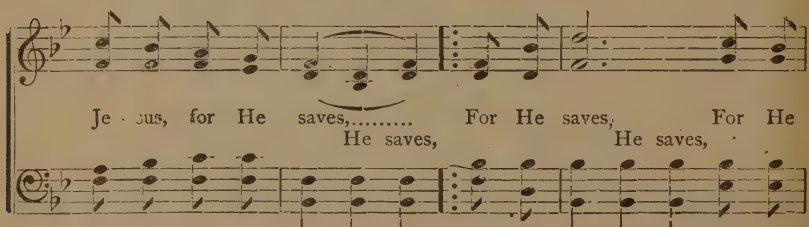


Yes, Je - sus comes, tho' Lord of all, For you He leaves His heav'nly home.
 Who welcomes Christ, with heart and soul, Will prove that Jesus saves from sin.
 The friends you've had were not like Him; He's ev - er true, by night and day,

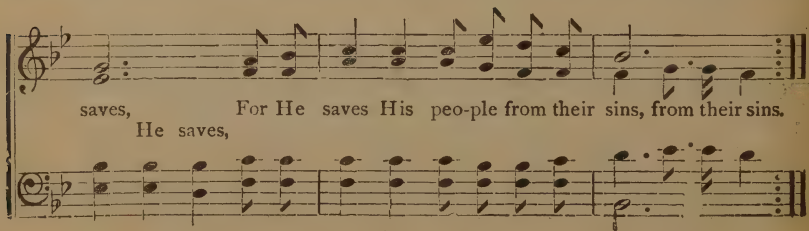
REFRAIN.



Re-joyce, His name is Je - 'sus, for He saves; Re-joyce, His name is
 He saves,



Je - sus, for He saves,..... For He saves, For He
 He saves, He saves,



saves, For He saves His peo - ple from their sins, from their sins.
 He saves,

No. 44. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

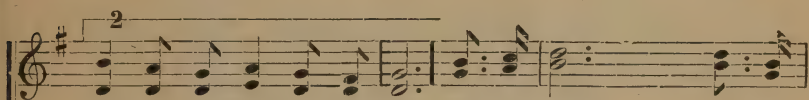
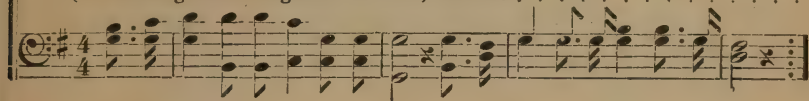
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

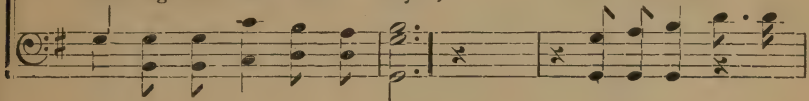
JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.



1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o - di-ous songs of the blest,
And our spir- its shall sorrow no more, Not a
3. To our boun-ti- ful Fa-ther a - bove, We will of- fer our tribute of praise,
For the glor-ri-ous gift of His love, And the



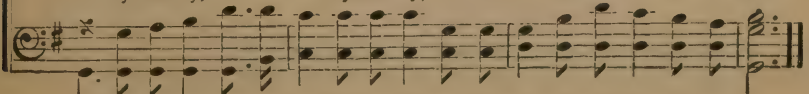
pare us a dwell-ing place there. } In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless-ing of rest. }
bless-ings that hal - low our days. } In the sweet



by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the
by- and-by, by- and-by,



sweet by- and- by We shall meet on that beau-ti- ful shore.
by- and-by, by and-by,



No. 45. "IT IS ONLY A DREAM."

Duet Soprano & Alto.—A young lady far from home and friends with her mother only with her, when dying said—"Mother, it is only a dream," and sent messages of love and cheer to all her loved ones and friends.

W. E. PENN.

VERY SLOW AND SOFT.

W. E. PENN.

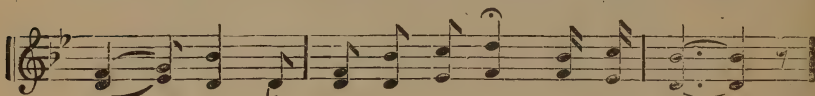
DUET.



1. I've oft - en been told dear moth - er, That
2. I know I'm dy - ing dear moth - er, But
3. Tell, fa - ther, broth - ers and sis - ters; They
4. Tell all my friends and com - pan - ions Je -
5. Come moth - er, quick - ly and kiss me, For

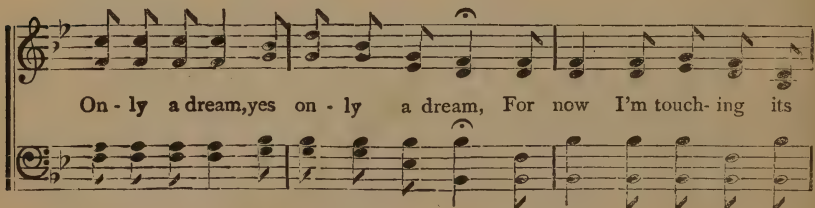


death is a cold sul - len stream But now I'm touch - ing its
 O! there's a heav - en - ly gleam, That fills my soul with such
 must have no fear of death's stream For Je - sus will be their
 - sus died their souls to re - deem And if they'll love Him and
 I'll soon be o - ver death's stream Where loved ones are waiting to

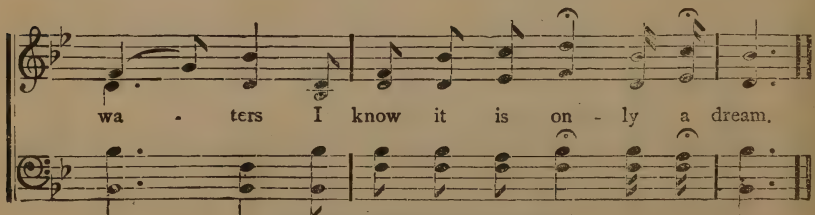


wa - ters I find it is on - ly a dream.
 rap - ture That death can be on - ly a dream.
 pi - lot, And death will be on - ly a dream.
 serve Him, That death will be on - ly a dream.
 greet me, Where death is not e - ven a dream.

CHORUS.



On - ly a dream, yes on - ly a dream, For now I'm touch - ing its



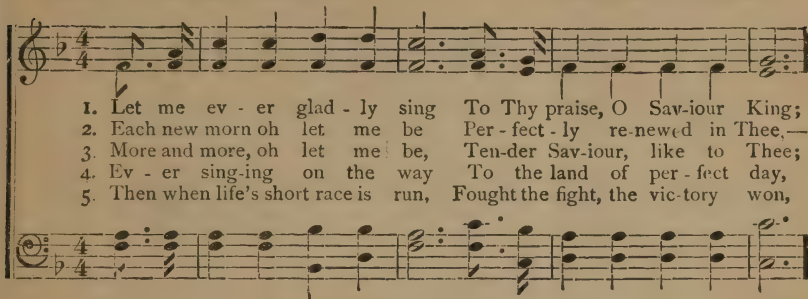
wa - ters I know it is on - ly a dream.

No. 46. PRAISE.

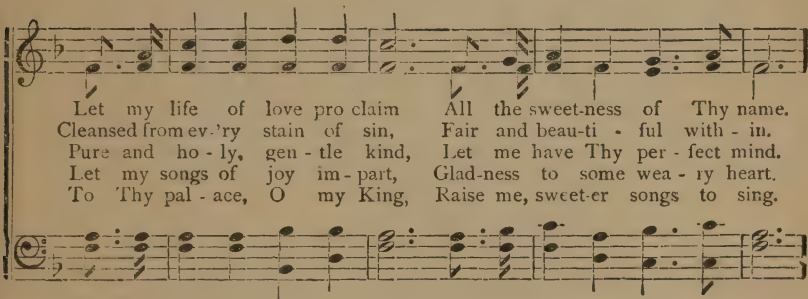
"O Lord, I will praise Thee."

MISS. W. CLARKE WORTHING.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

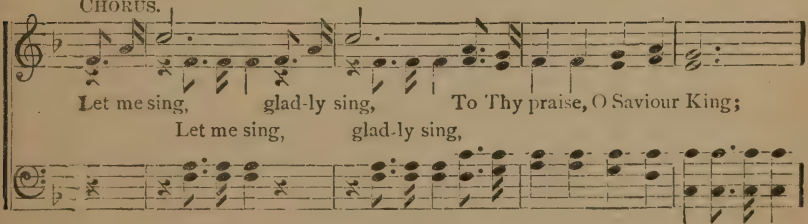


1. Let me ev - er glad - ly sing To Thy praise, O Sav-iour King;
 2. Each new morn oh let me be Per - fect - ly re - newed in Thee,—
 3. More and more, oh let me be, Ten - der Sav-iour, like to Thee;
 4. Ev - er sing - ing on the way To the land of per - fect day,
 5. Then when life's short race is run, Fought the fight, the vic - tory won,

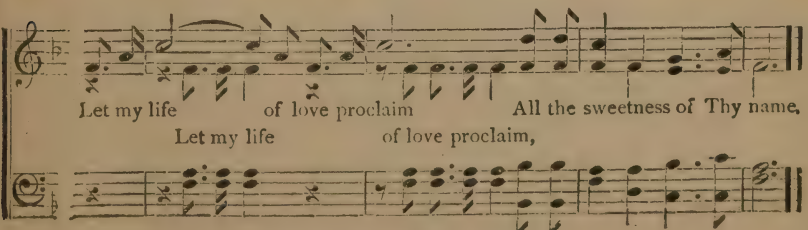


Let my life of love pro claim All the sweet - ness of Thy name.
 Cleansed from ev - 'ry stain of sin, Fair and beau - ti - ful with - in.
 Pure and ho - ly, gen - tle kind, Let me have Thy per - fect mind.
 Let my songs of joy im - part, Glad - ness to some wea - ry heart.
 To Thy pal - ace, O my King, Raise me, sweet - er songs to sing.

CHORUS.



Let me sing, glad - ly sing, To Thy praise, O Saviour King;
 Let me sing, glad - ly sing,



Let my life of love proclaim All the sweetness of Thy name,
 Let my life of love proclaim,

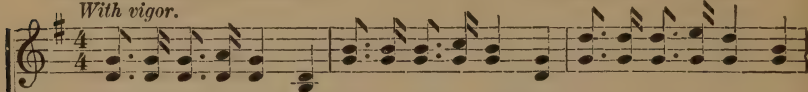
No. 47. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"Bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126: 6.

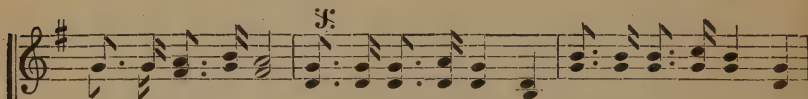
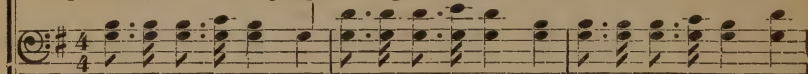
KNOWLES SHAW, by permission.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

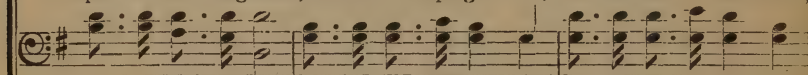
With vigor.



1. Sowing in the morning, Sow-ing seeds of kind-ness; Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, Sow-ing in the shad-ows; Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, Sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our



and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, And the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, And the la-bors end-ed,
spir-it of -ten grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come;



D.S.—Wait-ing for the har-vest, And the time of reap-ing,



FINE. CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic-ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves. } Bring-ing in the gold-en
We shall come re-joic-ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves. }
We shall come re-joic-ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves. } Bring-ing in the gold-en, the

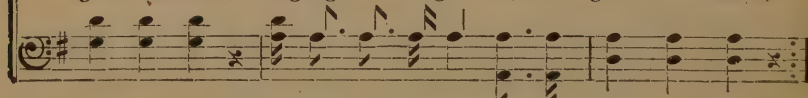


We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



D. S.

sheaves, Bring-ing in the gold-en sheaves,
gold-en sheaves, Bring-ing in the gold-en, the gold-en sheaves,



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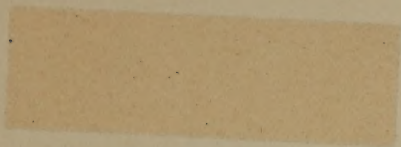
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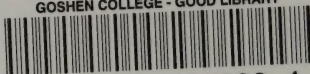
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